FAIR WOMEN AND BRAVE MEN

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‘FAIR WOMEN AND BRAVE MEN’

Stories of Heroic Historical Characters

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‘TALES OF THE WHITE COCKADE,’ ‘THE FIERY CROSS,’ ETC.

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PREFACE.

THE idea of this volume (one of a series intended exclusively for the young) was suggested to the author by an anecdote that she once heard related of a young hero, killed in the Franco-German war. It seems to her well to turn at times to the romantic side of life, especially when writing for those who know in the present little but its prose.

The anecdote that she heard was as follows:—

It was the evening of a day on which a great battle had been fought and won by Germany over France. The dead and wounded, friend and foe, lay on the battlefield side by side, and (as was their custom) kind and skilful doctors, accompanied by ambulances and assistants, went among the fallen, in order to see to the necessities of any who might still need their help. Their task was no light one, for there were many on that bloody field dying from their wounds. Many were tenderly borne away, to be seen to in the hospitals. They came up at last to a young French soldier, mortally wounded. They saw recovery was hopeless, yet would have carried him too away, but for his persistent refusal to be moved. He was so earnest that they consented to leave the lad—for he was but little more—until they should come back on their next round. When they returned, two hours later, they found him—dead. He lay on his back, holding in his hand what seemed at first only a blood-stained rag.

When the bearers raised the lifeless body, his persistent wish to be left to die where he had fallen was explained. Beneath his corpse they found the torn French colours. He had guarded his country's flag while life lasted, and he had not relinquished its possession one moment sooner than possible to that country's foes.

The story got known, as his body was carried through the German ranks. Officers and men alike, generous foes, bared their heads as the bier passed them, covered with the flag of fallen France. They recognised and reverenced that to die, if needs be, faithful to patriotism and principle, is the noblest ending to a soldier's life.

The following chapters were chiefly written in the cathedral library of Hereford, surrounded by rare old volumes, many of which are still chained to the shelves as the monks left them in olden times.

If these chapters, from authentic historical sources, interest those for whom she has written, the author hopes that the romance of the lives she has told of may excuse her from having selected in some instances 'an oft-told tale' of long ago.

B. H.

June 1892.

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CHIVALROUS EXAMPLES

CHAPTER I.

CHIVALROUS EXAMPLES.

'SANS PEUR ET SANS REPROCHE.'

IT seems appropriate that the first chapter of a book intended to interest young people in the lives of those whose high ideals, lofty aims, and characters for honour entitle them to be named 'Lilies of History,' should begin with a few 'chivalrous examples.'

As an institution, chivalry is dead and gone; but though not recognised under its early name, its spirit lives in other forms, and lingers in our midst. We recognise it in that lofty sense of duty that men call honour; and chivalry still exists whenever a high standard of character is set up, whenever the weak and poor are protected, or, in this infidel age, when a boy or a man is brave enough, no matter at what cost, to confess Christ. Then he is as much a type of chivalry in the nineteenth as the knights of the thirteenth and preceding centuries.

The custom of bestowing arms on the young at manhood existed before Charlemagne's time. It can be traced to dark ages, when rude tribes expected the youth of their race to be brave, and Gothic heroes overthrew the Romans; but the laws that regulated chivalry date only from the eleventh century.

Its name comes from the word ‘Caballareie,’ the title given to warriors who rode on horseback. Later they were called ‘chevaliers,’ a name traceable from the same word.

In Charlemagne’s reign horsemen formed an army’s chief strength. Horsemen were greatest; foot soldiers were burghers, or peasants, not thought on an equality with mounted soldiers, who were generally noble. To be deemed noble required the power of proving four descents in which no flaw appeared.

The privileges attached to nobility were great, if knightly character could be proved. Nobles could bestow knighthood on others—a distinction royalty often valued far beyond the highest prerogatives of their station; but noble birth was not the *only* essential requisite for admittance to the honour of knighthood.

A noble youth, to become a knight, had to prove himself skilful in the use of arms; and, added to a ‘thirst for glory,’ he must win a reputation for *personal* bravery. To obtain that personal reputation was the spring of all his actions. By his stout arm and unassisted lance alone could it be won. Birth gave him the right to *claim* knighthood, but not were he a coward or a recreant.

The heart of a hero, beating only for glory, while with steadfast rectitude he cares not what fate is before him, so long as he wins his ideal, like the famous Greek hero Achilles, presents the fairest side of a chivalrous type.

In feudal ages, broad lands were granted and held on condition that 'caballareie' tendered military service. When other orders were instituted in the thirteenth century, cadets of noble birth entered the service of noble chiefs. Their object was not a money payment, but to win an honourable title to knighthood. Implicit obedience to the leader that he followed was the first duty an aspirant for knighthood had to learn and to carry out. Whatever the right or the wrong of the matter, their leader's quarrel must be their own. Loyalty without faltering, and with no indulgence in personal feeling, was scrupulously exacted, in order to earn and win the simple but proud name of knight.

During the Crusades chivalry underwent a change. It became more closely allied with religion, rather than with military service. The sentiment that led men to Jerusalem told them to try and be more worthy of wearing the cross on their breasts. The Anglo-Saxons, before the Norman period, also associated religion with the use of arms. The early Normans ridiculed the Anglo-Saxons for that sentiment; they called it effeminate. It was not till the Crusades began that men ceased to scoff at religious ceremonies being connected with military service, for then religion became the ruling ostensible motive for a journey to the Holy Land. To be made a knight was almost as solemn a matter as the ordination of a priest. To rescue the Holy Land was the object in view, and to *deserve* to win it, a true knight's high ideal.

The position of women was largely improved by the advent of chivalry. Crusaders returning from the Holy Land brought back with them romances from Arabia, and a passion for fiction was thus introduced into the secluded castles and homesteads of Britain and Wales. Welsh colonists, under a Roman general named Maxinius, had settled in Bretagne in France, and no fiction seemed too improbable among Bretons, who derived most of their romances from the Moors. When the Welsh returned to their mountain homes, their bards adopted many of those wild and fantastic romances; one of them, Llywarchen, sang in fanciful strains the imaginary exploits of his own sons, twenty-four in number, all of whom, he alleged, had been killed in battle. Cornwall, as well as Wales, was closely connected with Bretagne. That alliance may be traced as early as the fifth century. Not only did the early Celtic races inhabiting Cornwall trade with Bretagne, but they sent for aid to that country to fight their Saxon foes. Cornwall and Wales, till the Norman Conquest, were the seat of ancient British chivalry. King Arthur's exploits, sung by the old bards, were as famous in Cornwall as in Wales.

The ignorance and superstition of the knights of old, brave and loyal as they were, were fostered by the wild fables of Arthur and other British heroes; but we cannot be surprised when we recall to mind the loneliness of the life led in the old castles, and how small was their communication with the outer world. In those times 'tale tellers' assumed a prominent position in the household, and when a lord was wearied with the chase, or ill, and rest would not come at will, the narrator of wild legends, such as Merlin's prophecy, would be sent for, to put the chieftain of the castle to sleep by his stories.

About the year 1100, Gualtier, an archdeacon of Oxford, visited France. Among other things, he brought back with him a Breton chronicle, called 'The Ten Kings of Britain.' Living in a Benedictine monastery by the side of the Wye, in Gwent (now Monmouthshire), was a monk of more scholastic attainments than most of the brethren of his order. To this monk, whose popular name is Geoffrey of Monmouth, Gualtier handed his chronicles. Geoffrey turned them into Latin, and is accused, probably with great truth, of having added to the extravagance of the chronicles out of his own imagination. The narrative evidently owed much to its Moorish origin. Merlin's deeds, the prophecies about King Arthur, have all an Eastern touch in their characteristics; for dragons, the healing powers of stones, the language of birds, and their powers of prediction, are to be found in the ancient manuscripts of all Oriental nations.

The 'tale tellers' became in time minstrels or bards, whose profession was hereditary. Many were their privileges, and the retinue of a Welsh or English bard was often as large as a chieftain's. It was far more criminal in those days to kill a bard than any other person; and in Wales a hundred and twenty cows was the fine exacted for such a murder, unless the offender was sentenced to death.

The overthrow of the Roman Empire was the first epoch in the age of chivalry. Women in the Roman era were despised; but the Goths, rude tribes as they were, held them in far greater reverence than the Latins had done. The Goths believed that women had the power of prophecy, and on that account they were allowed a place in their State councils. Chivalry intensified reverence to women. Knights going to the

Holy Land had the chaste example of the blessed Virgin ever before them, as she stood by the cross on Calvary. The religious sentiment that animated the Crusades elevated the standard of morals. Each knight had his followers, each lady her knight, and the passion for war, and for distinction in feats of valour, changed and elevated the estimation in which the fair sex were held. When the Crusades were ended, this feeling still remained; for chivalry was alike the upholder of all that was lofty, heroic, and ideal; so that, when religion no longer claimed their swords, a true knight had the protection of the weak as his object, the love of his lady as his reward.

Books were very scarce in the tenth and eleventh centuries, and a hundred and fifty volumes was considered quite a large library. The monks of St. Swithin showed their gratitude to one Bishop of Ely, who left their monastery (in Winchester) a Bible, by saying, from time to time, a mass for the repose of his soul.

Although books were scarce, noble families often had their own especial biographer, who lived in their castle, and collected all the history of their family and exploits, orally and from traditions. The Goths destroyed almost all the libraries in Europe, so that the 'tale tellers,' bards, and minstrels were to the Middle Ages what the poet of ancient Greece was to the heroes of his time, alike the historian and keeper of the particulars of their exploits. The days in the old fortresses were long, and amusements few; we may therefore imagine how welcome the reciters would be in a winter's evening, round the fire a circle of serfs, as well as knights and squires, listening to their tales with eager ears.

In the year 1337, a young child was born at Valenciennes, destined to become a very famous chronicler. He was at first intended for the priesthood, and actually became curate at a parish called Lestines; but he was far fonder of reading romances than of studying his breviary. While in the household of Sir Robert de Namur, Sir Jean de Froissart (for the title of 'Sir' was applied both to clericals and laity alike) studied old legends. His lord being amused with his recitals, told him to put all the old chronicles of John de la Bede into shape.

He was just twenty years of age when he began the task. When he had written out John de la Bede's tales, De Froissart was wont to go and ask all the barons of his acquaintance to tell him if their family chronicles agreed with the legends as told by Bede. In that way he passed most of his time in castles, and never went near his own parish. He knew a goodly number of knights, and among them the Black Prince, Duguesclin, Douglas, and fiery Hotspur. Priest as he was, he also loved the fair sex, and liked to look on at dances and to listen to minstrels. He was the great recorder of chivalric times. He was very fond of hunting with hounds, and hawking, and was 'very good company,' for, seeing so much of the world, he had a great deal to say for himself. Love and war were the subjects he most loved to hold forth on; and, mounted on a palfrey, no attendants behind him, and no followers but a greyhound dog, the jolly curate went all over England, Scotland, and Wales, hospitably received everywhere. The Scottish king made him welcome at his palace at Dalkeith; and De Froissart's pages take us back into the very heart of chivalrous times. Women in De Froissart's time were the very spirit and life of chivalry. It was their love a true knight aspired to after he returned from the Crusades; and, after they were over, to win a smile from her he loved, by his prowess in tilt or tournament, was the guerdon he sought, and—if needs be—fought for.

Though knighthood did not rise to its full zenith before Charlemagne's era, the Goths had an order of warriors among them corresponding to the degree of knights. We learn that Charlemagne gave the governor of Friesland leave to confer knighthood. The ceremonies observed at knighthood were as solemn as when priests were ordained. An aspirant must confess his sins and be absolved, before he passed a long vigil in the church, preceding that still more solemn consecration of himself, his life and his sword, at high mass the next day. This was an Anglo-Saxon custom. The Normans at first thought religious observances effeminate, but later on they adopted the same usages. During the Crusades knighthood became a religious order. It was called 'the order,' 'the holy order.'

Knighthood, like fame, was not hereditary. It was a personal distinction to be won by merit—not inherited from birth; and as it must be 'won' before it could be used, the prefix 'Sir' was considered the greatest honour that even kings could have to boast of. The education of a nobleman's son began at seven years of age. It was intended to fit him to become first a page or esquire, then a simple knight, and then a knight-banneret. Before a man could be a knight-banneret he must have been a knight or esquire. But alas! even in the Middle

Ages, gold was the key that opened all the gates to success.

To be a knight-banneret, followers and esquires were essential. To support so large an army of retainers a knight-banneret needed gold, and many a gallant warrior remained of choice in the order of simple knight, rather than incur the heavy expense absolutely essential to maintain the superior rank of banneret.

Fifty squires were not thought too many for a knight-banneret to have in his train. As many knights to follow after him were usual; they and squires, in their turn, being followed by horse and foot soldiers, who were of the burgher and peasant class, armed with crossbows, longbows, and battle-axes.

A knight-banneret had his own banner, and he was subject only to the king. To work a knight's own peculiar war-cry on his surcoat or banner was his lady-love's duty.

The knights 'simple' were sometimes called 'bas chevaliers,' or bachelors. They must be of noble, or at least gentle birth on the father's side, a mother's parentage not counting.

Suppose a knight deceived the world? Then the sentence, inexorable as fate, was, 'Off with the impostor's spurs! Cut them off, and fling them on a dunghill!' The imposition discovered, he was instantly degraded and disgraced.

But even to be a simple knight cost money. The inauguration was expensive, and armour costly.

The squires were a knight's personal attendants, who, too poor to rise, devoted themselves to war and their leaders. As I said before, a knightly education began at an early age. The youths were either called pages or esquires. Implicit obedience was demanded. The ladies of the castle would teach them to be courteous and deferential; and, while learning to blow a martial note on a trumpet, to leap trenches, to throw a spear, to carry a shield, and imitate a soldier's tread, there was still time to hasten at a lady's pleasure, pick up her handkerchief, move her seat, or attend to her palfrey while she went 'a-hawking,' or followed the hounds.

To learn to fight, a page or squire would use a slight stave against strong stakes, or meet in mimic combat some of his fellow-squires. Nor was his duty always a martial one; he had other duties to perform. He must prepare the lord of the castle's refection; lay the table; hold the bowl of water to his master, when the meal was over, that the latter might wash his hands; moving about in his brown or 'sad' coloured dress; for a squire, however young or gay, might wear nothing but the soberest hues in his garments. He was lowly, and should know it.

There were degrees even in squirehood. He who held the most prominent place among squires was the knight's own personal attendant. He was called 'squire of the body,' to distinguish him from the 'squire of the chamber' or 'the carving squire.' A knight's squire was allowed to follow him to the field, and to carry his shield at tournaments. Besides the 'squire of the body' there was 'the squire of the stirrup.' He carried the helmet, assisted the lord to mount on horseback; and, should his master be overthrown in the rush of battle, to be at hand to assist him was a primary duty. To him was awarded the task of displaying the knight's banner. Other duties they had which we call menial. When dinner was ended, the hall must be cleared for dancing or minstrelsy, and tables got out for chess or draughts.

As gallantry to women was esteemed a duty, so were kindness, gentleness, and courtesy deemed to be knightly attributes, even if he did not practise them. The love of the fair was only to be won by the exercise of such qualities. And yet the fierce knight, so brave in battle, often failed in those essentials.

While trying to excel in martial exercises, such as to wield an axe, thrust a lance, or wear armour with grace, a squire must cultivate singing, that he may be able to sing songs in his mistress's praise. A squire could not become one till he was twenty-one years of age.

At the installation of a knight various symbolical customs were followed, to represent its character. In that way, the bath into which, the evening before his installation, a knight was plunged, signified purity; his bed, rest in Paradise; the white robe thrown over him, his new character; the red garment he later donned, his willingness to shed his blood for God and religion. All his armour was emblematical; the maule, axe, pennon, and martel each had its separate meaning. But his sword was a knight's dearest possession; he swore on his sword; it was 'his trusty sword,' 'his own good sword.' Passages in his life were often engraved on its hilt, or (during the Crusades) the word 'Jesus,' that he might never forget that the rescue of the Holy Land was a distinctive duty of a Christian knight. Sometimes it was his signet seal that the knight engraved on the hilt of his sword; and the reverence a true knight paid to the weapon was almost as great as that to his crucifix.

To be dubbed knight by a warrior of renown was the greatest honour that chivalry could give. Between the Gordons and Swintons in Scotland a deadly feud once raged. A great battle was being fought, and English arrows were thinning the Scottish ranks. Sir John Swinton was in command of the Scotchmen. He shouted out to them, 'Do not stand there to be shot down like deer, but meet the foe hand to hand.' No man stirred in reply except one, Adam Gordon. Sir John recognised the worth of an honest friend in his hereditary foe. He called him forward, and bade him kneel down to be knighted, before (as comrades-in-arms) they charged the enemy together.

I have said how much a knight reverenced his sword. Their blades were generally made in Spain, at Toledo or Saragossa, the steel of which was famous as a model of temper and brilliancy. King Arthur, in old annals, is described as holding his sword in especial reverence; he called it 'Caliburn.' Richard Cœur de Lion, it is said, used Arthur's sword in the East, till he gave it to Tancred, King of Sicily.

In Elizabeth's reign, Spenser drew a picture of what a true knight should be, though what are called chivalrous days were then over. King Arthur, that mythical and romantic historical person, sees in a dream an ideal 'Faery Queen,' and sets out to seek her in 'Faery Land.' The twelve knights accompanying Arthur were typical of twelve virtues. The Red Cross Knight was meant to represent Holiness, which is never attained without suffering; another, Sir Guyon, was Temperance; and the third, Chastity.

The French noblemen among whom Sir Jean de

Froissart lived were far more magnificent than English barons, and they maintained schools of chivalry in their castles, where young nobles listened to the lays of the troubadours of Provence while learning the arts that were to serve them in the tournament.

Henry III. invited a 'versifier,' called 'Master Henry,' over from Avranches, and gave him a hundred shillings a year as salary. Edward I. retained Robert of Gloucester, a monk, at his court for the same object, though another monk supplanted him, a Robert de Bourne. He came from Lincolnshire, and was a good translator.

No one would connect monks with the idea of novels or romances; yet, strange to say, it was in the old British abbeys that most ancient legends and poetry were kept. Those whose vocation, like priors and friars, seemed to exclude them from the realms of fancy, were men who had leisure; and the monastery library was often the place where romances were chiefly kept and conned over.

Welsh monasteries, and other religious houses, such as Conway Abbey, were the region from which Richard Cœur de Lion's adventures became the origin of many a romance.

Having shown you that to be a 'true knight' meant to have a high ideal, before telling you of the religious orders, Templars and the Order of St. John the Baptist (the Hospitallers, who were first settled at Clerkenwell, London), I will cite a few men who realise our idea of a true hero in chivalrous times.

About seven years after the death of that delightful 'tale teller' and chronicler, De Froissart, Jacques de

Lalain was born in 1421. He belonged to an ancient, noble, and even illustrious family of Hainault, the province in which his family castle, De Lalaing, was situated. His good looks, skill at arms, and feats in the tourney or tiltyard, attracted the Duke of Cleves, nephew to that Duke of Burgundy who was called Philip the Good, and whose court was held at Brussels.

Jacques' patron was not satisfied till he led his young friend off to the duke's palace, who did not think him at all overrated. He attached him to his service, and De Lalain was present at the siege of Luxembourg (1443).

To excel in the tilt or the tourney was a knight's ambition. De Lalain distinguished himself at a tournament that was held at Nancy, at which Charles VI. of France was present, as well as at an assault-of-arms at Ghent in 1445. At the latter place he encountered two foreign knights, on foot and on horseback, and on both occasions was the victor. Though so valiant in war, to women his manners were gentleness itself. He was surnamed 'Debonnaire,' and was so humble and courteous to all that it was impossible not to love him.

After his success at Ghent he begged the Duke of Cleves to bestow the honour of knighthood on him, to which request Philip at once acceded. He then started off in search of adventures, and travelled through France, Spain, and Portugal, vanquishing every one he came in contact with, if they were valiant, and deemed worthy by him of an armed encounter.

So great was his fame as a warrior, that few of the foreign cavaliers dared break a lance against him in

Spain, till he came to Valladolid, where he met in single combat a renowned knight, Don Diego de Gusman. When he overthrew his adversary, in the presence of the whole Spanish court of the time, his fame reached its zenith.

Still De Lalain was not satisfied. He determined to seek fresh laurels in the West. Hearing that there was a renowned knight, named James Douglas, at Edinburgh, De Lalain sent him a challenge. Never did a Douglas refuse a fair opportunity of distinguishing himself in arms. The Flemish knight's invitation being accepted, he and his three companions encountered Douglas and three Scottish knights, armed to the teeth; but the Flemish gentleman again carried off the honours of the day.

After visiting England, where the fame that had preceded him was amply vindicated by further prowess, he returned to Holland, and received the duke's leave to hold a *pas* at the Fontaine des Pleures (Fountain of Tears), near St. Laurent-les-Chalons.

By the rules of the *pas*, he was to hold himself in readiness for a whole year to fight any noble knight willing to meet him. During the year he broke a good many lances, but always comported himself with the utmost courtesy and gentleness towards all his opponents. At the end of the year De Lalain gave a great banquet, and invited to it all whom he had fought with, and presented them with several valuable presents.

There was no end to the shower of honours that De Lalain received from his patron—honours that included the order of the Golden Fleece. But a warrior so valiant was never at rest; till at length, while engaged against some rebels at Ghent, he met his death, on the battlefield, before that city.

In an age when the reputation of valour was the one thing aimed at, no wonder that the love of the fair was the reward of the brave. A lady of chivalrous times never would wed a recreant knight, and no personal attractions in their eyes made up for cowardice. In that spirit a damsel replied, when told her lover had shown a want of bravery, 'I had loved him better dead than living!' Another lady, taunted with her knight's ugliness, replied, 'He is so valiant, I had never looked into his face!'

King Arthur is the favourite hero of early chivalrous romance, but his history is so mixed up with fables conceived out of Geoffrey of Monmouth's and other old writers' brains, that it is impossible to disentangle the true from the false in the legends that have come to us of this British prince. He was born, so say old legends, at Tintagel, in Cornwall, in an impregnable castle, built on a steep rock above the sea; and is called the natural son of Uther Pendragon, King of Wales, who fell in love with Arthur's mother, the wife of a Cornish prince. Pendragon, like his famous son, was a brave prince, and an accomplished soldier, who resisted the Saxons in their attacks on his native land.

Arthur, like Pendragon a resolute champion against the Saxons, routed them at various points. There is a steep mountain in Somersetshire, the ancient Camalet, on which a Roman camp is still visible, though old tradition, clinging to the hero's memory, calls it 'Arthur's Palace.' However, there is reason to believe that it was at Cathbregion, near Camalet, that he obtained a victory over the Saxons, by the aid of his brave Cornishmen, who, for their great strength and stature, he always placed in the front line of battle.

He and his knights were always described by the bards as holding their councils of peace or of war seated round a round table. There is a round table in Winchester Cathedral, called Arthur's, but of a much later date. The use of round tables was known to the Gauls and early races of antiquity, each warrior having his armour-bearer standing at his back, holding his spear and shield, in case the friendly meeting ended in sudden strife. Doubtless, in the early ages of chivalry, they thus avoided disputes of precedence among the nobles. There are several places where Arthur is said to have held meetings around his famous round tables—Mansfield, Penrith, and above all, at Carleon, in South Wales.

This once famous city is near Usk, in Monmouthshire, and is on the river of that name, or what was called anciently 'Wysk.' The Romans called it 'Kaelheion,' or 'Kaer-lheion,' 'The City of the Legion,' and it is supposed to have received that name from the Roman legion, 'Legio Secunda Augusta,' or 'Britannica Secunda,' sent to subjugate the intrepid Britons by the Emperor Claudius.

Giraldus, an old writer, who wrote an account of Wales, described it as a very ancient city, built by the Romans. It is alleged to have been three miles in circumference, and to have once possessed stately palaces, of great splendour, erected by the Roman generals in imitation of those occupied by nobility in Rome. Baths there certainly were, as remains over hot springs were discovered as late as 1644, near St. Julian's. The palaces were sumptuous abodes, with courts paved with gilded tiles, and adorned with fountains, and in the middle of the city stood a very high tower.

There were in the time that Giraldus travelled, still standing ruins of ancient temples, one to the goddess Diana, and remains of 'theatrical places,' aqueducts, and subterranean passages, both within and without its walls. Giraldus further relates that 'hypocausts or stoves, contrived with admirable artifice, and conveying heat through dents on the sides,' were in his time to be met with at Carleon.

It was also the seat of a famous university when Carleon became Christian; and in addition to St. Alban, the earliest martyr in Britain, it was said to be the tomb of two others, Julius and Aaron, who were martyred there. Two churches were dedicated to these holy men at Carleon; and a convent was attached to the one raised to St. Julius; a monastery, or famous order of canons, to that of St. Aaron. It was also the third city honoured by being the seat of the metropolitan see of Wales. Amphibalus, the teacher of St. Alban in the Christian religion, lived at Carleon, and was born there. The situation of all that now remains of this once famous city is so beautiful, that we can well imagine, if it be no more than a creation of our fancy, Arthur receiving the Roman ambassadors in audience, surrounded by his knights and court, and the admiration of the illustrious strangers at the loveliness of its position.

The English Hector, whose story is an oft-told one, was slain at Camelford, near Tintagel, in Cornwall, close to the reputed place of his birth. Unfortunately, there is no really authentic history of King Arthur's time which records his heroic deeds, or gives an account of his virtues. The bards, though most untrustworthy, handed down all we know about him. Henry II., inspired by them to believe that he was buried at Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, had a search made for his body. After digging several feet at the spot which tradition assigned as the hero's grave, they came to a large stone to which was attached a leaden cross. The stone being raised, a few feet below, the searchers found an oaken coffin, in which lay Arthur's bones. On the coffin was an inscription in Gothic characters, testifying to that being the veritable resting-place of the British prince Arthur, 'the peerless, for wit, generosity, and strength.' He was nephew to St. David, Archbishop of South Wales. Tradition says that, mortally wounded at Camelford, Arthur was carried off the field of battle to the Benedictine abbey at Glastonbury, to be prepared for death. He gave the monks valuable lands before he died, worth five hundred marks—a large sum in those days.

After Henry II. had opened Arthur's tomb, the hero's bones were unmolested till Edward I. and Queen Eleanor visited Glastonbury in 1278, when King Arthur's tomb was again opened, and then once more deposited in the old mausoleum, with an additional inscription.

Glastonbury Abbey is so famous a place that it must not be entirely passed over, although it has really nothing to do with 'chivalrous examples.' Sixty-three years after our Lord's birth, the locality in which this famous abbey was eventually erected was a small uncultivated island in the middle of the county of Somerset, called by the earlier Britons 'Ynswgtrm,' a word meaning 'Glassy Island.' After that it was named 'Avallon,' from 'aval' an apple, or, as some believe, after a British chief called Avallon; but it is not certain from whence the name really was derived. It is reckoned by historians that Glastonbury was the most ancient Christian church in Great Britain. The monkish legends, which in the absence of books were no doubt correct ones, affirm the following story to be the true one as to its first founder:—

About thirty-one years after our Lord's passion, St. Philip the apostle sent eleven of his most zealous friends and disciples over to Britain to Christianise its people, and he set one as head over the eleven, Joseph of Arimathea.

The king of the wild tribes at that time was one Aviragus. He was not converted himself, but, seeing how much good the strangers did in his country among the rude pagans, he gave them twelve hides of land, equivalent to fourteen hundred and twenty acres in our day. Part of this little territory Joseph of Arimathea and his friends enclosed with 'wattles,' or hurdles, and erected out of the same rude material a place of worship, the first Christian church in England. It was dedicated to the blessed Virgin Mary; and the eleven brethren converted many to Christianity.

The two successors to Aviragus saw the good influence that these primitive followers of Christ exercised, and they gave them more land, and protected them from molestation. But in time one after another of the pioneers of the Christian faith died. There were no other Christians to succeed them, so, when the last of these early missionaries fell asleep, their good influence passed away, and the people went back to their heathen ignorance. But no doubt the good seed sown at Avallon was not without its fruit. A native prince, Lucius by name, being told about Christianity, became anxious to be taught its tenets. He sent over to Rome, and the Pope, in reply to his request, sent several preachers over to Britain, and Lucius became a Christian.

After teaching Lucius all that he desired to learn, the disciples travelled about the country, and on their way came upon the little island of Avallon, where Joseph and his followers had been, and where they had erected the church of twigs.

The holy men found so many evidences of a former Christian residence, that they persuaded the king of the country to give them the island, and twelve of their number remained behind, while the others went farther away. The twelve settlers lived a religious and secluded life; and when one of their number died, sent to the various Christian settlements fast spreading over the land, for a brother to take his place. In 435 A.D., one of St. Patrick's followers visited Avallon, and formed the original settlement into a regular brotherhood. It was St. Dunstan who dedicated the monastery to St. Benedict. Under the Benedictine rule the brothers flourished, and many holy men joined their number; among them an historian, St. Gildas, who was a monk there, and was buried near Joseph of Arimathea, St. Patrick, and other martyrs and saints.

St. David added a chapel to the east end of the early church, and as time went on the brethren added a stone oratory, dedicating it to St. Peter and St. Paul. Some historians deny that Joseph of Arimathea was buried at Avallon, but the assertion that he was buried there was borne out in Edward III.'s reign, when a London citizen, in 1345, applied for and obtained leave to dig for Joseph of Arimathea's grave. This burgher, whose name was Blome, declared that he had had heavenly visions ordering him to find the place of burial. A large stone church succeeded the one erected out of twigs, built by a converted king named Ina, and this prince has been thought by many to have been its founder.

Under the Saxon rule many kings endowed Glastonbury, and added to its lands. William the Conqueror stripped it of almost all its lands, and bestowed them on his Norman followers. William, in 1120, seemed to have repented of his conduct, giving back much of the land that he had seized to the monastery, and making a priest named Purstin its abbot.

In 1184 the entire monastery was burnt, and many were the vicissitudes of the early Christian settlement till Henry II. rebuilt it.

It was one of the abbots, named Salliaio, who discovered and told Henry II. about King Arthur's tomb, on which was a Latin inscription in Gothic characters, 'Here lies buried the famous King Arthur, in the island of Avallonia.'

Many are the monkish legends attached to Glastonbury; and one, related by William Caxton in 1493, is well known. St. Dunstan was busy making a chalice, when the devil appeared before him in the form of a female. His tongs were red-hot, so that the saint seized the devil, so says the legend, by the nose. His satanic majesty assumed his own form, and went off in a great hurry, and with a great noise.

It is related that Henry VIII. called one of the priors a glutton, and declared that he would burn the monks' kitchen down. The abbot replied that he would rebuild it so large in size that it would take a whole forest to erect it; and eventually he did build a magnificent kitchen of large dimensions.

Lord James Douglas, the devoted friend of Robert Bruce (the one who carried his heart to the Holy Land) is an example of chivalrous conduct. Lord James was present on the 24th June 1318, when Bruce defeated the flower of English chivalry at Bannockburn. Bruce desired him to go on in advance, and see where the English army were. Lord James soon discovered them. The van was headed by the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, leading their troops, who looked in the sunshine the picture of a gallant army. How their burnished coats-of-mail glittered in the sun! Their banners floated on the breeze, their pennons waved, and they seemed so triumphant and powerful an array that even a stout Scottish heart might have been dismayed. It was one of the unwritten laws of chivalry that no one should attack another less well horsed than himself. Lord James rode a very small palfrey. Sir Henry de Bohun, seeing Lord James so near, careered his great war-horse against the latter's little pony. He thus attacked the Scottish foe, expecting that the superior size of his animal would enable him to kill or take Lord James prisoner; but he reckoned without his host, for he was struck down by the Scotchman's trusty battle-axe, and fell dead on the field.

At the same battle, Robert Bruce had warned Randolph, who commanded his left wing, to prevent Sir Robert Clifford from carrying relief to the garrison in Stirling Castle. Sir Robert, however, at the head of eight hundred men, went round, by lower ground, and was seen to be approaching the castle in that way. Robert Bruce was very angry, and called out to his general, 'A rose has fallen out of your chaplet, Randolph,' meaning that he had neglected his trust. Stung by this taunt, Randolph hurried to prevent Clifford's further approach, and thought that a handful of Scots would soon disperse the English. Lord James Douglas watched the encounter. As he stood by the Bruce's side, and saw that Randolph was in great peril, for Clifford was making a vigorous attack on the Scots, he besought Robert Bruce's leave to hasten to his friend's aid. The request was refused.

'You shall not move from your ground,' said Bruce. 'Let Randolph extricate himself as he may. I will not alter my order of battle, and lose the advantage of my position.'

Lord James, however, persisting, Bruce at last gave in. Off flew Douglas to his friend's assistance; but before he and his followers reached Randolph, he saw that the latter's resolute fighting was gaining a great advantage over his enemy.

'Halt!' cried Douglas, who was a generous knight. 'These brave men are beating off their foes; do not let us diminish their glory by sharing it.'

As Henry V. at Agincourt, so Robert Bruce at Bannockburn gained the victory by the nature of the soft, boggy ground as much as by his admirable generalship. The English chargers sank into the soft ground. Flight became general. One brave knight, Sir Giles d'Argentyn, was urged by his friends to retreat with them.

'I am not used to fly!' was the gallant knight's intrepid answer, and, spurring his horse on, he rushed into the thickest of the fight, and gallantly perished.

The recovery of the castle of the Douglases, in Edward I.'s reign, was the prize for which both English and Scotch repeatedly struggled and fought. Neither side ever kept it long; its possession was always in danger. To gain it, and keep it, was a knight's ardent desire.

At last a fair damsel, who had many suitors on account of her lands and her charms, announced that the price of her hand should be the gaining possession of Douglas Castle, and keeping it for a year and a day. One Sir John Walton loved the lady, and, after its capture, kept possession of it for many months. He headed one day a sally against Lord James Douglas and the Scots, and, being mortally wounded, fell from his horse and died on the field of battle. When they loosed his armour, they found on his breast a letter from the lady for whose sake he had captured the castle. In it she commended his courage and valour, but added that her own heart had long been his, and she entreated that he would run no further risk for her sake, but return quickly to her side. Lord James Douglas wept much over the letter. He was bitterly grieved that so generous and gallant a spirit had fallen before his own arms.

Although an old author, Amadis de Gaul, thought tears and sighs the only weapons that ladies ought to use, there were fair dames in the Middle Ages who imitated the chivalric feats of arms that they admired in their male friends and relatives, and even fought themselves. Such martial dames were called *belles cavaliers.* Of course they had to practise in private. Divesting themselves of their long robes, girding their slim waists with knightly belts, they would draw their swords from their scabbards, and fight the air till they grew tired and faint!

Two Norman ladies quarrelled. In our day a fair one's tongue is her best weapon, but not so thought the Lady Isabel and the Lady Eloisa. They summoned to their aid several stout 'lances' and followers, who were not ashamed to fight under a feminine commander, and took the field against each other, burning down each other's possessions and attacking each other's fair castles.

A lady often wore a sword in the Middle Ages, even in times of peace. Every landed proprietress sat among other landowners who were justices of the peace, at sessions and assizes, clad in armed array—a usage which seems to indicate that the 'rights of women' were recognised, and that at that time females were entitled to advise in judicial matters. Be that as it may, many fair and noble women accompanied their husbands and brothers to the Holy Land; and though we read in the history of the second Crusade of a regiment of ladies, 'mounted on goodly steeds,' who joined in the war against the Saracens, we turn more pleasurably to the thoughts of other fair ones, who, like the nurses of our own era, bound the Red Cross to their arm, and went out to tend the sick and dying. Their mission of mercy is the pleasanter object of contemplation of the two.

Edward I. of England evidently acknowledged a woman's right to bear and use arms, as he granted a manor to one fair dame on condition that she would always be ready to help him when he rode into Wales on warlike errands.

Among ladies who have shown a fine courageous spirit in danger, Philippa of Hainault, Queen of England, and wife of King Edward III., stands prominently out. The king was absent from England, and the realm was in danger. Philippa had witnessed mimic war at her father's court (where tournaments were often held), and, like a true heroine, her spirit rose at the first sound of Scottish trumpets. She was present at the battle of Neville Cross; and her personal valour so encouraged the English bowmen there, that the Scots found their battle-axes but of little avail in the conflict.

Another romantic history of a woman's bravery is told us in that of the siege of Dunbar Castle in 1388. Dunbar Castle was on the eastern coast of Scotland. It stood on a reef of inaccessible rocks girded by the sea, and it was also strongly fortified on the land side. William de Montague, Salisbury's proud earl, thought it would prove an easily-won prize in its master's absence. He reckoned without his host—or rather his hostess, the dark-eyed, raven-haired Lady Agnes, the Earl of March's wife, and brave Randolph's (Earl of Moray) daughter. The dame, in virtue of her raven-black hair, was called 'Black Agnes.' The garrison were alarmed at De Montague's approach, but she soon altered their spirit into the determination to defend it, and obey her at all risks.

She never wavered; she bribed, exhorted, and animated all, sword in hand, with her presence. When over the din of battle her voice failed to reach her followers, her smile and gestures would cheer them on; as when a stone was one day hurled at her, while she stood on the battlements, conspicuous by her stately height and bearing, she displayed no fear, although it had fallen at her feet, and might have killed her. 'Pick up yonder stone,' she said to one of her female attendants, 'and *dust* it.'

De Montague directed a large battering-ram against the castle. That was a deadly warlike machine, intended to effect a breach in the walls, and generally successful. Black Agnes stood calmly above, as if the matter did not concern her. It was just in its proper place, when a large piece of rock, purposely loosened from the battlements, descended on those who were fixing it into place; and, clapping her hands, she called out to Lord Salisbury, in high glee, 'Beware, Montague! The sow is about to farrow' (litter). The huge stone descending, killed and wounded many of his men.

The earl began to fear that it was useless to fight Black Agnes, so he bribed a man to betray her. Gold, however, could not tempt her soldiers from their allegiance to her. One of them, however, took the bribe, and promised to let Salisbury into the castle at a given signal. Then he told the Lady Agnes all about it.

When De Montague, believing the man, headed the party and went up to the gate, it stood open. One of his attendants passed over the drawbridge. He had been mistaken for his master, and, the portcullis being lowered, the Countess of March thought that her enemy had fallen into her trap and was a prisoner.

When she found out her mistake, she waved her handkerchief to De Montague from the turret on which she had stationed herself to enjoy the scene, and called gaily out,—

'Farewell, Montague! I fully meant to have asked you to supper, and to help me to defend the castle from the English.'

The Earl of Salisbury finally abandoned the siege, unable to take the castle from so fair and resolute a dame.

Brave as the Lady Agnes was, her intrepid courage was equalled by one Countess de Montfort, the Lady Jane, described as having a man's bravery and a lion's heart. She seems, indeed, to have been a brave and spirited woman. She was at Rennes, in Brittany, when her husband was thrown into prison, in the Louvre at Paris. His prospects seemed hopeless, and yet she did not give up her heroic determination to try and save his possessions, which were vast. She carried her little son, an infant of tender age, in her arms, and held him up in view of all the vassals and others, who had assembled in her husband's castle hall, and seemed inclined to despond.

'Don't be cast down at my lord's loss,' she cried, 'for he was but one man. See my baby boy! He shall grow up, and reclaim all that we have lost. Besides, I am rich; be but true to me and I will repay all.'

Her vassals, roused out of despondency by her brave words, renewed their vows of allegiance. She hastily sent messengers over to England to beg Edward III. to send troops to help her. Young as her son was, she offered his hand in marriage (as soon as he should be old enough) to one of Edward's daughters, offering to make the princess Duchess of Brittany. That was to tempt the king, who was always alive to the necessity of making fresh alliances.

But before the English king could reply (as he ultimately did, by sending Sir Walter Manny to her aid at the head of three hundred archers), her enemy, Charles de Blois, had taken Rennes away from her, and besieged Hennebon. As the French marched gaily on towards the city, determined to assault and take it, they heard, borne on the breeze, the sound of a large watch bell.

The heroic Jane had heard of their advance, and was ready for them. She ordered every man to his post. Clad herself in mail armour, and mounted on a beautiful war-horse, she rode from post to post, and street to street, begging all to try and do their best to defend her and Hennebon. Seeing the women standing idle, she cried, 'Cut your kirtles short, and help me to carry pots full of lime and stone to the battlements, that they may be cast down upon our enemies.'

When that was done, she ran up to a high tower, and looked over the flat country beneath it. The French were advancing; and their tents, pitched at a little distance off, were quite deserted. She hesitated only for a moment: genius sees quickly an opportunity, and firmness takes advantage of it. She collected three hundred of her best knights around her. Seizing a spear herself, she led them out in silence through a small gate, overlooked by the enemy, who had left it unguarded. She knew every inch of the road, and all the short cuts. Riding silently along, they reached the French camp, and set it on fire. The French, seeing it in flames, rushed back, but not in time to catch and punish the countess. Seeing that they would be far too many for her to encounter successfully, she and her knights had ridden off to Brest, a city faithful to her cause. The citizens welcomed her joyfully, and kept her and her followers safely for five days.

The poor inhabitants of Hennebon, however, were not only extremely uneasy about her safety, but began to despair when she was no longer near them to keep up their spirits. However, on the sixth day her golden banners were discerned in the east. It was at sunrise, and the morning sun lit up a gallant array, whom she had, by means of her wit as well as her beauty, induced to lend her their help. Five hundred 'lances' from Brest followed the intrepid lady into Hennebon. Defying the French, she rode triumphantly in, amid the cheers of the inhabitants and the blast of her own trumpeters.

As weeks went on, the momentary triumph of this sally died away. The citizens of Hennebon felt their hopes failing, in the prospect of short commons and no aid from Edward III. They urged the countess to consent to yield up the place, provided honourable terms could be had. She pleaded for delay. She hoped, as it almost seemed, against hope, for help from England. Day after day, from sunrise to sunset, her tall figure, wrapped in a dark mantle, paced the rampart that overlooked the sea and road from England. Day after day she strains her eyes in vain, but she still hopes on. The last day for whose coming she had pleaded before a surrender (which in her eyes seems so ignoble an act) is to take place, arrives. More from habit than expectation — for repeated disappointment has made her hopeless— her eyes seek the distant horizon. 'Ha!' 'What is it?' cry her attendants, as they see the smile on her face. 'Can it be?' 'Yes,' she cries, 'at last! A fleet in sight!'

The darkness was coming slowly on, but fortune brought help at last. Edward III. had sent Sir Walter Manny and a large body of archers to her aid. It is readily to be imagined that she welcomed the little fleet, as it sailed into the harbour, with the utmost cordiality.

The siege was raised when the enemy heard that the King of England was helping her; and when the countess saw the French army departing, she took a very curious mode of thanking Sir Walter and his followers, for she kissed him and all his men three or four times over!

When a truce was concluded between her and Charles de Blois, she went over to England to thank Edward III. for all that he had done for her. However, adventures seemed to be this brave lady's fate! The English fleet, on board of one of whose ships she was sailing, arrived off Guernsey. Just as they sighted the Channel Islands, they were attacked by a ship commanded by a Spanish cavalier named Sir Loyes. This knight was a great ally of the countess's enemy, Charles de Blois, and he was bound by the truce just concluded between her and his friend to let her pass over to England unmolested.

In a very dishonourable way he attacked the fleet. A terrible battle followed, but it was uncertain which had the victory by the time darkness had come on. The ships separated; the leaders determined, on both sides, to renew the fight the following day. The countess had fought as bravely as any one; and the English arrows had made a good deal of havoc among the Spaniard's crew, whose arms were chiefly crossbows. However, victory seemed uncertain; and a storm arising in the night, the countess and her friends were forced by contrary winds to put back to Brittany. She disappears after that from our view, and all that history tells us is that her husband was released from prison, only to die of fever at Hennebon very shortly afterwards.

I cannot, in a short space, dwell more on female heroines of chivalry, but the list might be lengthened by the tale of an Italian lady, one who came by her own descent from the Ubaldini—nobles always gentle in bearing, but intrepid as warriors. She lived in the Middle Ages, and she and her husband, a Roumanian prince, firmly resisted the attempts made by the papal powers to take away their independence. Her husband was Lord of Forli, and was named Francesco d'Ordelaffi. They had a son and daughter.

In 1337, fresh demands on Francesco being made and resisted, Marzia determined to defy the papal power by force of arms. She threw off her feminine mantle and kirtle, and assumed a helmet and suit of mail armour. Hearing that the papal troops were on their way to besiege a place called Cescena, she took command of the place in person, accompanied by a little troop of two hundred knights and two hundred foot soldiers. Her husband, the Lord of Forli, sent one of his most confidential advisers with her, as well as his son and daughter, who accompanied her, to be at hand if she needed wise advice.

Sgariline, however, betrayed her to the enemy, and induced some of the garrison to promise to let them into the city. Accordingly, the gates of the lower town were opened, and in poured the papal soldiers. Marzia saw nothing but ruin before her unless she surrendered, but she recalled to mind her husband's wishes. He had told her that, unless an honourable peace could be made, far rather would he lose every city he possessed, even Forli itself. When she recollected this, she declared her intention of holding out to the last.

Sgariline's treachery much grieved her, but she saw that mercy would be useless. She ordered his instant execution; and as his head rolled down, she desired her soldiers to 'toss the traitor's head down upon those who bought his services.'

That being done, she assumed the joint offices of governor and captain. Her enemies laughed at the defiant messages this intrepid dame sent them, for their mines were at work, and they knew that in time they could blow up the citadel in which she had taken up her station.

At last their mines reached the citadel, and at that junction Marzia's father paid her a visit, having obtained a pass from the enemy to enable him to see her. 'You have done all you could,' he said to her. 'I have only obeyed a husband's orders,' was her reply. However, with destruction threatening her, she could no longer hold out; but her firmness secured protection and a free pass out of the place for all her followers, though she and her children had to languish for some time in prison.

Edith of Plantagenet (who, it is said, married Saladin or his brother) was another Norman lady who went to the Holy Land with her male relations.

The warrior ladies, if they were also landowners, had the privilege of conferring knighthood on others. The feudal laws, in spite of these exceptional instances, were opposed to female influence either as rulers or warriors.

One brilliant knightly example remains to us from the annals of the fifteenth century, and that is the story of that courtly soldier, *sans peur et sans reproche*, whose name we quote when we would praise any one as chivalrous to the weak and poor—Bayard. His real name was Pierre Terrail, or de Terrail, born at Chateau Bayard, in Burgundy, in 1476.

He came of a noble and good stock, and was descended from ancestors who had fought at Cressy and Poictiers, as well as owning a father who had been a great ornament of his time, celebrated for his virtues as for his prowess, and who had been severely wounded in the service of his country. Bayard's family lived in Dauphiné; but he was the only one out of a large family of boys who had any martial taste. He showed a passion for glory, as well as a high sense of duty, from his earliest childhood. This taste greatly delighted his father, for he recollected his own early days. He begged his brother, the Bishop of Grenoble, to introduce young Pierre to the Duke of Savoy.

Pierre not only had much martial ardour, but took the greatest delight in the performance of all chivalric duties. He was also noted for the grace with which he performed a squire's duty as he served his father and his friends when they sat at dinner. Such duties in those days implied nothing menial; it was the type of that reverence for parents which in later life became loyalty to the king.

The bishop gladly consented to introduce so elegant a youth to the Duke of Savoy, who became quite fascinated by the grace of his manner and the skill with which he rode his horse. He consented to allow the happy Pierre to enter his service, though at that time he was only thirteen years of age.

The duke took so great a fancy to him, that a few months later he sent him to the court of France, in order to advance his interests. At that time France was governed by Charles VIII. He sent Bayard to the palace of a powerful nobleman, the Lord of Ligny. In his service he stayed till he was seventeen years old. He learnt there all the arts of war at the same time that he acquired by heart the legends and romances of that time, considered a necessary part of a page's education. Only a few days after he had served and ended his probation as page, he broke a lance in single combat with one of the bravest knights of the time. His fame grew and grew, but he never left the service of the kings of France.

His chief exploits, however, took place on Italian ground. In 1501 he defended himself against two hundred knights; and at Brescia, a little later on, he was much wounded. The lady whose cause he had been defending offered him, what was not unusual in those days, a large sum of money as a reward for his valour. Though he cared not to offend the generous dame by refusing her guerdon, he at once returned it to her daughters. Soldiers of renown became eager to fight under his banner, so great was his fame. He was also a knight with a high ideal of honour and purity.

Bayard had once loved a fair dame, but she had not reciprocated his affection, from not foreseeing his future success. One day he met her at the palace of the widowed Duchess of Savoy. The lady began to praise her early lover so warmly that Bayard's face was suffused with blushes. The lady, however, persisted, and said that she hoped Bayard would do all he could to honour her and the duchess by his valour.

'What shall I do?' replied Bayard.

'Hold a tournament in our honour,' said the dame.

Bayard consented, and, with the greatest grace, and a courtesy that was most fascinating, begged his former love to give him her sleeve to wear over his armour, as a proof of his devotion to her cause.

When the tournament was held, Bayard again won the prize, which was the sleeve, and a valuable ruby. He declined, however, to accept either ruby or sleeve, saying that, if he had fought well he owed it to the lady's merits for whose sake he had fought, and he laid them both at her feet. Madame de Fleuxas (the name of Bayard's former lady-love) blushed, and declared that she would never part with the sleeve worn by the hero, while fighting in her honour, as long as she lived. The valuable ruby she bestowed, by Bayard's wish, on the knight who, next to himself, had proved most valiant. The lady's husband applauded Bayard as loudly as any present; for the deference of his manner left no room for doubt that Bayard was far too good a knight to excite any jealousy.

The death of this hero became one who was *sans peur et sans reproche.* While fighting (in Italy), a stone, thrown from a harquebouze, mortally wounded him. He fell from his horse. 'Jesu! I am wounded!' he cried.

No priest was at hand to shrive him. Uneasy in his conscience that he could not make a last confession, he begged his squire to listen to him while he recited his sins, and expressed contrition for them.

'Place me with my back to yonder tree and my face to the enemy,' he cried, when he felt happier. 'I have never turned my back to the foe, and will not do so while dying. Tell the king,' he continued, 'I grieve to be able to serve him no longer.'

One of his foes, a count named De Bourbon, riding past, began to pity Bayard.

'Don't pity me,' cried the dying man. 'Pity yourself, and those who, like you, are openly rebelling against the king, your country, and your oath.'

Another hero of chivalry is the famous Duguesclin. Nature had been far less kind to Duguesclin than to Bayard, for the former was deformed. The date of Duguesclin's birth has been fixed by some historians as 1314, and as having taken place in an old chateau near Rennes, called Motte Broon. If not handsome by birth, Duguesclin could boast of an ancient descent. Two of his brothers were among Godfrey de Bouillon's followers during the first Crusade, for they had felt impelled to bind the cross on their breasts by the traditions of their illustrious descent. The Duguesclins were related to the De Rohans and De Craons, and such noble family blood impelled them to recollect that to deserve nobility one should be valiant.

Bertrand, in his youth, was, however, far from illustrating the truth of the adage that *noblesse oblige.* He was the eldest of ten children, and the despair of all his tutors. He refused to learn anything from them, and was of a hard, sulky, and obstinate temper. Punishment had no terrors for the wild boy, when his tutors tried to humiliate him by harsh measures, nor did kindness seem to succeed much better. Even his mother began to despair about him. 'Can there ever have been,' she cried out one day, 'a worse-tempered boy?'

The deformed, broad-shouldered lad, narrowchested, and with a head too large for his body, still had one charm in his otherwise hideous face. His eyes were intelligent, and, when he was not in a passion, gave a pleasant expression to his plain face. The lad himself was aware of his personal disadvantages.

'I know I am ugly,' he would say; 'but one day, though ladies may never care for me, I shall make the king's enemies fear my very name!'

His boyish freaks were numerous, and terrible to his parents. One day they missed him. 'Where is Bertrand?' cried his mother, fearing that evil had befallen the headstrong boy. He was safe enough at Rennes, trying his strength against a famous wrestler, whom he actually succeeded in conquering. But his pranks were endless.

In the year 1358, a fair lady, the Countess Joan of Brittany, wedded the Count Charles de Chatillon of Blois. Tournaments were often held after marriage festivities, to celebrate the event. Duguesclin's father was invited to attend, and he went off with the largest retinue he could command, and took all his horses. Bertrand watched them depart with wistful eyes and envious looks. Scarcely had the last horseman passed out of sight, than with one bound he rushed down the turret staircase, from the window of which he had seen the cavalcade depart, and, all roughly clad as he was, mounted a wretched steed that had been left behind for household use, and rode off to the tournament.

No one noticed the lad as he mixed with the spectators round the tilt-yard. When he saw the knights in their armour, and the mimic war of single combat, his heart swelled within his breast. He longed to be one of those armed men, winning smiles from the fair dames seated in galleries to witness their prowess.

He watched his opportunity, and, seeing a knight retire from the field, he followed and earnestly entreated his help. The knight could scarcely help smiling at the grotesque, earnest face that he saw in front of him. But when did earnestness ever fail? He lent him his horse, squire, and arms; and then, fully accoutred as a knight, Bertrand rode back to the barriers at the tilt-yard, and asked boldly for admission.

In his first attempt he unhorsed his opponent, and then found himself confronted with his own father, who had advanced to take the fallen knight's place and revenge his defeat.

What a moment it was! Bertrand knew his father by the device on his helmet and the arms on his shield. He will not fight him, so he lowers his lance, but keeps his visor down.

The elder Duguesclin has not the slightest idea that the valiant knight whom he sees vanquish first one adversary and then another is his own wild son, till, after twelve good knights lie prostrate on the ground, all conquered by this valiant free lance, loud cries of 'Victor! victor!' are heard. The unknown free lance raises his visor, and his father recognises him. He leads him proudly to the prize-giver to receive the reward of his brave actions; but Bertrand declares the prize is not his, but belongs to the knight who had lent him his horse and armour. He hurried off to give the prize to his friend. This tournament was the beginning of a famous career. His war-cry was, 'Our Lady of Guesclin!'

In a dispute between Count Jean de Montfort and Charles de Blois, Duguesclin, believing that the former was in the wrong, took the latter's side. Charles de Blois being carried off as a prisoner to England, Duguesclin was chosen to take over the ransom that had been agreed on, and to convey the count's two young sons to that realm, where they were to remain as hostages for their father. The English were astonished at the rude frankness with which the strong and valiant soldier dared to address their king, Edward III.

The fables everywhere told of Duguesclin's prowess, and his adventures were on every tongue. Among such romantic legends (for they are too numerous to include them in this chapter), it is alleged that, disguised as a woodcutter, he once entered the Castle of Pongerai, and fell on the garrison, he and a few of his followers compelling them to surrender the place.

At the siege of Rennes, the Duke of Lancaster, who was besieging the place, greatly desired to see so famous a warrior as Duguesclin had by that time become. He sent a herald to him to beg him to meet him. Duguesclin, to whom adventures were always acceptable, did not hesitate to accept the invitation.

Standing near the duke was a knight named Bembro; he was nearly related to the Governor of Pongerai. After glaring fiercely at Duguesclin, whom he believed had put his relative to death, he asked him to let him avenge the governor, 'by trying three rounds with swords' with him.

'Sir, if you will, I will, and gladly more,' replied Duguesclin.

The combatants agreed to fight the following day. He met Bembro on the ramparts, and killed him in the face of the English besiegers. They were furious, and endeavoured, by storming Rennes, to revenge themselves for the knight's fate on Duguesclin. In the end, the French held out so valiantly that the siege was raised.

In spite of Duguesclin's ugliness, he married a rich heiress, whose family were in the service of the Count de Blois.

In one of numerous disputes, Duguesclin was detained as a hostage, but, however, soon made his escape. When the Dauphin made war against Charles, the bad King of Navarre, he made Duguesclin general over his army; and when the latter, about 1314, defeated a celebrated captain, named De la Bach, Charles V. made him, out of gratitude for his services, Marshal of Normandy and Count de Longueville. Thus were honours showered on the brave man.

In one battle he was so far worsted that not only had he lost his weapons, but been compelled to defend himself with his fists, till he was taken prisoner by another chivalric hero, Chandos.

'You must yield now, Sir Bertrand,' Chandos called out as he approached him; 'the day is no longer yours.'

The ransom for so famous a general was vast, and so great a sum was demanded that his friends had to sell their lands to raise a sufficient amount.

At that time France was much disturbed by bands of mercenary soldiers, who, when disbanded, pillaged and harassed the peasants. Charles V. begged Duguesclin to rid the kingdom of so great a scourge.

Duguesclin procured a 'safe conduct' pass from the leaders of the mercenaries. He summoned them all to a meeting at Chalons-on-Seine, and begged them not to wage war on an ignorant peasantry, but to follow him to Spain and fight there against the Moors. With shouts of applause, led away by the prestige of his name and career, they agreed to do so, and the scourge was overcome.

When the king was told of the success of Duguesclin's embassy, he exclaimed, taking the hero's hand, with enthusiasm, 'I owe you more for this service than if you had won a whole province for me.'

In a campaign in Spain he was taken prisoner by the Black Prince, but generously liberated by that warrior on payment of a small ransom. During his last campaign against the English, Duguesclin was laying siege to the Chateau Neuf de Randan. He fell ill immediately after sending a message to the English governor of the place to surrender, declaring that he could never leave the place till he had succeeded in taking it from the besieged enemy. The governor gave up the place, but on going to Duguesclin to give him the keys, found the hero on his death-bed.

Even his enemies mourned his death, for his tender sympathy and compassionate feelings for the poor made him a popular idol, while his courage and generosity were the admiration of even his foes, while dreading his valour. His remains were carried off, by the king's orders, to Paris, and received royal honours, not only at St. Denis, where they were buried, but at any town the funeral passed on its road from the frontier to the capital.

There is another hero of chivalry whom we must not overlook, though he was not French like Duguesclin, that is the Cid, a Spanish chivalric hero, whose exploits are famous.

Chivalry used the same forms at a knight's institution in Spain as in other lands. Spain is rich in heroes of chivalry and romance. Charlemagne and his famous paladins are reputed to have visited Catalonia and Arragon; but the Spaniards boast that they defeated the founder of chivalry at Roncesvalles.

Be that as it may, the forms of chivalric installation were literally the same as in France and England. They used the bath as an emblem of chastity, confession, the vigil the evening *before* knighthood, a solemn service in the church, and the attaching spurs to a neophyte's feet, girding on his sword, and dubbing him with an accolade on the shoulder. The Spanish knight was as brave, but graver than a French soldier—a fact that has been attributed to the mixture of Moorish and Spanish blood in his veins.

The highest order of chivalry in Spain was 'the Knights of the Spur,' or 'the Golden Spur.' To become one of that high grade a knight must be an 'hidalgo' boasting three descents of nobility; for great indeed was the honour conferred by this order of chivalric merit.

No one could sit at table with a knight of the 'Golden Spur' unless of equal knightly rank. A king's son could claim the order as the privilege of his birth, and could not be crowned before investiture. If tried for high treason, he of the golden spur might claim to be beheaded, not hung, as the more honourable way of execution. This and the

Armados were the only two orders of merit in Spain of a distinctly chivalric nature. Christian knights in Spain taught their adversaries the Moors the use of the lance and javelin; and to a Spanish warrior named Pelaz is ascribed the honour of first defeating the Moors in the Asturias. Pelaz, it is related, met a body of three hundred Moors in a mountainous pass, he himself being only followed by a handful of Christians. The Spaniards fought with such resolution and valour that the Moors fell before them until their number had dwindled down to thirty.

The Cid's real name was Roderigo Diaz de Bivar, and he may be well called the hero of the eleventh century. His memory is held dear to the patriot's heart in Spain; though, as the monkish chroniclers ascribed to him the merits of any feat that could not be positively brought home to other warriors, a good deal of fictitious romance is mixed up in his history, all we know is that he was the son of Don Diego Laynez, a Castilian nobleman, by his wife the Lady or Donna Teresa, and that he was born at Burgos in 1026.

We also know that he was called the Cid from an Asiatic title, 'El Saya,' meaning conqueror, conferred on him by some Moorish emirs, whom he had vanquished by his sword and subdued by courteous treatment, for he was a knight of the brightest and purest honour.

Like Duguesclin and others, he showed a martial and fierce spirit from early youth. One Don Gomez had insulted Roderigo's father. The knight was too aged and infirm to revenge a cowardly blow on the head, given him by Gomez; but though unable to revenge the insult, the degradation touched him keenly, and he pined, though in silence and solitude of a broken heart.

His young son noticed his old father's dejection, and sought out Gomez. They fought ; and Roderigo being victor, he cut off his enemy's head, and rode home with the ghastly trophy hanging to the bow of his saddle.

He found his father seated at table before an untasted meal. When Roderigo entered and showed his father that he had wiped out the stain on their family honour, his father embraced and placed him above himself at table.

'Thou, and thou alone,' he exclaimed, 'art worthy to be the head of my house!'

This story of vengeance has a strange sequel. When Donna Ximena heard what Roderigo had done (she was Gomez's daughter), in spite of her father's fate, she fell in love with the Cid, and begged the King of Castile to give her to her father's adversary in marriage. 'Born in a happy hour' is a Spanish proverb about the Cid, as well as about any one who is fortunate in love and war. As Ximena was rich and fair, the Cid at once accepted her hand in marriage ; and, let us trust, never reproached his wife for her great want of feeling and delicacy. Ximena predicted that he was sure to rise to great honour, and that 'she forgave him her father's death'!

Gallantly attired, the Cid repaired to the Castilian court to marry the lady, and received, with her hand, large grants of land, conferred on him by the king in order to secure his allegiance ; but before he could repose at his castle, or enjoy the society of his bride, the king ordered him to win five battles.

The Cid set off as willingly to obey this command as he had married the lady. After conveying her safely to his mother's care, he went out in quest of honour. Wherever he went he was recognised by his green pennon and gilt saddle. Numerous were his conquests and feats. His generosity was as conspicuous as his valour. After defeating five emirs, he gave them their liberty, and received tribute and their submission in return.

Another hero of chivalric times, in the days of King Edward III. of England, was Sir John Chandos, called 'a model of chivalry.' He was a Norman by descent. When only a simple squire he accompanied King Edward to France, and received knighthood from the royal sword. Like his great friend, Sir Walter Manny, he was as gentle as he was brave, and though he fought both at Cressy and Poictiers with the Black Prince, he never boasted of his prowess.

The day before the battle of Poictiers, he met outside the camp a French knight, who was reconnoitring the English army. The two soldiers gazed in astonishment at each other, each as amazed as the other to find that the crests on their shields were identically similar.

'How long,' said the Frenchman, 'have you borne my device?'

'Nay, you bear mine!' said Chandos fiercely. 'It is mine as well as yours.'

'I deny it,' said Count Claremont; 'and if it were not for the truce I would prove you have no right to do so.'

'Sir,' replied Chandos, 'to-morrow you will find me ready to prove that the crest is mine as well as yours.' And they met next day on the battlefield, when the count had to confess that Chandos was so valiant that he had even more right than himself to an honourable crest and coat-of-arms.

One day, while in France, the Black Prince gave a great supper to his lords. In those days the squires were cupbearers. After the prince had tasted the wine handed to him by his squire, he sent it to Sir John Chandos, who was first in rank present, as governor of the province of Aquitaine. Sir John drunk, and then sent the tankard on to the Earl of Oxenford, who was sitting very sulky, being extremely offended that Sir John had been invited before him to drink out of the cup. When the squire took it to the earl, he waved his hand with a gesture of refusal; upon which the squire bearing the cup exclaimed, 'Why so, my lord? Sir John has drunk already!' The earl still declining, the squire declared, 'If you disdain to drink after so valiant a knight as Sir John is, by St. George I will dash the wine in your face!' The earl then took the cup, being afraid to refuse after that.

The institutions of chivalry were beneficial in aiding the cause of civilisation, and, as time went on, the Crusades gave a religious character to knighthood; but with the end of the holy wars chivalry gradually decayed and fell into discredit, though its spirit, we trust, still lives among us.

The Holy Sepulchre was redeemed by men unworthy in many ways to vindicate the cause of the crucified Christ, denying His precepts by their excesses and the luxury they lived in, and who became infected by the Oriental softness of their foes.

Tancred and Godfrey de Bouillon set striking examples that honesty should be used towards infidels as well as towards Christian foes, but many an armed saint made promises to Saracens only to break them, and justified such injustice on the plea that conciliation to infidels was not justifiable from a Christian point of view.

A striking example to the contrary was given by a young knight from France. He languished in a Moslem prison. Saladin happening to see him, the knight entreated him to allow him to go back to see his lady-love and assure her that he still lived, were it only for one brief year.

'What certainty have I,' said Saladin, 'that you will come back?'

'*Only a knight's word*,' replied the captive proudly, with his hand on his heart.

'Then go,' said Saladin. 'I give you a year and a day; and let me see if a Christian's word is as good as a Moslem's.'

The young knight set off. He found his lady-love still constant, and made her his wife amidst great rejoicings. At the end of the marriage festivities he told her of the necessity for his return to Palestine. His bride wept long and sorely; but she bade him depart, and get back in time to Saladin.

As he left the old castle his heart was heavy indeed; but he would not falter, not even when his courageous wife said, 'I can trust you to keep your vow to *me*, since you are so true to your *parole d'honneur* to a Saracen.'

When the knight reached Palestine it was just one year and a day since he had left Saladin's camp. He presented himself before the great Saracen chief in time.

The latter gave him back his sword, with a smile. 'You are free,' he said. 'Go home to your lands and your bride, for you have made me believe that a Latin knight is to be trusted.'

He attached one condition, however, as the price of his freedom—that he and his descendants should add the name of 'Saladin' to their family title. This the knight joyfully promised to do; and there is still a family in France, descended from so true a man, who after a noble French name proudly add the title of 'Saladin.'

The military orders of the Hospitallers and of the Knights of St. John were first founded to support and entertain pilgrims, and that richer men who had large fortunes might expend them for the maintenance of the poorer classes who followed Latins journeying to Palestine. These orders of military knights and the Red Cross Friars were most useful in establishing Latin power in Jerusalem, and they were the flower of Christendom. The great wealth that they possessed enabled them to hire and support large troops of paid soldiers; while the exactness of their discipline was excellent. I cannot in this chapter enter more into the history of these military orders, whose great enthusiasm led to deeds of heroism, lasting till worldly views crept in, and the fine spirit which had led to their constitution was quenched by the influence of malice, and generosity gave way to jealousy.

I trust that in contemplating the fine traits in chivalric characters that I have chosen for your instruction in this first chapter, you will find much to admire in those knightly characters of the Middle Ages. Although the conflicts of the nineteenth century do not call on the generality of our youth to determine them by deeds such as we have read of, we can face the evils we encounter, and those of our age, with generosity like Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche.*

Spenser describes a true knight thus :—

A gentle knight was pricking o'er the plain,
Clad in mighty arms and silver shield,
And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
For dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever Him adored ;
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovrain hope which in His help he had.

ST. LOUIS

CHAPTER II.

ST. LOUIS.

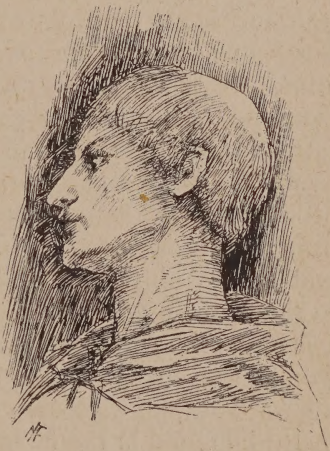
'THE NOBLEST AND HOLIEST OF MONARCHS.'

IF one seeks for an example of character influenced by religion, steadfast against temptation, pious, obedient, good, where can the historical student turn better than to that of St. Louis, a young French king, called when only twelve years of age to ascend the throne of France, yet acquitting himself, as time went on, in a manner that men of all types and minds have combined to call noble and heroic?

St. Louis of France presents without question the ideal of duty. He has been called 'the noblest and holiest of monarchs,' and eulogised 'as an angel who wore for a brief season an earthly crown,'—the language of extravagance, yet partly true. He succeeded to the crown on the death of his father, Louis VIII. of France, who left his widow, Blanche of Castile, sole guardian of the little prince during his minority. Louis was fortunate in the early care bestowed on him, and the training that he received during his youth ripened those qualities of heart and mind which made the young prince what he later became, a pious, good king and saint. Queen Blanche was probably not a very highly educated woman herself. In those early ages, to embroider a knight's pennon with his device or his arms, to be able to superintend the making of the comfits and sweet dishes of the table, to work at her tapestry frame, tend the sick, and prepare lint for the wounded, was almost all society demanded of a lady of rank, besides some small musical talent and a knowledge of the romances of the day. No regent had been named for the kingdom by the late King Louis VIII. of France. The times were momentous, and a woman and a stranger seemed alike unequal to the task of government. Blanche had firmness and energy, and was supported by the papal power.

After a decent interval of mourning, the young king was crowned at Rheims, in the presence of a glittering court and a large assemblage of nobles. The gravity of the young lad's manner struck the great nobles assembled there to take an oath of fealty to the young king. Many of the princes and counts of France were not present; among them, Thibault of Champagne, a man of knightly character and talent of no mean order. He and the late king's half-brother, Philip Hurepel, Count of Brittany, stayed away. They had joined a party who believed Queen Blanche to be totally unequal to her position as regent. That Philip of Brittany was also called Mauclere, a name given him, he being a determined enemy to priestcraft, and one who on several occasions had shown that dislike in a marked manner.

Queen Blanche proved her firmness and capability as a regent, as well as her wisdom as a parent. She chose the little king's tutors discreetly. She encouraged his taste for religion and theology, and placed over him a priest named Pacifico. Pacifico was Italian by birth, and had been a knight. One day he chanced to listen to a sermon preached by St. Francis d'Assisi. Till that hour he had been both thoughtless and licentious. The preacher's eloquence deeply impressed him, and he resolved to renounce the pleasures of the world for the gloom of the cloister. In those days such resolutions were far from unusual among the upper classes. Those were days of great privations in war. Knights as they came to middle life wearied of the noise and turbulence of camps. The fortress where a noble lived was no quiet abode. The coming and going of armed men, the frequent summons to lead forth his vassals to the field of battle in obedience to feudal laws, made life to those to whom it no longer seemed all sunshine a hurrying thing, leaving no time for reflection or study. The cloister, with its libraries and calm seclusion, seemed in comparison a haven of peace. Nor was a monk's life necessarily a dull one. It had its recreations as well as its duties. The priors and abbots were given to hospitality; and when the order was not so severe a one as that founded by St. Bernard, hawking and fishing filled up the time, and the latter was of use in adding to the monastery's Lenten


PACIFICO.

fare. Thus, laying aside their armour, and hanging their pennons on the castle wall, men often forsook the knight's career for that of the cowled monk's.

A monk's time, between the hours when he said his office or kept his vigil, could be filled up in transcribing manuscripts, illuminating missals, carving stonework in the chapel, or painting pictures for its walls. Some of the brothers tended the garden and looked after the orchards and poultry-yard, while the beehives might occupy another, and the sale of the wax and honey added to the revenues of the order. Gardening has been always an engrossing pursuit, and after the earlier Crusaders had returned from the East, many a rare fruit-tree or choice flower and vegetable, introduced from Egypt and Palestine, might be found flourishing in the parterres of *la belle France.* The little shallot that flavours our omelettes or salad comes from roots brought back from Ascalon ; the best plums and grapes came from Damascus. How interesting to watch their growth, and to hurry with some fine specimen to the prior,as he would sit, on a hot summer's day, on the edge of the splashing fountain, watching the water dripping into the large basin which generally might be found in the middle of the monastery courtyard. Apples grew so abundantly that the monks would grow weary of gathering and storing them, so they would turn in their swine to feed on those lying beneath the trees, yet watching that they should not injure the low vineyards growing round the cloister.

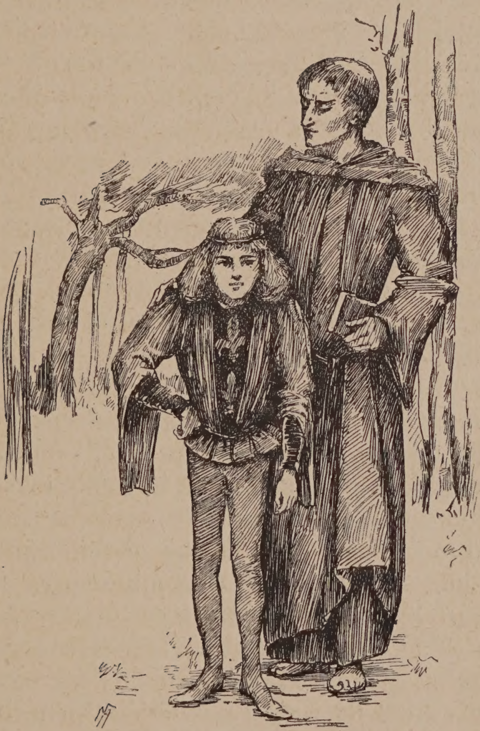
No wonder that so quiet a life offered attractions to those weary of fighting, and the hurrying bustle of camp life and the horrors of the battlefield ; and that, when stirred to repentance by St. Francis's burning words, Pacifico chose the safe retirement of a religious life. He would hail the repose of a home where he could meditate on the saint's words, and approach with prayer and penance the Saviour whom he had so deeply strayed from by former sins. The vast pine-trees round these secluded dwellings, often as large as the grand cedars of Lebanon, whose dark foliage was relieved by the lighter shades of the chestnut, fig, and pear trees, would become dear to him, as day by day he gazed on them with increasing and assured hope that he was nearer salvation; for that he had sought refuge in the cloister, to ponder over and practise the repentance wrought by the saint's eloquence. From his retreat he was called to train the young prince, in conjunction with others, who, while Pacifico was trusted with his soul, were to teach him the arts of chivalry, and the accomplishments necessary to his rank.

Louis was crowned three weeks after his accession to the throne, in 1215. Blanche persuaded Thibault, Count of Champagne, to join her party. Partly fascinated by her beauty, and partly convinced by her reproaches that it was an unknightly act to forsake a woman called to govern at so dangerous a time, he gave up his opposition, and became as devoted an adherent as he had previously been a violent antagonist. Not so Mauclere. He was neither conciliated nor appeased. He disliked the Pope's legate, Cardinal St. Ange, who was the queen's adviser and great mainstay. Mauclere waited his opportunity. The little king was on a hunting expedition near Orleans, the attendants with him few in number, and but scantily armed. Mauclere, informed by spies of the expedition, surprised the little party. No danger had been expected, and resistance was impossible, and he was easily made a prisoner. Fortunately Thibault had heard of the plot. He rescued Louis, and carried him off for safety to a strong castle, called Monthery. Here Louis remained till a strong body of men were collected to attend him to the capital. But no armed troop was necessary. The hearts of the burghers of Paris were with their young king. No sooner did they hear how nearly his life had been in danger, than they flocked out to meet him. As the lad of thirteen, pale and agitated, rode along, the Count of Champagne and his knights, with foot soldiers and squires, each armed with his trusty battle-axe, surrounding him, he was met by a great crowd of Parisian citizens, who hailed him with loud shouts of 'Long live our King!' 'God preserve him from his enemies!' The pale young face flushed with happiness as the lad heard the loyal cries, while he felt renewed confidence in their devotion to his throne and person.

This rude attempt to capture his person interrupted for a time the pleasures of the chase; but falconry might be followed within hail of his palace, and Louis was devoted to hawking. It was the favourite recreation of the age, followed by priest and prelate as well as by prince and noble. This favourite pursuit he chiefly followed at his manor of Poissy, a village a few miles distant from Paris. Louis loved Poissy passionately; and in middle life, when writing to early friends who had followed him in those days on hawking or fishing expeditions, he invariably signed his letters 'Louis de Poissy.'

The young prince showed great aptitude in learning Latin, a language as essential in the Middle Ages as French is in ours. Latin was the common language used between foreign courts, and it enabled kings and princes to speak directly to each other, without needing the assistance of an interpreter.

When Louis was old enough, his wise mother sent him on long expeditions with Pacifico through the province of Normandy and other parts of the kingdom, that he might become acquainted from personal experience with the various needs of his subjects.


THE PRINCE AND TUTOR.

While very proficient in all knightly arts, Louis from an early age gave signs of natural piety. He built, very shortly after his accession to the throne, an abbey, called Royaumont, to his father's memory. He loved to watch the monks as they toiled at its erection. In the Middle Ages the monasteries furnished the architects as well as the masons of the many splendid churches that they have left to posterity. The little king, interested in watching the progress they made, would himself help in the manual labour, crying out, 'See how the good monks work!'

When falconry, hunting, or other expeditions were over, seated round the huge wood fire in the castle hall, the minstrels would be called upon to recite some romance, or sing a love ditty. At Louis's request, serious tales were as often chosen, and hymns and psalms preferred to the fantastic legends of chivalry. As time went on, Louis developed, even more as an older youth than as a lad of thirteen, this inborn religious tendency. His younger sister Isabella, assisted by Pacifico, deepened this turn of mind. Later on I will tell you about her. She is commonly called in history 'Isabella the Nun,' and, though younger than Louis, had a great influence over him.

In 1234, Louis became of age, and old enough to govern France himself. Blanche made an excellent regent, and educated her son admirably, but the time had now arrived for Louis to think and act for himself. The austerities he practised as a lad did not decrease as he attained manhood. Educated in knightly duties, he was a warrior by birth, but not from taste. He cared not for fresh conquests, and contented himself with defending his own possessions, without wishing or seeking to acquire those of others. One acquisition, however, he ardently desired. The 'crown of thorns' worn by our blessed Lord was a coveted relic; but in those days, when relics were prized to an extreme degree, false ones were often to the fore. Thus, in the case of the 'crown of thorns,' France had long possessed one; but the real true garland, the one notoriously believed to have been worn at Calvary, had been pledged to Venetian merchants by Baldwin, the titular Emperor of Constantinople, for a very large sum, in order to get troops to recover the kingdom that had been wrested from him by the Greeks. Baldwin had no objection to selling the precious relic, but Louis was too pious a son of the Catholic faith to buy it. Relics were sacred things. The Church forbade traffic in them as a deadly sin. What was to be done? After renewed negotiations, Baldwin, who cared more for his kingdom than for any relics, gave it to Louis, who in return paid all the former's debts, and sent a handsome present into the bargain. The 'crown of thorns' possessed by France was found out to have a flaw in its pedigree, and the one given by Baldwin to be the identical one worn by our Saviour. The clergy having thus recognised it, two monks of the order of the Dominicans were sent to the East to fetch it. On their return, Louis and his brother, barefooted, meanly dressed, met the monks outside Paris. The royal brothers carried the crown on foot, but in semi-state, so great were the crowds of nobles who followed them, to the Church of Notre Dame, in the capital. There, chanting litanies and invocations, the pious prince deposited his sacred burden on the high altar.

Louis was not in advance of his age in one respect. Persecution of those whom the Church called heretics was looked upon in the Middle Ages as a proof of piety. The Albigenses—inhabitants of the Southern provinces of France—were great victims of religious persecution. In the third year of Pope Innocent's reign, at the end of the twelfth century, great complaints reached the papal court of the disobedience shown by the Albigenses to the authority of the Church. From remote antiquity the Southerners had possessed a purer faith than other portions of France; but, their country being remote and far from the capital, for many centuries their religious opinions remained unquestioned. When the monks sent by Innocent returned to Rome, they reported that heresy was rife in Toulouse and the South. In consequence of their report, the Pope sent special legates to inquire further into the matter. The inquiries made resulted in the issue of a papal bull, commanding the nobles of the province, and all good, religious people, to take up arms against heretics, and authorising all who would enlist under the so-named holy banner to keep for their own use the culprits' worldly goods.

The Bernardins—monks who followed the order of St. Bernard—preached extermination. In 1209, fifty thousand soldiers were thrown into Languedoc, and by their cruelties drove all its peasantry into the towns and castles near their homes. After a long struggle, Raymond, Count of Toulouse, who had been disgusted by the vices of the clergy, and therefore led to resist the expedition against his subjects, submitted, and, after doing penance, bought his own safety by giving up seven of his largest castles to the Pope's legates. His nephew, the Viscount de Beziers, would not consent to so ignoble a proceeding. He declined to fight against the peasants of his own province, as Raymond had consented to do; and his uncle, terrified at the papal threats, promised to lead the legates to the viscount's castle. The town of

Beziers was taken by storm, and all the inhabitants cruelly put to death. Many of them fled for safety to the church; but the churches as well as the houses were all burned down by the stern order of the Abbot of Citeaux, who sanctioned the fearful atrocities committed under the guise of religion. He knew no law save that of persecution for heretics, and he sent the murderers to their task, saying, 'Kill them all. God will know His own, and will take care of them.'

This religious persecution went on for several years. The conquered country was handed over to Simon de Montfort, who was a pitiless fanatic, and showed no mercy; believing that he was carrying out a real crusade against error, while he was in reality only persecuting those whose faith was so much purer than his own.

Louis, taught by the priests that heresy should know no mercy, authorised continued religious persecutions. One day, when he was on a visit to the monastery at Cluny, the abbot narrated an anecdote to him; the king's reply showed very decidedly that he approved of persecutions.

One of the monks at Cluny had had a dispute with a Jew as to the character of the blessed Virgin. An old knight stood by. When the latter heard the Jew boast of his unbelief, he lifted up his crutch and struck him to the ground. 'Thou shalt pay,' he cried, 'for coming into God's house, miserable unbeliever as thou art!'

The abbot, in telling Louis this anecdote, blamed the knight for his violence. Not so Louis. The knight, he said, was right.

'No one should dispute with a Jew, and every one should defend the Christian faith, not only with words, but with a two-edged sword. Even,' he cried, 'till it enters their bodies up to the hilt!'

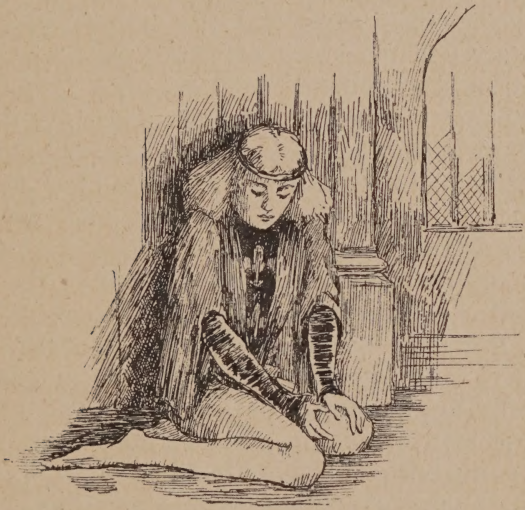
Louis was certainly not in advance of his age on this subject. The proceedings against the poor Albigenses were dignified with the name of a crusade.

These religious persecutions are a blot on the character and career of Louis IX., who was otherwise a hero, ruler, and good Christian, and must be ascribed to the influence of the priests and his mother. Blanche was a model woman in the Middle Ages, and an energetic, courageous queen, but her religious belief induced her to think persecution of heretics a virtue incumbent upon her. She had tenderly watched over Louis while he was a minor, and the influence that chivalrous feelings had over her, combined with her religious belief, had given her son, under her guidance and that of the careful tutors who had educated him, the deepest sense of right and wrong.

St. Louis is a rare character in the world's history; for he combined with deep humility a royal sense of the science of governing, and, leading an austere and guarded life himself, would have chosen a monastic one but for the kingly sentiment that he entertained of his duty to France. At the time of life when youth is most thoughtless, the young king loved meditation and retirement. He built the Abbey of Royaumont in obedience to his father Louis VIII.'s dying wishes, who bequeathed all his jewels for the purpose.

Royaumont was by far the most stately and magnificent of the many religious houses that Louis founded. He not only expended large sums of money on its erection, but when it was completed he loved to seek the solitude of its cloisters.

The monks were compelled by monastic rule to keep rigid silence. Louis followed the same rule, and would join in the manual labour that the brethren followed, and assisted in the building of a wall. All royal state was laid aside when he visited the cloister. He would sleep in a simple cell, but always chose one as far as possible from his courtiers, with a separate staircase leading to the chapel. In the middle of the night he would descend and repeat his offices, or, seated on straw, his back against a pillar, meditate on his kingly duties. He was a fair lad, and, like his Flemish grandmother, Queen Isabella, mother of Louis VIII., had the blond complexion and aquiline features of his Hainault ancestors. He had learnt one good lesson from his tutors, obedience—a virtue very necessary to one who had to govern others.



ST. LOUIS CONTEMPLATES THE FUTURE.

The habits of humility practised by the monks of Citeaux (the order who occupied the Abbey of Royaumont when it was completed) were imitated by the king. One of the monastic rules laid down by their founder, St. Bernard, enjoined them to wash each other's feet every Saturday evening. St. Louis, eager to show that he wished to practise humility, one day desired to do the same lowly act. 'My son,' said the prior, 'it befits not your kingly dignity.' The young king recognised the duty of obedience, and exercised the virtue of self-denial by instantly renouncing his intention. His great delight at Royaumont was to pass hours at the bed-side of any brother who lay ill in the monastery infirmary, and he did not even shrink from those ill of leprosy, seeking in the same Christian spirit to relieve sufferers who were stricken with that dreadful scourge. When the monks could not carry out another of St. Bernard's rules, namely, the practice of daily almsgiving to the poor, telling the king that their funds would not last if they gave every day to the multitudes who flocked to the monastery portal, the pious Louis gave them lands to enable them to do so.

The frequent quarrels of his nobles, and the revolts in Languedoc, were the cause of great anxiety to Louis. Raymond of Toulouse had submitted, and gone to the Holy Land to expiate his supposed offences against the Church (first receiving absolution from the papal legate as he stood barefooted at the altar of St. Denis), but hostilities between England and France still continued. Louis resisted England, but, like his father Louis VIII., his conscience often reproached him for keeping Normandy; and, as he knelt before the altar to St. Agnes at Royaumont—

the place which tradition says he oftenest prayed at—no doubt he debated in his mind on the duty of renunciation. However, in 1236, when he attained his majority, he not only put down the selfish pretensions of the then Pope, but he vanquished Henry of England at Taillebourg.

Two Crusades had been undertaken before St. Louis reached manhood, and neither had entirely succeeded. Chivalry was not dead. Its pure spirit still existed, though its influence on the fierce spirits of the Middle Ages was often opposed by the licentious manners of the times ; for the violent, ignorant nobles often acted in a manner totally opposed to the professions of their lips. In that day, as in ours and other times, the influence of earthly objects lowered and debased the sentiment of genuine piety. The desire to rescue holy places from the infidel was admirable as a motive, but many who bound the cross to their breast were not bright examples of the faith they fought for.

In the mind of St. Louis chivalry existed as part of his kingly duty. His knightly spirit felt that Normandy rightly belonged to England, and, as he grew older, the desire to make an act of restitution grew year by year into the wish of his heart, but the time had not then arrived to realise his dreams.

The same year that Louis came of age (1239) a great exodus took place towards the East. Among the nobles who went to Constantinople, Thibault, Count of Champagne, and King of Navarre, were conspicuous. Louis would fain have joined the expedition himself, but, not being able to leave his dominions, he begged Amaury de Montfort to go as his proxy, and gave him arms and a large present of money to do so.

When princes and nobles went to the Holy Land during the Crusades, they generally confided their lands and worldly goods to some member of their family who would take care of them in their absence in Palestine.

One knight, Jean de Dreux, felt certain that he would never return alive to France, so he adopted another course; he sold the whole of his province of Mascon to the king for a large sum of money. His presentiment came true, and he died very soon after he left France, in Palestine. His wife, the Countess Alix, then embraced a religious life, and bestowed the vast sum paid by Louis on building a convent, of which she eventually became abbess.

When Louis was twenty, he married Margaret, daughter of the Count of Provence, who was only thirteen when she wedded the young king. For a long time they had no children, but, to the great joy of the whole nation, a little princess was born in 1240, but she only lived a very short time. Other children, however, followed, and his married life was a happy one.

Louis, not satisfied with possessing the 'crown of thorns,' was much devoted to relics, to which great reverence was paid in the Middle Ages. The Knights Templars had obtained in the East a piece of the 'true cross,' or what passed as such. Through a knight named Gui, the relic came into Louis's possession, and in order to deposit it in a place worthy of its value he began in 1242 to build the Sainte Chapelle, a church celebrated for its beauty throughout the world. It was built in the precincts of his own palace, and the pious king spared no money in embellishing the interior with unparalleled magnificence. It consisted of two chapels, one above the other. One was dedicated to the blessed Virgin, the other to the true cross,' and in due time the relic was taken there. St. Louis was accustomed to display it to the faithful from time to time—a custom kept up for one or two centuries by his successors.

The queen-mother's regency came to an end when Louis came of age; but till her death, aged sixty-four, she had great influence with her son, who left her regent over France the first time he went to the East.

Beside Blanche, his sister Isabella, commonly called the Nun, had a great share in increasing Louis's devotion to relics. Like her brother, she was canonised after her death. She was younger than the king, but as austerely inclined as he was to her religious duties. Various anecdotes are given of her powers of self-denial. It was her rule to rise hungry from every meal, and she made vows of perpetual silence. If by accident she ever broke her vow, she would pay a heavy fine for every word uttered, or morsel swallowed, that exceeded her usual allowance. She became abbess of a convent that she founded at Longchamps, and refused to become Empress of Germany, choosing a life of humble devotion before a career of brilliant prosperity. She had very lovely hair. When her maidens combed it out, they would keep the combings that came away before they plaited it in the fashion of the day. The princess, finding out that they kept her hair, inquired for what reason they did so.

'Because,' replied they, 'some day, when you are a saint in heaven, it will be a precious relic.'

The princess rebuked them for ever believing so sinful a woman as she thought herself, would be canonised as a saint; but nevertheless she was so after her death.

She was singularly accomplished as an embroideress. Her kingly brother begged her one day to give him a splendid quilt that she had just finished working.

'Nay,' replied the pious lady; 'it is the first that I have finished. I shall give it to the Lord Jesus.'

Her maidens, Jeanne and Péronelle de Montfort, thought their lady meant to give it to the chapel, but great was their surprise when, sending for one of the very poorest women in the place, the princess gave her the quilt, recognising, according to Divine precepts, our Saviour in the person of the poverty-stricken peasant. The maids of honour bought the quilt back, and gave it to a convent, whose nuns kept it as a valuable relic.

Isabella delighted to visit the poor and sick, and was a model of gentleness and humility.

The spirit of St. Bernard still swayed the thirteenth as it had done the twelfth century; and Louis, with the same mystic sentiment as the famous recluse of Clairvaux, delighted to study in silence and solitude the Word of God, by which his every action was guided. He delighted, as St. Bernard had done before him, in reflecting on the attributes of his Creator in grand scenes of nature, and the forest glades of Fontainebleau often drew him into close communion with God by the loveliness of their natural beauties and the splendid foliage of their vast trees.

Pious as he was, when he attained manhood Louis showed that he was a spirited king, and could resist the papal power when unjustly exercised. The Emperor Frederic had displeased Pope Gregory IX., who excommunicated and deposed the former. The Pope counted on Louis's aid, and sent a legate to beg the King of France to head a crusade against

Frederic. The Pope thought Louis too obedient a son of the Church to refuse to join against the German emperor; but his reply was manly and just. He demanded by what right the Roman pontiff had deposed one who had done nothing to merit so severe a sentence. He declared that the Pope could not take Frederic's kingdom from him, and that he had justice on his side. Louis's reply ended by saying that in the Pope humbling Frederic, Christian princes might anticipate 'becoming merely the slaves to the papacy.'

Military glory had no attractions for Louis, but, when called on to contest his rights against Henry III. of England at the battle of Taillebourg, he fought with knightly valour, and defeated the English monarch in so decisive a manner, that he was able to dictate the terms of peace to the enemy.

In the moment of victory Louis fell ill, and his thoughts again reverted to the Holy Land. He ardently desired to take the cross and head a Crusade. His mother was as ardently opposed to his wish. Frederic, the emperor whom Louis had so promptly defended against Gregory, would willingly have joined with the French king in a fresh Crusade, but though Gregory was dead, and Innocent IV. was the head of the Church in his stead, he was as implacable against Frederic as the old Pope had been. At length the quarrel seemed likely to be made up, and terms were agreed on, one of the conditions being that Frederic was to be restored to communion with the Church; but the negotiations were broken off, and the Pope retired to Genoa, to be still farther off from Germany. It was during these contentions that Louis fell ill. The fatigue of a campaign and the anxieties of the war increased the malady that had overtaken him. He grew alarmingly worse. His attendants, seeing him unconscious, thought all was over; but he rallied, and called for a crucifix. He raised himself up, made the sign of the cross, and declared his intention to go to the Holy Land if God spared his life. When convalescent, he adhered to the resolution taken in sickness, in spite of the urgent remonstrances of the two queens, who told him how unequal his health was for so arduous an enterprise. Unlike many Crusaders, Louis's resolution was taken from single motives. The condition of the holy places, desecrated by infidels, appeared to his pious mind as a state of things to be remedied by personal sacrifices. His kingdom had need of his wise and beneficent rule, and many of his subjects were turbulent and rebellious, but Louis adhered firmly to his resolution of showing his gratitude to God for his recovery by going to Palestine.

In order to head a successful Crusade, Louis well knew that he must obtain the aid of other monarchs; but he was unable to gain that of Germany. The quarrel between the papal power and the emperor raged more violently than ever. Frederic would not yield to the Pope's demands till the ban of excommunication was removed; and the Pope, when urged by St. Louis to favour the accomplishment of his vow, replied that 'before going to the East it was the duty of every Christian prince to help the head of the Church in putting down the pretensions of the heretic emperor.'

Frederic declared that he would devote the remainder of his days to the rescue of the Holy Land, if his enemy the Pope would come to terms with him as to his son's succession to the empire, and restore him to communion with the Church. The Pope, though sought by Louis in person, was resolute in refusing any terms with the German emperor but those he chose to make himself. When Louis, grieved at his want of success in the office of peacemaker, went back, the Pope further assured the French king that he might be disposed to help on the Crusade if he would turn the arms of France against Henry III. of England. A truce had been made between France and England. Louis, with conscientious feelings of honour, refused to break his treaty.

'I have taken the cross, and must keep my vow; I will not break a treaty made between France and another Christian nation. The English king is the husband of my wife's sister; I will not work his ruin.'

Those who took the cross from single-hearted and pious motives always endeavoured to make their peace, before going to Palestine, with any with whom they were at variance. It was vain to fight for Christ if the teachings of the Divine Master were not followed. Absolution was not given till those who had wronged others had redressed the grievance, and restored anything wrongfully taken possession of, either by force of arms or stratagem. In those rude days this had often to be done.

One who, like St. Louis, went to the East, gives a full account of his preparations. He first of all, on Easter Eve, entertained all his foot soldiers and vassals, and the following week he devoted to feasting, and leading with his friends what he calls a 'joyous life.' They drank heavily, ate and made merry, and amused themselves with singing love songs. But when Friday came he called them all together, and told them he was going to the Holy Land, and it was uncertain if he should ever return. If he had in any way wronged any one, would they tell him plainly, and in that case he would make amends to them. He did so, he said, in accordance with the custom of all who went to Palestine from good motives. 'I am willing,' he said, 'to restore to the uttermost farthing any I have wronged, and I have mortgaged my broad lands, leaving only a few gold pieces for my lady mother's dower, that I may be able to feel I take nothing with me that I have wrongfully gained.'

After doing so, the narrator (Joinville) tells how he sent for a Franciscan monk, a very discreet man, and received absolution from him. After that, the abbot gave him his scarf, and put his pilgrim's staff in his hand, and then he left his Castle of Joinville, and did not see it again till he came back. The good priest who had shriven him told him that he must, before sailing, make a humble pilgrimage to holy places in the neighbourhood. This he also carried out in true penitent's fashion. He went in his shirt, barefooted. Once he averted his eyes, for he had to pass near his 'fair castle.' He dared not look that way lest he should too keenly regret his children, whom he had left behind him.

Although the nobles of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were ignorant, attaching but little value to learning, they often displayed and possessed qualities of the highest honour, which keenly revolted against any act of injustice. The solitary life often led by knights whose castles were at a great distance from the larger cities of the realm, the absolute sway that they exercised over their vassals, encouraged their proud independence, and those nobles able to bring a large army into the field disdained the position of royalty; as in the case of a noble named Berenger, Count of Barcelona, who owned the province of Navarre and part of Arragon, who exclaimed, 'I would rather be the first among counts than the seventh king of a royal race!' A true noble despised courtly flattery, like the Bishop of Langres, who, when Louis le Jeune sent an embassy to him, replied by rebuking the long list the messengers gave of the glorious doings of the monarch they served, by saying, 'Do not dwell on the king's religion, glory, and majesty; we know it already. Tell me quickly, without subterfuge, what you want.'

Louis, with the nobility and piety of his character, though he endeavoured to repress the frequent rebellions of his nobles with firmness, recognised the generous character of his haughty aristocracy, and would not allow any encroachment on their privileges. The king, however, was not always able to hold the fierce passions of his nobles in check. An instance took place during St. Louis's second expedition to the East.

A noble knight had asked and obtained the king's leave to make a raid against the infidels on his own account. He came back to the camp laden with spoil and booty. The great nobles and knights, his companions-in-arms, were very jealous of his success. They complained to Louis that the cavalier had failed in his duty in not giving all he had to the king.

The knight, called on to defend his conduct, said to the king, 'Sire, all I have is yours—my person and my sword as well; but it does not seem just that he who has got the booty at the peril of very life itself should not enjoy its use. These courtiers,' he added, pointing to those who had complained of him, 'only use that language to please and flatter, and gain your Majesty's favour.'

This bold language was met by a volley of insults on the part of one of those whom he had accused. 'You are a bad knight,' he cried, 'to accuse the king's servants of cowardice and treason! You have lied!'

The knight's son, hearing his father so grossly insulted, rushed forward and stabbed the accuser. Then, alarmed at the consequences, as his father's accuser fell dead at his feet, he sought the neighbouring church, where he knew and thought that he would be safe from vengeance.

The father of this cavalier threw himself down before Louis, and implored the royal mercy for his son. Louis told him he might go and find him, and gave him a safe conduct for the offender. The unhappy father had, however, been anticipated in the quest. When he reached the church the corpse of his son lay on the ground before him, for the indignant nobles had followed and killed the young man without further trial. Out of his mind with grief, back went the father to Louis.

'Sire,' said he, 'my son has been killed without any trial. Justice has vanished from your court. Take all I won. I leave all to you.'

He did not even wait for the king's reply, but, mounting his horse, rode off to a neighbouring Saracen chief, to whom he told his tale.

'Stay with me,' said the infidel. 'I offer you my protection.'

The knight stayed with the Saracens, and fought against the French army, doing them a great deal of harm, nor was his anger appeased till he had killed every one of those nobles who had assisted at his son's death.

Before St. Louis set out for the East, he proclaimed his desire to make restitution to any of his subjects who in any way believed themselves wronged, or from whom payment of taxes had been wrongly enforced. The English princes thought this a good time to demand the restitution of Normandy, which the Earl of Cornwall, King John's son, declared had been wrongfully wrested, in the reign of Philip Augustus, from the English princes. He called upon St. Louis to restore it before he started for the Holy Land. The king's conscience had often pricked him on the subject of Normandy, and he seriously contemplated its restitution. His ministers strongly opposed his intention, but conscientious scruples would not allow Louis to follow their advice without consulting the bishops of Normandy, who said, in reply, that its tenure for so long a period as forty years justified its retention by Louis.

It was quite four years from the date of making his vow before Louis could set out for the East. The queen-mother always opposed the project; and even at the last moment, when his stores were shipped, and his wife, Queen Margaret, with his two brothers, the Counts of Anjou and Artois, were ready to accompany the king, she persuaded several powerful nobles to remonstrate with St. Louis, and to try and turn him from his purpose. This they promised to do. They pointed out to Louis that he had made his vow when ill, and scarcely recovered from the delirium of fever. Such acts, they said, were not binding on the conscience. The king listened very seriously, and seemed inclined to yield. But far from such was the king's meaning.

'You think I was not myself when I took the vow?' he asked. 'Then,' he cried, 'take this symbol!'—tearing the sacred emblem from his shoulder. 'Here is my cross!'

The courtiers stood amazed at his ready compliance with their request; but it was only for a few seconds.

'Do not again say that I was mad!' exclaimed the king. 'Give me back my cross. I declare before God that I will not suffer any food to pass my lips till I am again marked with the holy sign!'

After that, Queen Blanche gave up all hopes of turning him from his purpose, and accepted the office of regent in his absence from France. It was a warm August day, when at length, in 1248, he and his queen stood on the shores of the blue Mediterranean, at the little seaport Aigues-Mortes, ready to embark for Cyprus, where he intended to wait for reinforcements to join him. His little fleet only numbered twenty-eight ships, some of which carried the corn and hay and other stores necessary for the expedition. The traces of his serious illness still hung round him, but the symbol of Christianity seemed to him the only standard that a king could fight under as long as the holy places were occupied by an infidel race. His sensitive conscience saw in the expedition he was heading the only means of showing his gratitude to God for his convalescence, and we are fain to admire his courage and constancy in carrying out the intentions formed on a bed of fever.

Arrived at Cyprus, the king impatiently awaited the reinforcements that never came. It was a time of anxiety and annoyance. Constant quarrels arose between his own followers and the native inhabitants of the place, and Louis had to fill the office of peacemaker, as well as to combat with the arguments of those about him, who had to check the imprudent ardour with which the heroic king wished to push on to Egypt without waiting for fresh aid from Europe. While waiting at Cyprus, an embassy arrived from the Cham of Tartary, who expressed his desire to help the king in conquering the pagans and infidels, and to aid in the conquest of Tartary.

St. Louis seems to have believed in the Cham's sincerity,—which historians of later days have greatly doubted,—and he sent two black monks to the great chief, begging him to be converted to Christianity, and making him a present of a large scarlet cloth tent, representing a Catholic chapel. Inside the tent were represented scenes out of Holy Writ. The monks did not, it is supposed, succeed in their embassy, or convert the Cham by their preaching, as they were not named again in the chronicles of the day, and no doubt the narrators of those times thought it best to say nothing of their failure to convert the barbarians.

It was very costly to undertake a Crusade, so that St. Louis, with the Pope's sanction, levied a tax on all his subjects to defray the expenses. He had stripped himself, before leaving Paris, of all royal magnificence. He laid aside the magnificent ermine robes of dazzling hues he had worn in France, and from that time forward donned a simple stuff pilgrim's robe, and adopted the simplest harness for his war-horse, instead of the jewelled saddles and costly cloths his steed had been adorned with in France. It had been his habit to give his worn-out clothes to the poor. Philip

Augustus followed the same custom. But while in the East he did not wish the poor to suffer pecuniary loss from the poorness of his wardrobe, so his treasurer was told to give those who had been in the habit of receiving his royal garments sufficient money to compensate them for the humility of his pilgrim's suit.

Before leaving Paris, St. Louis had received the sacred oriflamme of France at the altar of St. Denis. Crowds of people followed him to the abbey, as, barefooted, clad in a palmer's habit, he had presented himself in that lowly guise before the shrine of the splendid church. Though Louis on great occasions was obliged to wear royal garments, he never afterwards on ordinary days left off the sober hues worn while on the expedition to the East.

One day, while Louis was waiting at Cyprus for help, that never came, from Germany, nine knights landed at that island. They were led by the Lord de Joinville, who was the son of a very brave man, and nearly related to a former Crusader. De Joinville's family belonged to Champagne, but though he was so nobly born he had been unable to bring much money with him ; and, in memoirs that he has written about St. Louis and the Crusades, he confesses that when he found himself upon the ocean, and all the knights looking to him for the means of support, he felt very low-spirited, and far from enthusiastic about the Crusades.

Although he had mortgaged his lands and sold his jewels, he had only a few gold pieces in his pocket. Some of his knights began to reproach him for his poverty. 'I trusted in God,' said De Joinville, 'all the time.'

When he got to Cyprus, St. Louis heard of his straits, and sent for him. The knight told the kind-hearted king all his troubles, and, to extricate him from them, he gave him an appointment, with a handsome salary attached to it. 'How thankful I felt to God,' writes De Joinville. 'I had then more money than I actually wanted.'

The nobleman became much attached to St. Louis, whom he always wrote of as 'the good king, my lord.'

It was late in the summer of 1248 when St. Louis reached Cyprus, and it was May the following year before he was able to start for Egypt. Reinforcements, in the form of money, men, and stores, had reached him; and though the various races composing the expedition made it appear a motley army from many lands, it consisted of fifty thousand men and eighteen hundred ships. The vessels were chiefly hired from the great merchants of Venice and Pisa, the ship-owners of the thirteenth century. It looked a goodly fleet; but a tremendous storm arose, that scattered them far and wide from each other. The Crusaders were much dismayed, and began to talk of its being a bad omen to have so violent a storm just on the outset of their enterprise. Great, however, was their joy when the cry of 'Land' showed them the shores of Lower Egypt stretched before them. They were close to the mouth of the river Nile, near Damietta.

Louis did not disembark for a few days. The storm had scattered his ships, and the weather remained unfavourable for landing; but at last their pilot told them they could disembark close to Damietta. When all the soldiers of the expedition had reached the shore, St. Louis, after hearing mass and singing a Te Deum of thanksgiving for their safety, assembled all his forces round him.

'My faithful soldiers,' he began, 'if we remain united we shall be invincible. It is only by the goodness of God we have reached Egypt so quickly. I am here, not as King of France, nor the representative of the Holy Church, but here I stand, a simple soldier like yourselves, whose life may be taken whenever it is the will of God. If we are conquered, we shall go to heaven as martyrs for the faith; if, on the other hand, we conquer, it will be by the will and with the aid of God, and for His glory. Let us fight for Jesus Christ, and He will triumph; and then to Him, and not to us, will be the victory. We must give Him all glory, praise, and honour.'

Six thousand infidels were drawn up on the shore ready to oppose the Crusaders; but, nothing daunted, the little Christian army landed. Louis was so ardent that he jumped from the side of the vessel which had borne him to Egypt, and breasted the waves, the sea coming high up to his shoulders, and, with his lance in his hand, headed the troops. Enthusiasm is catching; the Christians fought like heroes. The Turks lost heart, and fled to Damietta, where they shut themselves up, awaiting the enemy's further approach. Their Sultan was ill, and the fame of the French king's religious zeal, and his avowed intention to give no quarter to the infidels, disheartened the garrison. The Christians were prepared for resistance and a long siege, but when they marched to Damietta they found it deserted, both by inhabitants and troops, who had, panic-stricken, evacuated it without making any effort in its defence. Unfortunately, Louis did not pursue his advantage. Instead of pushing on to Cairo while the enemy were discouraged, he allowed his nobles to persuade him to remain five long months inactive at Damietta. It must have caused the pious monarch many a heartache to see how little a true Crusader's zeal actuated his followers. It seemed dead indeed, except in his own pious heart and that of some few of his knights. Damietta was full of booty. The citizens had been too panic-stricken to carry their goods away. They had burnt part of the city to save it from falling into Christian hands, but enough plunder remained to gratify the soldiers and their captains, who, forgetting that they had come to Egypt to rescue holy places, spent their time in open profligacy, drinking, and feasting. St. Louis himself continued to set his followers a bright example, but neither he nor the priests could arrest the evil doings that daily and hourly occurred in Damietta. Disputes about the spoil frequently took place; and disorder, gambling, and profligacy were the order of the day.

The Saracen soldiers who had abandoned Damietta in so cowardly a manner fled to Achmon, where they found the Sultan, not dead as they had believed, but furious at their conduct. He hung several of their leaders, when they could not give him a satisfactory reason for their flight. It is quite contrary to Oriental customs to speak of death to princes. Far less could they allude to the Sultan's own death. When the Sultan's anger had a little cooled down, and the captains whom he had hung were all buried, he sent the remainder of the troops who had fled from Damietta to garrison Massurah. He then transported his court to the same town, and laid in everything that he considered necessary for its defence. He found no difficulty in getting soldiers to join him. The defence of Egypt was as much a religious duty in the eyes of Turks and Arabs as its conquest seemed to Louis. The motive was a religious one, for the infidel as well as the Christian. The Sultan sent St. Louis a message, offering him battle. The king replied that he declined to fix any date for fighting him. 'He should fight on any day he chose, and would hold no kind of negotiations with him till he became a convert to the Christian faith.'

The five months Louis passed at Damietta were also occupied in making further preparations. A large number of Knights Templars and Knights Hospitallers, as well as several Christians from Greece, joined his army. There were plenty of provisions in Damietta; and, flushed with their first success, none dreamt of defeat and loss in the future.

St. Louis could not control the great princes, who were virtually as much sovereigns as himself, and he had no power in arresting the disorders that he witnessed with the deepest grief. His heart was especially wrung by seeing that his own brother, the Count d'Artois, was quite as wanting in respect to his orders as many of the other nobles; but he bore all his trials with that gentleness which all his life had distinguished his character.

The Turks and Saracens had been joined by several tribes of Bedouin Arabs. They were wild warriors, experienced in predatory excursions. In that way their leaders found out a means of getting into the Christian camp. The Sultan offered a reward of a gold piece to any one who would bring him the head of a Christian. Incited by the love of gain, the Bedouins harassed the Christians terribly, and killed many of their force. Louis ordered the sentinels to be more assiduous in defence of the camp, and had a great trench dug all round it.

Other vexations followed. Several Englishmen of distinction, such as William, Earl of Salisbury, joined St. Louis at Damietta two months after the Crusaders had arrived there. St. Louis welcomed them very warmly, but great jealousy followed among his French followers. The English made expeditions on their own account, and often unknown to Louis. On one occasion, the French, headed by the king's brother, Count d'Artois, seized the plunder that the English had taken, during their absence. When the English complained to Louis, and demanded redress, he hesitated to punish the offenders for fear of open rebellion.

'You are not a king,' said the haughty Englishmen, 'if you are afraid to be just to the innocent, or to punish those who are guilty;' and, much to Louis's regret, they all left the French Crusaders, and retreated to Acre. The English knights, however, did not keep up their resentment. When St. Louis determined to advance in the autumn, they returned and joined him, and followed him into the battle of Massurah.

At length (Louis being joined by another brother, Alphonse) he determined to move on, and attack Alexandria or Cairo. The question was decided in council. At length inaction was exchanged for movement, and, leaving his queen and her ladies at Damietta under the care of a strong garrison, he started, the end of November, in battle array. No fears filled Louis's breast, nor yet those of his followers. The conquest of Damietta had been easy, and they anticipated no defeat. On the Saracens' side the intelligence of their advance struck great terror. The Sultan was very ill, and he therefore determined to treat for peace. His offers were liberal, and would have given the Crusaders all that the kings of Jerusalem had gained in previous Crusades, as well as large treasure. The Sultan asked in return the restitution of Damietta and a treaty of peace.

St. Louis—ill-advised by his followers, and persuaded that, if he pushed on, all Egypt and Alexandria would be his instead of merely a part—refused ; and the knowledge of the approaching death of the Sultan was another reason for the rejection of all offers of treaty.

The Crusaders met many difficulties on their road to Massurah. At one place the Nile, or rather a branch of it, had overflown. The Crusaders endeavoured to make a causeway over it, to enable them to get into Massurah. But the Saracens did not allow them to work in peace. The Pope's legate promised a year's indulgence to all or any soldiers who worked at the causeway, but as fast as the Christians advanced they were assailed with arrows and poisoned missiles or deadly Greek fire. At last an Arab offered, for a small sum of money, to guide the army across a safe ford about half a league off. The offer was joyfully accepted, and the impetuous Count d'Artois, the king's brother, led the van. King Louis impressed great caution on the advanced guard ; but no sooner had they reached the bank in safety, than, encountering a troop of Saracens, Artois and his companions attacked and put them to flight. So far so well ; but the impetuous Artois, forgetting his promise to Louis to wait for the rest of the army, pursued the flying Saracens into Massurah. The infidels were as valiant as the Christians, and as good generals. When they saw the small number of the assailants, the citizens collected stones, and threw them down into the narrow streets out of their windows. The streets were narrow, and the Crusaders were soon hemmed in, and many were slain, among them the Count d'Artois, whose foolhardy conduct was to blame for the loss of many soldiers who could ill be replaced. Among that number was the Grand Master of the Hospitallers; he was taken prisoner. The remainder of the army were almost a league behind Artois's company, which comprised a great many gallant knights, and were about fifteen hundred in number; but the Saracens who met the rest of the Crusaders did not meet with an easy victory, for they were repulsed with great loss. King Louis at that battle showed he possessed personal bravery as well as Christian graces. He fought valiantly, rushing to the side of any one he saw hardly beset, and dealing heavy blows both with sword and battle-axe.

When evening came, though victory was his, he knew that it was a bootless one, and heavy tears rolled down his cheeks. He had lost his brother; he had gained no advantage over the enemy; the flower of his army lay dead or dying, wounded, and prisoners in the streets of Massurah. Yet such was his pious nature, amid his grief, and while begging those around him to leave off speaking of victory, he could exclaim, 'God is to be adored! He has sent us much good.'

This disastrous day was Shrove Tuesday, and the following Friday, Good Friday. It began with fighting, and the Christians kept throughout the day the advantages that they had, at so deadly a loss, obtained at the battle of Massurah.

Louis was much distressed at his brother's death. Large tears fell down over his cheeks when he heard that the Count d'Artois was among the slain, and he said, 'I knew it!' as if some presentiment had told him how much victory had cost him.

Had St. Louis been as good a general as he was a pious king, he had retreated for fresh reinforcements. But retreat to him seemed turning his back on Jerusalem. The carnage had been great, and the stench from the battlefield, and all over the sandy plains, became insupportable. The troops ate the coarse fish found in the Nile, and, as it lived on dead bodies, the poisonous food, combined with the smell of the battlefield, brought a worse enemy even than infidels to contend against.

Pestilence and fever soon raged. The good and gentle king proved a better reliever of the sick and dying than he had been a general. Their sufferings were dreadful, and an eyewitness has said that it was far more terrible to witness the state in which those were who fell sick of fever, than any battlefield he had ever witnessed. Louis would not forsake his people. His followers wanted him to take refuge from the fever on board one of the ships, but he declared that he would share the fate of the Crusaders whatever it was. The Saracens were well informed of all that was going on in the Christian camp. When the fever was at its height, and hundreds lay ill and dying, the infidels intercepted the supplies of food that were being conveyed to the French camp, and famine followed quickly on pestilence.

At last St. Louis saw that if he wished to save any remnant of his army, retreat was necessary. He absolutely refused to leave any of the sick behind him. Rather than do so he sacrificed a great many stores, throwing overboard all except what they required for a week's supply, and in that way the greater number of the sick were provided for. In the midst of these preparations for a speedy departure Louis fell ill, and the legate and his nobles urged him again to go on board one of the large vessels. Again Louis declined to leave any behind who had thrown their lot in with his. De Joinville and two knights and St. Louis remained on shore. The sick were on the shore ready to embark, when some Saracens surprised the little camp, and put several of the invalids to death. The Crusaders on board the ships got alarmed, and weighed anchor. The king's orders had not been faithfully carried out, and the vanguard of the army, ordered to march on foot to Damietta, had started too soon. A little band, the king among the number, remained behind. The Saracens surrounded them, and the greater number were killed. The knights who had remained with St. Louis fought valiantly, and still St. Louis, mounted on a little steed,—for, ill as he was, he still kept his place in the van of the Crusaders,—escaped almost miraculously. The Saracens had not discovered which was Louis, but when the sun rose the day after the surprise they recognised him. His soldiers, however, were too devoted to him to let his sacred person be taken without a desperate struggle. One of his knights, Geoffrey de Sargines, fought in the king's defence with such desperate courage, that the king was able to reach a little village called Sarmosac. While Louis, more dead than alive, took shelter in a house that belonged to a Frenchwoman, another French knight, Guy de Chastillon, with a handful of followers, kept guard outside.

The king, faint and ill, desired his chaplain to pray, putting in that perilous hour all his trust in God.

In the meantime his followers, seeing the impossibility of getting safely away, opened negotiations with the Saracens. Philip de Montfort offered a truce, when a French hussar—some say from a well-meant intention of saving the king—called out that Louis wished all to lay down their arms. The king's life was so dear to all, that the Crusaders, believing that Louis had himself given the order, surrendered. By this time the king was desperately ill. He gave up his sword to an emir, who took it, and made him a prisoner of war.

The defeat was complete. The sacred oriflamme of France, and the stores, tents, and arms, fell into the enemy's hands. The advanced guard of the Crusaders were followed; many were slain, and many made prisoners. St. Louis and his brothers were led captives back to Massurah, where the unhappy prince was loaded with chains, and kept in the house of an emir as a strict prisoner. The king's brothers were not chained. What must have wounded Louis's gentle spirit almost as much as the irons galled his flesh, was the abuse of their victory by his infidel enemies. The crucifixes found in the French camp were broken into pieces and trampled under foot, the images of saints and the blessed Virgin destroyed, with every kind of insult and blasphemous treatment.

Louis had left his queen and her ladies in Damietta, under the care of several Italians, who composed the garrison. The queen was taken ill, and gave birth to a little prince the very day that she heard of the defeat of the French Crusaders and the capture of her husband. Ill as she was, she showed the courage of the race from which she was descended. Hearing that the Italians were thinking of abandoning Damietta, she sent for their leaders to her bed-side. She entreated them not to desert her and her ladies. The Italians pretended they dreaded famine, and the queen then undertook to provide them with funds if they would consent to stay in Damietta. On these terms they remained for her defence.

The news of the king's captivity and the death of the Count d'Artois coming so soon after the tidings of the Crusaders' first successes at Damietta, occasioned great grief and consternation in France. His mother Blanche was prostrated with grief; the Pope was struck down at an event which he considered a calamity to Christendom; and even in England, where the French were not over-popular, Louis's fate and the queen's sorrowful state produced the greatest sensation. One king, Ferdinand of Castile, Louis's cousin and Queen Blanche's nephew, did not remain satisfied with lamenting the king's fate. He armed his subjects and set off to the East, to see what aid he could carry to the remnant of the Crusaders' army.

St. Louis, the unhappy king, did not lose heart even in prison. He occupied himself with religious meditations, reading his breviary, and trusting in the help of God, even while undergoing the greatest hardships. Even his Saracen guards felt the influence of his calm and gentle manner. His patience, courage, and resignation touched their hearts. They no longer looked on him as an enemy, but considered him a holy prince, very earnest, sincere, and wise. When he found them kind to him, St. Louis endeavoured to make his infidel gaolers understand the truths of Christianity, exhorting them to be converted to his pure faith. He truly showed the spirit of a brave confessor for Christ. The Saracen Sultan knew that his life was very valuable, so, after the first week or so, his irons were removed, and the Sultan's best physicians were sent for to cure him, for he was truly weak and suffering. He became so thin that his bones were visible, and so weak that he could not feed himself. His chaplain, William de Chartres, and a Jacobin priest who could speak Arabic, shared his captivity; but he had one other attendant left out of his numerous retinue. His only servant was called Hembert. At first Louis's retinue were all removed from him, but he asked leave to have his own servant to cook for him, being much afraid that the Saracens would poison him. The Sultan became touched with pity for his patient, humble prisoner. Louis's baggage had all been lost; he had none but the humblest clothes, till the Sultan, hearing that so mighty a monarch was in actual want of the barest necessaries in the way of garments, sent him two splendid silk robes, richly trimmed with fur. The Saracens recognised Louis's sincerity when they saw how he bore all his troubles. Though at first he refused food, he soon made up his mind to submit patiently to his fate. His gaolers scarcely understood his conduct. When he told them he submitted because he knew God intended him to suffer, they said if such afflictions had befallen them they would have renounced Mahomet. Louis smiled, and continued in all things to give praise and glory to God.

The Saracens were undecided what to do with their prisoner. They dreaded the vengeance of the West if they put him to death, and at first they intended to keep him in captivity as a proof of the power of the followers of Mahomet. The prospect of a large ransom tempted them to think it better policy to treat, and overtures were made to Louis himself about the restitution of Damietta. That offer King Louis absolutely refused to entertain. The Saracens then collected the flags and banners taken from the French, and carried the oriflamme at their head. They hoped the garrison at Damietta would think they were French and let them into the city. However, the garrison were not deceived, and the infidels gave up all hope of gaining Damietta by force of arms.

The Sultan then tried softer measures, and went and offered to make peace with St. Louis. Among the French who had been taken prisoners there were several very rich and powerful noblemen. The Sultan told Louis that they had offered to pay their own ransoms. The king would not hear of that. 'I will pay for all!' he declared. With the justice of his character, he feared that, as others were poorer than many of those who had offered to pay their own ransoms, they might be left behind to drag out the remainder of their lives in infidel prisons, for want of means to purchase freedom. The Sultan proceeded to menaces, but nothing induced Louis to swerve from his purpose; and the dignity of his generous determination to be faithful to all classes of his followers impressed his enemies even more than his patience and courage under their threats. Example is so much better than precept, that the king's conduct shamed other French noblemen to remember their poorer brethren as well as themselves.

It was not only in prosperity that St. Louis shone as an ideal of duty; but in the hour of suffering and temptation, when he might well have murmured at the severity of fate, he submitted patiently and without murmur to the will of God.

After many negotiations, Damietta was given up to the Saracens, and, Louis's large ransom being paid, the good king was set at liberty, either to return to France or proceed to Jerusalem.

The king's two brothers, the Counts Anjou and Poictiers, had both been taken prisoners as well as Louis, but when the king was set free the former was also released, the Count of Poictiers remaining behind till all the conditions agreed upon had been carried out. Several of the French nobles, disgusted with the misfortunes that they had met with in Egypt, determined to return to France, but Louis, a faithful Crusader at heart, was equally bent on proceeding to Palestine. He delayed his departure, however, till his brother, the Count of Poictiers, was set free.

The queen, whose troubles had been very great at Damietta, joined the king before the latter at length set sail for Acre in Palestine. While the pious king, once more at liberty, was thanking God for his freedom, and mourning the death of his brother, Count d'Artois, who had been killed in battle, his brother the Count of Poictiers was less piously employed. Louis inquired one day where his brother was. The king was told that he was gambling on deck with cards and dice. Ill as Louis was, he went up on deck, seized both the cards and dice, and threw them overboard, and ordered his brother to give up gambling habits.

Louis was received with great joy and honour by the Crusaders who held Acre, and he at length seemed near the desire of his heart, the deliverance of Jerusalem. But news from France arrived, in which he was urgently entreated to return at once to his kingdom. Queen Blanche, the regent in his absence, was dead, and England was taking advantage of the king's absence to menace his territory with a speedy invasion.

Louis, ever ready to take advice, called his nobles and princes around him, and begged them to give him their candid opinion. Probably his own mind was already made up, as he begged them not to decide in any hurry, but to consider it carefully, and bring him a reply in a week's time.

When the time was up, the nobles came back, and said that one of their number, Guy Malvoisin, had offered to be their spokesman. He represented to the king that all the nobles and princes thought he ought to hurry back to France, where his presence was necessary, and leave a country in which the French who were at Acre had suffered so much. Louis listened to Guy Malvoisin, but was not satisfied till the two princes (his brothers) and the Pope's legate, who were present, had also given him their opinion. They all agreed with Guy Malvoisin except one of their number, the Count of Jaffa, who declined to give an answer, begging the king to excuse him. Louis still pressing him for his opinion, the count said that, as he had great possessions at Acre, if he advised the king to remain it would look as if he did so on that account. At length it was the Sire de Joinville's turn to speak (who has left behind him an account of this scene in his history of Louis's first Crusade). Joinville advised him to obtain money for the prosecution of the Crusade from his own royal treasures: 'For,' said Joinville, 'up to the present moment you have spent money out of the funds supplied by the Church, and if you spend from your own coffers you will soon be joined by numerous soldiers, who will gladly fight for your Majesty when supported in Palestine by your gold.'

This advice was exactly after Louis's own heart, and on the day that he was to finally decide he thus addressed the princes, knights, and the Pope's legate :—

'Sirs, I thank both those who have advised me to return to France, and those who, on the other hand, have counselled my remaining in the East. I am advised that, as my queen is in France, my dominions run no danger from my absence, as she is well able to defend it if it be attacked. If I leave Palestine, not only will Jerusalem remain unconquered, but I shall have to abandon all the poor prisoners who are languishing in infidel prisons, awaiting their freedom at my hands. If any of those present wish to stay with me in Palestine, and will speak freely to me, it will not be my fault if I do not content them.'

Louis made the sign of the cross as he concluded his speech, to show that he fully meant all he said.

The king's two brothers were among the number of those who decided to return to France, although, when the time arrived for their embarkation on board the fleet that was ready to convey them, they were very unhappy at leaving the king behind them.

Louis had one of those faithful natures that relinquishes with sorrow any desire on which the heart is set. Having made up his mind to remain in the Orient, he sent by his brothers a long letter to his nobles and subjects, begging them to send him reinforcements of men, money, and arms. Louis hoped against hope that he might still rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the infidel.

He had not undertaken the Crusade from any other than single motives. He had quitted his kingdom, not with the object of acquiring territory, nor to add to his reputation as a warrior by fresh conquests, but in the character of a Christian king, to perform a vow made out of gratitude for his recovery from illness.

As soon as his brothers, accompanied by a numerous company, had sailed for France, he exhorted the remainder of the French nobles to lead purer lives, and those whom he discovered did not follow his example, but continued to gamble and indulge too freely in the pleasures of the world, he visited with the utmost coldness and displeasure.

His object in remaining in the East, he told his nobles in his address, was to secure the safety of the numerous Christians who had settled in the East, as well as that of the hostages retained by the Saracens till all treaties were carried out; but Louis's hopes were also passionately set on the restitution of the kingdom of Jerusalem into Christian hands. Yet it was consistent with his religious nature that he would not obtain his wish except on honourable grounds.

In 1250, Malek-Messer, the Sultan of Damascus, was at enmity with some other Egyptian emirs. Malek sent to King Louis, offering to give him Jerusalem as the price of his assistance, if he would unite with him to subjugate the hostile emirs. Louis refused, because, before he had quitted Damietta, he had concluded a truce with those chiefs, on condition that all the Christian prisoners taken in the war should regain their liberty. Louis had pledged his word, and if he broke it the fate of the Christian prisoners would be sealed; life-long imprisonment would be their certain fate, and probably horrible deaths. However great the temptation, the entire sincerity of Louis's nature was totally opposed to a breach of faith. Louis's idea of honour was the scrupulous performance of duty, so he put all idea of gaining Jerusalem, through the breach of the truce, steadfastly away from him. In refusing, he told the Damascus Sultan that if the emirs did not carry out their engagement he would change his mind; but many of the prisoners being set at liberty, Louis concluded that the truce would not be broken. The Egyptian emirs made similar offers to Louis in 1252, —Jerusalem to be the prize again,—and the king, knowing that though many prisoners had been released, others still lanquished in Egyptian dungeons, was on the point of forming an alliance having that object in view, when the Sultan of Damascus made up his quarrel with his enemy, and both turned their arms against the Crusaders. Louis saw that his chance of securing Jerusalem and the holy places was at an end by the means that he had looked for; and the large sum of money that he had promised to pay for the Christian prisoners' freedom, no longer needed for that purpose, he employed in another way. Sidon, Jaffa, Acre, and Cæsarea, protected by the Templars and other religious orders, still belonged to Christians, but the fortifications of those cities required strengthening. He first sent a large number of work-people to fortify Sidon, a celebrated place, situated north of Tyre, on the Mediterranean. These were surprised by some Saracens, and, being unarmed, were massacred in a horrible manner. When Louis heard of the fate of his workmen, he was very angry and determined to make the Moslems feel that he was ready to revenge their fate. Accompanied by a large portion of his troops and many of his nobles, he started, destroying several Saracen towns, and burning their territory as he went along.

When the Crusaders reached Sidon, Louis beheld with horror the bodies of those who had been killed lying unburied around the city. They lay in all the hideousness of death and corruption on the sandy plains, rotting in the hot sun. He called on all who were with him to help him to bury the corpses. Naturally, but few of the nobles liked the ghastly task. They could not help shrinking from the unburied corpses and terrible stench. Seeing that they loitered and did not begin, he buried several bodies himself.

'Come,' cried he, 'do not get wearied. These are Christian martyrs who have gone to Paradise. They have suffered more than we do.'

Such faithful obedience to duty, and his courage, not only inspired confidence in all his followers, but respect in all the Moslems.

Some Armenian pilgrims were journeying to Jerusalem, and passed Louis's camp. They sought out the Sire de Joinville, and begged him to let them see St. Louis. The chevalier told the king, who burst out laughing, but allowed the Sire de Joinville to lead the pilgrims into his presence. They expected to see so great a monarch seated on a luxurious throne in a richly-furnished tent. Instead of doing so, they found the king in a poorly-furnished, simple tent, sitting on the ground clothed in pilgrim's attire, setting an example of the greatest humility.

Louis's consistent example was the means of converting many Saracens to Christianity; and as, in embracing a religion hostile to their own, converts lost all that they possessed in their country, Louis often had to provide them with the means of subsistence, and carried many of them back into France when he returned there.

The Sultan of Damascus, although at war with the French king, greatly admired his character and pious nature. Consistency in conduct never fails in the end to win other people's respect. He sent to Louis, and invited him to undertake a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and promising him a 'safe conduct' pass to and from the Holy City. Much as Louis ardently desired to gaze on the holy places, he would not take any step without first consulting his followers and council. Accordingly, he summoned a council of his nobles and princes. When they were all assembled he laid the matter before them, and invited his knights to give their opinion. They were unanimous in begging Louis to refuse the Sultan's offer.

'What would the world think,' they exclaimed, 'if he, a Christian monarch, went a pilgrim to Jerusalem, having failed to conquer it?'

One of the council reminded him how that Richard Cœur de Lion, in 1192, when invited to look at Jerusalem (just sixty years before Louis's first Crusade) by one of his followers, had resolutely refused, and, burying his face in his hands, choked with tears, had exclaimed in a voice broken with emotion, that 'he prayed that God might prevent his gazing on holy places, since he had been unable to deliver them.'

In 1253, Louis determined to return to France; for he began to see from the news that came to him from his kingdom, that his presence there was needed for the good of his subjects.

He left the East with regret, and reached Hyères in 1254, accompanied by a great many of his nobles, only too glad to return to their native land. The voyage was made safely, though it had not been without dangerous incidents. The little fleet of three vessels was ten weeks before it reached Hyères. There they disembarked, and on the 7th September 1254 they entered Paris. Before, however, the pious king could enter the capital in state, he went to the Cathedral of St. Denys (Denis), to return thanks to the Almighty for his safe return to his dominion; thus ending, as he had begun, his Crusade with prayer. The cities through which he and his queen had passed, as they travelled across France, had made great demonstrations in his honour; but Paris surpassed all other places in the joy with which they celebrated the king's return. Those costly decorations shocked the good king, who begged that instead of spending so much in his honour, the money should be spent on relieving the poor. The Sire de Joinville returned from Syria with the king. He had a shrewd knowledge of human nature, and a true love for Louis, whose character he respected and understood.

As an instance of the good advice that the Sire de Joinville often ventured to offer when he saw Louis likely to be imposed upon, he relates how an abbot at Hyères had presented the king and queen with two white palfreys as a gift. After his present had been graciously accepted, the abbot went away, but before leaving asked the king to give him an audience the day following, 'as he (the abbot) wished to speak to the king about his affairs.'

The next day he returned, and Louis heard all that he had to say in a very pleasant manner.

When the abbot had gone, 'Sire,' inquired De Joinville, 'did you not grant all that the abbot asked, because of the present he had given you?'

'Most certainly I did so,' replied Louis.

'Then, sire,' said De Joinville, 'I advise you to forbid any one who has to judge others from accepting presents from suitors.'

'Pardieu!' cried the king, 'you are quite right;' and he took De Joinville's advice, and forbade any judge to accept presents.

Six years from France had altered Louis, as absence alters all. His subjects noticed that he was graver in mien and stricter in conduct than he had been before the Crusade. Strictly just, he recognised and accepted the rights of his nobles.

During the last fifteen years of his reign he studied the government of his dominions in every respect, and never encroached on his nobles' rights. Louis loved peace, and detested war. His favourite beatitude was, 'Blessed are the peacemakers;' yet he exacted his rights firmly.

When Henry III. of England, in pursuance of a treaty, bound himself to feudal service for the provinces handed over to him, Louis accepted the English king's homage. It must have been a brilliant scene, when Henry III., in the presence of nobles, princes, and bishops, bareheaded, and without his robes of state, his belt, sword, or spurs, knelt down before Louis on the greensward, and, placing his hands in the French king's, swore vows of fealty to him. According to the ideas of the times, there was nothing derogatory to the English king in this ceremony. It took place in December 1259, and, when it was over, Louis raised him from the ground and kissed him on the mouth.

When Henry III. quarrelled with his barons, Louis attempted to mediate between them, without taking advantage of their quarrels to acquire fresh dominions. He was strongly opposed to civil dissensions, and did all in his power to reconcile the two factions, although his efforts were not successful.

He took a keen, lively, and personal interest in all that concerned his people. He was accessible to the meanest as well as to the highest of his subjects, and visited every portion of his kingdom after he came back from the East. Though a devoted son of the Church, he opposed Roman encroachments and injustice, not fearing to raise his voice whenever he thought that people had been unjustly treated by the priests. In no particular did Louis fail in setting a good example. As man he was pious and conscientious, excellent as parent and husband, and regulating his conduct as king and ruler on the lines of sincerity and justice.

One day, while talking confidentially with De Joinville, Louis asked the latter which he 'would rather be,—a leper, or a man who had committed some deadly sin?'

De Joinville could not tell Louis a lie, for he greatly respected the king, and knew how greatly he loved truth.

'Sire,' said De Joinville, 'I would rather have committed thirty deadly sins, than be a leper.'

When they were alone, Louis asked De Joinville how he could possibly admit that such would be his choice. He rebuked him, and told him that he had spoken both foolishly and without reflecting on his words.

'There can be no leprosy,' said Louis, 'so hideous as mortal sin. When a man dies, he loses his bodily ailments and his leprosy; but when a great sinner dies, he cannot be sure that his repentance has secured the pardon of his Redeemer.'

Then he entreated De Joinville, for the love that he bore him, to avoid sin, and to take more care of his soul than of his body.

St. Louis avoided most carefully using the oaths and profane language of the day, than which nothing was more repugnant to him. From his earliest childhood he never followed the bad habit of swearing. When he wished to enforce anything he had to say by a stronger word than was his wont, he would simply say, '*In truth* it is,' or '*In truth* it is not so.'

He valued his character as a Christian more than his royal title and state honours. Once, when on a visit to Poissy (where he was born), he told his courtiers that in that castle he had received his chief and greatest honour.

'What could he mean?' asked his followers, looking one at the other. 'It could not be his coronation, for that had taken place at St. Denys.'

The king smiled as they asked him what he meant.

'I was baptized at Poissy,' he replied.

Poissy was dear to his heart, and his favourite residence. His boyhood had been spent there, and his pure, good heart loved to recall those earlier times to the remembrance of intimate friends. When writing to them, he was 'Lord of Poissy.'

Like all good men, he looked up to and loved his mother. Queen Blanche, as mother, had done her duty to him, but as ruler she was too fond of power. As an instance of this ambitious nature, while Louis was in Palestine, she was afraid that if he should die her power as regent over France would come to an end. To prevent this, she made Prince Philip, Louis's eldest son, and heir to the throne, take a solemn oath to her never to assume the reins of government until he attained his thirtieth year. When Louis returned to France and heard of it, he applied, in 1263, to Pope Urban II. to release Philip from his vow.

As well as being an excellent king, Louis was a good and careful father. He took the greatest interest in his children's education and welfare. Three of them had been born in the East, while Queen Margaret was in Syria, Jean-Tristan, Pierre, and Blanche. Louis wished them on that account to become monks and nun, but, as their inclinations did not lead them to choose a religious life, he did not force them to do so. The letter written to his eldest son, Philip, before his death at Tunis, is a model of the tender and pious care that a good father always feels for a son.

The king, too, was as good a master as he was a father. Stern as moralist, he would overlook minor faults in his attendants, when principle was not involved in their forgiveness. One day a servant was told that Louis wanted to look at his foot, the king being ill in bed with a rheumatic attack, and the man was desired to give him a lighted candle. He let it fall by accident on the king's leg, and Louis suffered great pain from his carelessness. He bore it patiently, and without anger, merely rebuking the servant by saying,—

'Such carelessness had cost you your place with another master;' nor did he ever allude to the matter again.

His benevolence equalled his piety. Many of the hospitals still existing in France were founded by St. Louis. Even the infidel authors of the eighteenth century recognise in their writings the charitable care that he had for all classes of his subjects. No hospital, refuge for the sick, no hostel for the blind or halt, and indeed no work of charity, was beneath his personal care. Wherever he went, the poor were his first thought. He shared every meal he ate with them, by ordering the distribution of all broken fragments to the beggars at his gates. He would sometimes give them away in person. Were more poor at the gate than the fragments would feed, he would have a table placed close to his own, and invite persons in want to sit at his own right hand.

The Sire de Joinville was devoted to Louis. He wrote his history, from which most of what I have related is taken. In that history he says that when the king had leisure from state affairs he would often invite him to go 'and visit the poor.' In the Middle Ages a custom existed of royal personages following our Saviour's example on Maundy Thursday, by washing the feet of poor men. In some countries the custom still exists.

De Joinville one day asking the king if he intended doing so, Louis replied, 'Certainly I will.'

'How dreadful,' replied his courtier, 'to touch such dirty feet!'

'It is wrong in you to say or think so,' said the king. 'It would be a refusal to do what our blessed Lord set us an example of.'

To show his humility, Louis used to go every Good Friday barefooted to hear mass. Once, on Good Friday, he went to church at Compiègne. Just as he was leaving, his eyes fell upon a poor man sitting on a bank outside the church. He was a loathsome object, from a bad kind of leprosy. All the passers-by shunned the poor wretch, who sat moaning and groaning. To get to where he was seated, one would have to walk over a dirty ditch. Barefooted as he was, Louis went up to the man, who looked the picture of misery and disease. Bending tenderly down, he gave him alms, and bid the leper be comforted, because his trials came from God. Nor was that all; he stayed talking kindly to him, and then raised the leper's sore hand to his lips, reverently kissing it.

Every sick or afflicted person represented to the Christian king the image of the Saviour whom he adored. Whenever he saw misery, he tried, for Christ's sake, to relieve it.

Had Louis been a priest or a monk, such qualities might have been expected in him, but his subjects gazed with wonder on such an exalted life, unsullied by vice,—a knight with a true chivalrous spirit, a warrior fighting evil, and a sovereign disdaining rank as beneath a Christian's title, although as monarch he did not want qualities that made him a good king. In his councils no one saw with clearer judgment the path to follow, nor expressed his opinion more forcibly than Louis. His charming and agreeable manners, with a courtesy that sprang from perfect sympathy with humanity, captivated all; for he was neither severe nor censorious to any one except himself. He was a patron both of literature and art.

Although he was not a great student himself, he valued books, and was accustomed to verify all statements that he heard made in pulpits by a reference to Holy Writ and theological works. He was *thorough* in all things.

While in the East, the zeal with which the Mohammedans collected all writings bearing on their peculiar tenets struck Louis, in contrast to what he had done himself. On his return to France he recollected what he had seen, and employed religious men to search in all the abbey and monastery libraries for writings of saints, such as St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, or St. Jerome. Printing was unknown, but the monks were skilful in the art of transcribing manuscripts. Many fine old missals we owe to the old priors and brethren of the past. When the monks had concluded their labours, the king deposited the manuscripts among the archives of the Sainte Chapelle.

After his return from Palestine, Louis never left off his coarse serge pilgrim's garb ; he seldom donned the scarlet and velvet robes that were suited to his rank; and the simplicity of his habits was never altered up to his death. He would refuse any help in dressing or undressing, doing all that he needed, in getting up or going to bed, by himself, unaided.

However simple Louis might be in his own tastes, he exercised royal hospitality in his palaces, although the expenses of the Crusade had not left him free from debt on his return to France.

While thus doing his part as ruler, and leaving no state duties undone, in his innermost soul Louis still treasured one hope and one wish, which was the secret dream of his life, and that was, that it might be his lot to rescue Jerusalem from infidel hands. His subjects from 1250 to 1260 heard but little of it, for the first Crusade had been such a decided failure that all men hoped Louis would not attempt a second Crusade. At length the light was applied to the fire, and again the Crusade was talked about and discussed as a thing that was dear to the king's heart. The desire to recover the Holy Land had never been extinct in Louis's mind, but his wish to do so had lain dormant ten long years, as he knew that his presence in France was necessary to his subjects' welfare.

Tidings came year after year from the East of the difficulty of keeping the fortresses that were garrisoned by the Templars and Knights of St. John. They wrote pleading earnestly for help. Their strongholds, they said, were threatened by the Saracens, first by Tartars, then Mamelukes, and such-like fierce and savage Moslem tribes.

Urban IV. was Pope at Rome. He looked towards Louis of France as one who would not hear his appeal for help without coming to his assistance. Urban's appeal to King Louis was followed by another influence.

Louis when he left the East had placed a small garrison in St. Jean d'Acre, the remnant of part of his army, and those who did not wish to accompany him back to France. This garrison he left under the charge of a gallant and heroic knight, Geoffrey de Sargines, and he wrote begging Louis to send him out troops; for otherwise, he said, Acre must fall.

His letter found the king, in 1264, feeble and ill; but it deeply affected him. 'Why should he,' he argued, 'with his kingdom at peace, leave a Christian knight to endure such trials alone?'

His ardour for a fresh Crusade rekindled at De Sargines' account of the trials through which the

Eastern Christians were passing. On the other hand, his parliament and advisers were extremely opposed to his quitting France for a hazardous Crusade in his feeble state of health.

Among those who believed that the king would never be so rash as to go himself, was Louis's old companion-in-arms, De Joinville. Louis sent for all his barons to join him in Paris. De Joinville endeavoured to excuse himself, saying that he was suffering from fever.

Louis replied that that was no reason, as there were excellent doctors in Paris to cure him. When De Joinville arrived, the king pressed him to accompany him again to the East. De Joinville refused, and endeavoured to persuade Louis to give up the idea of joining it. The king was so weak he could not ride, nor even bear the motion of a chariot.

But enthusiasm is contagious. Many of his barons, some out of love and reverence for Louis, others from motives of policy, said they would join, and in that way the second Crusade of Louis IX. became a seriously projected enterprise.

Everything seemed to confirm Louis's plans. The Emperor Michael, at Constantinople, was holding out hopes that he might forsake the Greek for the Roman communion. Mohammed Mostander, called King of Tunis, had promised to become a Christian.

Louis, in a state of religious exaltation, eagerly instanced these probabilities as proofs that a Crusade was needed. Those who have set their heart firmly on any purpose, and decided to do it against the opinions of others, rejoice when events seem to justify the line that they have taken.

As to the conversion of the King of Tunis, Louis heard of it with exultation. After an inordinate love of sacred relics (and the great store which he set on such holy objects was a distinguishing feature of his nature), the conversion of the heathen was very dear to Louis's heart. He longed to be godfather to the illustrious convert Mohammed, and sent a message to him by a Jew convert (who was baptized at the Abbey of St. Denys the year before the second Crusade (1259), and who came from Tunis) to say 'that he most ardently desired the King of Tunis's salvation,' and that 'if by languishing the remainder of my life in some Saracen prison in darkness, and deprived of the rays of the sun,' he said, 'I could secure the conversion of your sovereign and his people, I would go into it!' But it was not till March 1270 that Louis could set out. He was very delicate and weak, and almost ill, but he was hopeful and happy, among a number of counts and barons, some of whom had caught the crusading fever, while others, out of love for the king, or policy, had joined him with many misgivings in their heart. He took leave of his wife, Queen Margaret, at Vincennes. She had shared the dangers of the first Crusade, but the king forbade her to accompany him on the second one. Like himself, she was getting old, and unequal to a life of exertion. Again he embarked at Aigues-Mortes; but his plans were undecided, and it was not known whether the Crusaders were bound for Egypt, Palestine, or Tunis. Louis, enfeebled by illness, trusted to accident to provide the means of transport for so large a number. In those times the great Venetian merchants were relied on for providing ships for armed forces bound beyond seas. Delays had taken place in the negotiations with the Venetians; and, though he reached Aigues-Mortes in the middle of May, it was not till July 1290 that the king could set sail, and even then he alone knew to what port the fleet was bound.

It was only when the ships touched at Cagliari that Louis told his nobles that he intended going direct to Tunis; his desire for Mohammed's conversion was his motive for that decision. When the fleet reached Tunis, on the 17th July, the French admiral, not waiting for orders, anticipated matters by seizing on Mohammed's fleet and taking forcible possession of the seaport. This strange beginning of a religious war led to many encounters between the Tunisian soldiers and the French army. All was in confusion. The King of Sicily, Louis's brother, had not sent his promised reinforcements to meet them, and food was scarce, while the French soldiers suffered terribly from the burning rays of the hot African sun. They died in hundreds from fever, and so quickly that those who were well had to bury them in hastily-dug graves, that scarcely sufficed to cover up the rotting corpses. On the 3rd August, Louis caught the fever. He, the moving spirit of the Crusade, was struck down by intense suffering, caused by the disease, and all was sorrow and despondency around him. Louis was obliged to keep his bed. His young son, Jean-Tristan, Count de Nevers, had accompanied the expedition in hopes that a sea voyage might benefit his health, but he died before landing. They kept the sad news from Louis. Louis felt himself getting worse. He called Prince Philip, his eldest son, to his bed-side, and asked him to hand him his breviary. Between its leaves lay a paper of instructions for the future king; it was written by his own hand in French. Then he summoned his dearly-loved and pious daughter, the Princess Isabelle, a child who, except by refusing to become a nun, had never given him a moment's sorrow from her birth.

The princess had been present when her brother died. She stood bathed in tears at the foot of her father's bed, realising that a second family bereavement was at hand. Louis handed a second paper, intended for his younger daughter the Princess Agnes, betrothed to the Duke of Burgundy, to Isabelle, who was the wife of Thibault, King of Navarre, who had also accompanied his father-in-law to the East.

'Dear child,' said Louis to his daughter, 'never forget how suddenly death comes. Often those who have lain down in sin have not lived to repent of it, cut off before daybreak by the hand of death. Love God,' he continued, 'first, and before anything else in the world. He loves us before we learn how to love Him.' Louis's weakness prevented his saying more.

A few days later, ambassadors from the Emperor Michael disembarked at Carthage, sent to ask Louis to intercede with his brother, King Charles of Sicily, in his behalf, war being imminent between the two sovereigns. Ill as Louis was, he received the envoys in his tent, and when he had heard all that they had to say, he promised to do all that they asked, bidding them be of good courage. This was the dying king's last political act. When it was over, he occupied his last hours entirely with prayer and preparation for the next world. He lived till the 25th August.

Among his last words, we are told that those standing near his bed-side frequently heard him say, 'Jerusalem! Jerusalem!' as he prayed for the holy place that he had never dared to enter, since he had never succeeded in conquering it from the infidel. When, during the night before he died, he called out several times, 'Let us go to Jerusalem!' he was perchance dreaming of a heavenly and new Jerusalem, where a better crown than any earthly one, we must fain believe, awaits a sincere believer and a Christian king. The morning sun was just rising in the East, when one who has been called 'holiest and noblest of monarchs' breathed a last sigh, and expired.

The virtues of Louis IX. of France have never been disputed, but he has been reproached with superstition and an inordinate love of relics. Such were the defects of the age, and the result of his education, left entirely to clerical influence. We, in our purer faith, and disclaiming the defects of the Roman creed, may think St. Louis was in error in those matters; but we should do well to imitate his genuine belief in Christ, and the unselfish, self-forgetting character of an ideal king, who was a Christian as well as a ruler. His justice as a monarch, and his enthusiasm as a Christian, raises a monument to his memory, and entitles us to call him a 'Lily of History.'

The last Crusade ended with the life of Louis IX., later canonised as St. Louis of France.

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JOAN OF ARC

CHAPTER III.

JOAN OF ARC, THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

IN the Middle Ages a peasant's life was one of hardship, but towards the early part of the fifteenth century, in France, it must also have become one of constant alarms, for there was war in the land. Henry V. was dead, but his little son's pretensions were protected by his powerful uncles, the regents, on whose side the Duke of Burgundy, one of the great French princes, elected to fight against the weak, feeble King Charles VII., Dauphin of France. He was, however, king only in name. He had not been crowned, and the greater part of his realm was in English hands. The English declared that Henry VI. of England had far more claim to the title of King of France than the Dauphin. On this burning question France was divided. There were two parties, Burgundians and Royalists. And so it came to pass that there was war in the land.

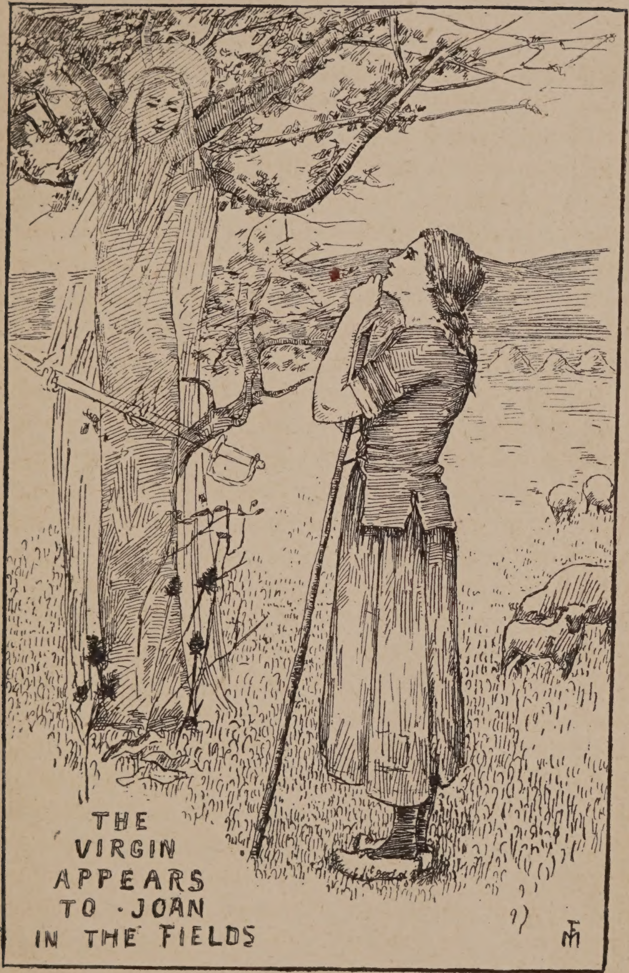
Happily for England, and for us who love her, we in our present generation do not realise from experience the horrors that follow in the wake of glory.

We cannot imagine, save by the mind's eye, the burning villages, the desolate homes, and desecrated churches, that represented in the fifteenth century the state of rural France.

Joan, our heroine, born in 1412, was a native of the province of Lorraine. It was a province far from the seat of war, so that news of political events reached its peasantry but slowly, yet from time to time they felt the alarms of warfare, and only too vividly. Once, some Burgundians destroyed the church at Domremy, Joan of Arc's native place. Large bodies of armed men, from time to time, devastated the fields around the hamlet; the grain was spoilt, their live stock seized. Rare as these disasters may have been, they made a great impression on Joan of Arc. It was difficult for the peasants to understand the right or the wrong of the matter, but even the simple peasants took sides. Some were for Burgundy, some for France. Of this latter class were Jean d'Arc and his honest, homely wife, Joan's parents, of whom she was the third child. They were pious, sincere Catholics, if superstitious. As each little daughter or son was born, Jean and Isabella would carry it devoutly to the parish church, to be baptized and brought up in the same faith as its parents. They were happy in their lowly sphere. They thought and knew but little of politics, content to pass each day, as it dawned, performing its common cares, fulfilling its common duties, and not grumbling at their own position. Sometimes there would be a village *fête* in honour of the blessed Virgin or some saint. Then it was a general holiday. War and its alarms forgotten, after service in the church, all met to dance on the green, to gossip with each other, to make love, and mix freely in peace and harmony. The priest, mingling with his people (for he shared their joys and sorrows), would listen to their rustic talk, walking from one to the other, the common friend of all. But as the war went on, festivals grew rarer. Discussions would turn to politics; and some being Burgundians, some Royalists, the arguments always led to dissension. Angry words were followed by blows, and Jean d'Arc, albeit a man of peace, had to take one side or the other. The priest was Royalist, so Jean decided for the Dauphin. Of all his children, Joan was the gravest and most reticent. She was thirteen when the troubles of France began to rouse the gravest fears for the result. The burning down of the church had made a great impression on her mind, even at that early time of life. From her cradle she had been pious. She went far more willingly to say her Ave Maria, or repeat her Paternoster before the shrine of her saint, than to a favourite seat under a large tree, where the lads and lasses of Domremy were wont to meet on a summer's evening. This large old tree, with its spreading branches, was ancient. It was called l'Arbre des Dames, 'The Ladies' Tree.' Many fanciful legends were connected with l'Arbre des Dames. Joan believed all the stories told about it, and would listen with bated breath as her companions might tell her, that at night, when all in the hamlet were wrapped in sleep, *fairies* might be seen dancing beneath its boughs.

Uneducated, simple, and with no other knowledge than that taught her by the curé out of his breviary, all these mystic stories deepened the fanciful side of Joan's nature. When she was tried, this l'Arbre des Dames was made one of the reasons for ascribing to her great military successes the influence of the Evil Spirit.

Not, however, to anticipate, Joan was born in an age when the realities of life were stern and deep. Often the rustics, while tilling the land, would hear the distant sound of the cannon's roar; or wounded soldiers, too ill to be of further use, straggling homewards, would rest for a while outside her father's house. Jean, and Isabella his wife, would make them welcome with a glass of fresh milk or mead; and, seated on the bench in the garden, the wounded men would relate all they could about the war to their kind entertainers. None guessed that the girl at her spinning-wheel took in all they told the wondering, open-mouthed Jean and his wife. She heard all with tender pity and love. The king's miseries, the sorrows of France, the apparently hopeless nature of the struggle, all sank into her soul. The soldiers' condition made her so sad. In those days of military feudal service they had to fight, and dared not disobey the summons to follow their liege lord to the field. Knight and peasant alike had to go. No one knew better than Joan that duty claims all. To work and to pray were the objects of her simple life, and she loved her duties. She could tend the kine, till the land, and sow the grain, as well as her father or brothers. Then at even, work over, how sweet she found it to kneel before the crucifix, and to pray to the saints, St. Margaret and St. Katherine, and alone, before their shrines, to pour out passionate prayers for France. At first the mission that came later in dreams had no part in her mind. The young people of the place called her too serious. Her long prayers, her frequent confessions, the pious ejaculations that



THE VIRGIN APPEARS TO JOAN IN THE FIELDS

she often uttered while at work in the fields, excited their derision; even while the consistency with which she clung to her religion commanded their respect. She grew up pious, simple, good, without any aspirations beyond doing her duty and pleasing her parents. It was that ideal sense of duty that led her to listen to the voices and visions that, towards her thirteenth year, she heard by night and sometimes by day. View it as men may, in this incredulous age, as the result of a young girl's fancy, Joan *had* dreams. Dreadfully shocked at the burning of the church, her household duties, the care of the cattle and the poultry, her spinning-wheel, or her needlework (for she excelled in that feminine art), had, up to her thirteenth year, alone filled her mind. She was a shy, bashful girl, reticent and reluctant to talk; but if the sick in the village needed her, or the sad wanted comfort, they sent for Joan d'Arc. When twitted by her village friends with her regularity at mass, her frequent confessions, and the pious ejaculations she often uttered, she bore it meekly. 'It was only her duty,' she would say; 'why should they laugh?' While at work in the cornfield, or behind the plough, if (late at work) she heard on the evening breeze the sound of the Angelus bell, she would pray aloud, with bended knee and uplifted voice. Her companions' raillery did not change her. She would gently rebuke them, and try to make them think and believe as she did, that life held nothing sweeter than to burn candles at the Virgin's shrine, or to twine flowers round the images of her favourite saints, St. Katherine and St. Margaret. Her piety was deeply sincere, even if others called it superstitious.

The sorrows of France, and the burning of the church, had sunk into her soul. She had been fasting, for it was the vigil of a saint's day, the first time the visions came to her. It was in her father's garden. She awoke from a dream impressed with the idea that henceforward never entirely left her, that it was her 'mission' to save France. It seemed inconceivable to her that she should be called on for so stupendous a task. She had no education, she was a mere girl, and had never left her mother's side; how could she obey the visions that came one after another to her by night, and never left her memory by day? Her world was Domremy; *how* could she save France? The battle of Agincourt, even though its victor, Henry V., was dead, had left a grim legacy to her native land.

The Dauphin was nearly twenty when Joan had her first 'vision.' He was weak, desponding, feeble, hopeless; his honour tarnished; spending his time first at one and then another royal castle, living only for the pleasure of the hour, with no patriotism, nor energy enough to strike even an expiring blow for France.

For a long time the English, under Bedford, had stood merely on the defensive, but about that time they began to be aggressive. Orleans, it is true, resisted, but most other large towns had submitted. The gallant knight Dunois, although a stigma rested on his birth (for he was the Duke of Orleans' illegitimate son), showed a noble and devoted spirit. Even in a little place like Domremy, the defence of Orleans, in 1428, was the theme of the day. All men admired his spirit, even while they deemed his effort was vain; for all men believed the fate of Orleans sealed, and that, when it fell, France was doomed.

It was about this time Joan's faith in her 'mission,' which she declared had been imparted to her in dreams, became a fixed and definite purpose. She pondered often by day, and dreamed of her 'mission' by night. Yet she dared not impart her wild schemes to any one; not even to the priest, lest he should interfere, and thwart the burning passion of her soul. The faith of a disciple and the timidity of a girl struggled one against the other. She was far too simple, and too uneducated, to construct a plot. To her, at least, the voices she heard were real and tangible revelations. Joan's history is a puzzle that can only be solved by belief in the real faith of the Maid herself. What a struggle in her mind! On the one side was the love that longed to rescue the land; on the other, the self-distrust of a perfectly humble heart. Although Joan had kept all her thoughts to herself, her 'visions,' or what she believed to be such, had been confided to some of her relations. Her mother ridiculed them. She said to her husband,—

'If I thought our Joan would ever dream of following out such wild ideas, I would tell you to drown her, or do it myself, if you would not.'

This was repeated to Joan, and made her more reticent and reserved than ever. The want of sympathy she thus met with did not make her abandon her purpose, but more resolute to carry it out. And what was her purpose? 'To save France,' 'to crown the king at Rheims,' 'to raise the siege of Orleans'! Well might the honest peasant and his wife think her mad! No wonder that she met with no kind of help from them. On the contrary, they watched her, fearing that she might leave Domremy unknown to them. She shrank from action against their wishes. She had been a dutiful, loving daughter; she feared to disobey them. Thus torn by conflicting feelings, she was decided by news that the Royal cause seemed growing desperate.

Under some pretext or other, she soon managed to pay her uncle, Durand Lavart, a visit. He believed in the visions, and Joan therefore begged him to help her to an interview with the Sire de Baudricourt, who was military governor of Vaucouleurs. The uncle went reluctantly enough, for, though he believed in the visions that Joan declared she had repeatedly seen, commanding her by a voice from heaven 'to save France,' it is one thing to have faith in the abstract, and another to put it to the test of the world's cold opinion. Nor did the reception he met with prove otherwise than the shrewd old peasant had expected.

The governor laughed heartily. 'Send the maiden home,' he cried. 'She is off her head.'

Durand returned to his niece. Joan then declared that she would seek De Baudricourt herself. As she presented herself before the governor, his incredulous smile was only natural.

He sees only a tall, erect girl of barely seventeen, dressed in a blouse of grey serge, sabots or wooden shoes on her feet, a cloth cap edged with lambskin on her head, in the simple dress of a peasant girl. Yet there she stands erect before him, and talks of 'delivering France, and raising the siege of Orleans'!

The governor is a man of the world, and bids her go home to her spinning-wheel, and leave politics, wars, and kings alone.

When Joan, nettled, repeats, 'I alone can save the

King, and lead him to be crowned at Rheims,' he laughs aloud.

'What delusions are these? Is the maid insane? Is she an impostor, perhaps possessed by devils?' he says to himself. Her resolute, simple manner impresses him in spite of his doubts. He is half inclined to yield, till Joan begins to speak of 'heavenly visions.'

Then he loses all patience, and refuses to hear a word more. She lifts her beautiful eyes to his, and trudges on; but though her uncle finds her silent, she neither despairs nor is she cast down. She continues to believe in herself; she determined to persevere. The first struggle about leaving home was over, and Joan was determined not to surrender her purpose. Her uncle took her home, and her parents watched her narrowly to prevent her leaving them again. They even tried to persuade her to marry; but to such a proposal she turned a deaf ear.

We may consider this the wild enthusiasm of a mystic, but we must admire the firmness of her purpose. To see our way to the performance of duty, *and to carry it out*, is the ideal of the Christian character. Often contact with the world may tarnish the pure dreams and aspirations of early life, but the thoughts of youth leave their marks on manhood. The ideal may be shattered by the real, but it returns after a time to revive drooping faith, and to lead us hopefully on to better things.

'Love asks faith,' and 'faith needs firmness.' So it was with Joan of Arc. No one but her uncle believed in her, but she had faith in herself, and believed in the reality of her mission as firmly as ever. Faith never failed her till her dreams became reality and her visions true. Although narrowly watched, she managed to escape a second time to Vaucouleurs, where her uncle joined her. He pretended his wife was ill, and that he wanted Joan to nurse her. The two took a lodging at Vaucouleurs, and Joan waited, trusted, and prayed for obtaining the means of carrying out her hopes. Her modest, gentle demeanour and regular attendance at church, and her pious attention while there, attracted notice. People who noticed her at mass in the dress prescribed in the thirteenth century, where great distinctions in the social scale were recognised and exacted, wearing her grey serge blouse, or short-coat of linen, and her squirrel-bound cap, inquired about her. Her mission got known and talked about, and while some doubted, others believed. Among those who were believers was a knight named Jean de Metz. Partly out of curiosity, he stopped her one day in the street, and inquired what she wanted. Joan told him all. The perfect directness of her replies impressed the man of the world. He saw that she was far too simple to have invented so strange a tale. Before he committed himself further, Jean examines her minutely. 'Who put these ideas into your head?' the knight inquires, as Joan stands modestly before him, her eyes cast down on the ground.

'My Master,' replied Joan. 'He has bid me lead the Dauphin to be crowned at Rheims.'

'And who is your master?' said the astonished Jean de Metz; 'and how has he told you?'

'He is the King of heaven, and He appeared to me in a dream,' was the reply. The knight was convinced that he was interrogating no impostor, but he tried further to test her by professing his belief that the Dauphin's restoration and the recovery of his dominions was hopeless.

'We must make up our minds,' said Jean de Metz, 'to see the King hunted from his realm, and turn English ourselves.' And, indeed, it seemed only too likely that his words might come true.

The death of Henry V. had saved France from ruin for a time, but only for a short period. At the time of Joan's leaving home, the river Loire formed the line of demarcation between the Burgundian and English party, and the Dauphin's.

South of the Loire the country was loyal to Charles VII., except the province of Gascony. Anjou and Maine were neutral; all the rest of France had submitted to the Regent. But brave Orleans was true. The Count de Dunois, the Duke of Orleans' illegitimate son, declared he would hold it to the last. Orleans was not like Rouen, filled with disheartened, half-starved citizens. It was a prosperous town, devoted to the Royal cause, rich and lively. Defeat seemed impossible to the inhabitants of that city of plenty.

When the siege first began, the Orleans citizens even made fun of their assailants; but, as time went on, they grew anxious. The English pressed the siege on, surrounding the town by large high forts, from the heights of which they shot at all who endeavoured to enter the city, or, in the rude manner of the warfare of the Middle Ages, hurled stones down on the French soldiers below.

Nor were the English to be lightly despised, for illustrious names were among their generals. Talbot, the Black Prince's comrade and chosen friend, was there; Salisbury and Suffolk, with many others as famous. Besides these famous generals, there were a host of ferocious officers, who gloried in their savage threats, that were they once inside Orleans, they would massacre every man, woman, and child in the place, and not leave even one single dog alive.

The Archbishop of Orleans was the first to abandon his post, and the bishop, who agreed with his superior that 'discretion is the better part of valour,' thought it best to escape to Rheims. Several of the richest burghers went after them. The chivalrous Dunois, a true gentleman and knight, stuck to his post. The siege had lasted some time, and provisions were getting scarce, as the English intercepted all that were sent to the garrison.

The case seemed so hopeless, that, as Jean de Metz listened to Joan, it flashed across him, 'What if the tale be true?'

'Ah, sir,' repeats Joan, in her sweet, low, penetrating voice, with that charm of manner innate in those who are in loving sympathy with all their fellows, 'the Sire de Baudricourt will not listen to me, and he will not credit what I tell him; and yet I must be with the Dauphin by Mid-Lent, for no one else can save France but myself.'

Jean henceforward became her firm friend. He represented to the Sire de Baudricourt that it could do no harm to 'try' the Maid's mission. 'It was a forlorn hope, but what if it answered?' The age was superstitious, and the common people, when it became known that Joan's pretensions had been named to the Dauphin, took up her cause. They gathered round her, they subscribed money, they believed she was an angel from heaven, they ran from one extreme to another. Success is a powerful argument. Even the Duke of Lorraine was carried away by the national enthusiasm. He was a chronic invalid. He sent to Joan, and begged her to cure him. Joan replied, she 'had no miraculous gifts.' She promises to pray for his recovery, and bids him repent of his sins, and then God will help him.

The incredulous Baudricourt, in the meantime, has sent on word of her errand to the court. All there was gloom and dejection. Charles listens to Joan's tale, and is inclined to bid her join him; but the nobles around him whisper, 'She must be in league with the devil!' 'She will poison his Majesty!'

These considerations deter Charles; but his cause was desperate, and, after a good deal of hesitation, he bids Baudricourt be written to 'to send Joan on to see him.'

The enthusiasm of the peasants at Vaucouleurs then knows no bound. Women follow her about; she is the heroine of the hour in a place where she had first been derided, scorned, and rejected. Preparations are made for her journey, which in those days was a hazardous thing. The wary Baudricourt gives her a sword, and advises her to assume male attire and armour; but he is too much a man of the world to give her money. However, she buys a horse, and is ready to set off. Her parents go over to see her. They are stricken with grief; they implore her to retire, even at that eleventh hour, from so unmaidenly a journey. Their tears affect her tender heart, but do not change her. Her brother is determined to form one of her party; and the poor old peasant and his wife leave her and Vaucouleurs, tottering from excess of emotion, but powerless to alter their hitherto pliant and obedient child. They were grievously hurt, but later they forgave her that first dereliction from filial duty. When reproached at her trial for this disobedience, she said, 'Had I been a king's daughter, and had I had a hundred parents, I had gone!'

The king's court is a hundred and fifty leagues off, and as the sun rises on a bright February morning (1429), Joan, accompanied by Jean de Metz, another knight, two men-at-arms, and with no larger escort, starts.

The moment of success has come. It had taken her four years to carry out her purpose, but it has been attained, and the supreme moment of her life has arrived. Crowds follow her to the gate of the battlemented walls. The heroine of the day bears her honours meekly. Her eyes are raised to heaven; her lips, though mute, seem to move in prayer; she invokes the aid of the Heavenly Voice that has sent her. 'God has cleared the way for her,' she exclaims. She feels that her faith is rewarded; but her mien is that of a Christian saint, humble and reliant, not that of a triumphant Amazon.

Rivers must be forded, forests passed on their way; for large bodies of men, in the pay of England, traverse the land, and would destroy her if she fell into their hands. She stops at every shrine, attends mass at each town they visit, rebukes her companions for gross language, and they respect her purity, and are silent before the oath rising to their lips has had time to escape in utterance. Yet the hardships are so severe, her companions before they are half way are becoming discouraged. They begin to doubt. What if, after all, she be a witch, who has fascinated them into belief of her misson, by the aid of Satan! They even talk of killing her, and giving up a journey which, away from her presence, seems to wear another aspect, and to be but a fool's errand. But when Joan rejoins them, her simple, pure, native dignity reasserts its sway; and they journey on, till Chinon, between Tours and Saumur, in the valley of the Loire, lies before them, where Charles, weak, hopeless, incapable, and undecided, holds his court, surrounded by nobles who are ready to betray him to his enemies if he loses the last stake in the Royal game—his fair city of Orleans. Joan and her followers halt, to know if the king wishes her to go forward. After a few delays, while theologians are examining her, she receives leave to proceed. The priests declare her to be a good Christian maiden, and her followers attest the purity of her life. But even then, the weak king, who is to owe her so much, hesitates. What if she should intend to assassinate him! However, at last he gives her an audience, and she is in the presence of her king.

Joan had always declared that she could recognise the king, even in the midst of his courtiers. To attest the truth of her assertion and her mission, she was put to the proof. Charles dressed himself simply, and hid among his lords. Joan had never seen him before, but she recognised him, went direct to him, and fell on her knees before him.

'I am not the king,' said Charles; 'there he is,' pointing, as he spoke, to one of his lords.

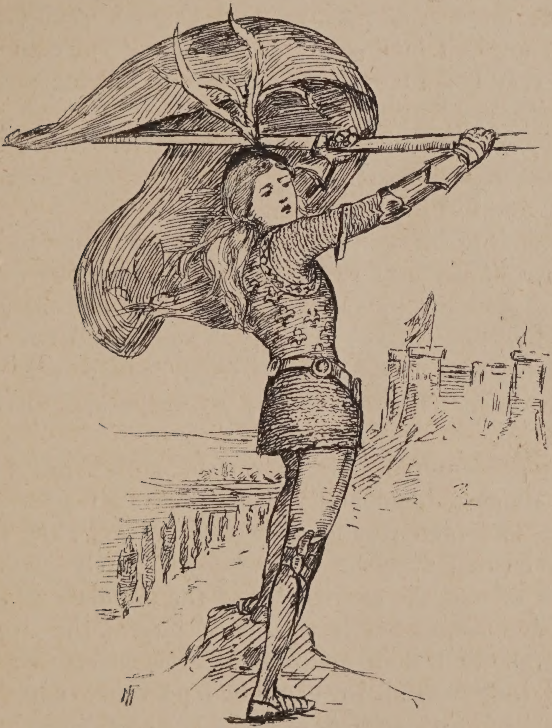
Joan did not rise. 'Sire,' said she, with respect, 'you are the king, and none other.'

Her beauty and her dignity imposed conviction of her mission on the king and his court. The battle of Herrings had made Royalists desperate. Charles yielded, and then Joan must have felt success was really at hand. There is a dignity in perfect simplicity, but the ordeal of a court life must have been no mean one for a peasant taken from the duties of daily toil. Joan passed unsullied through the atmosphere of the frivolous court. Her dominion over the minds of those around her was supreme. All were carried away into belief in her mission, and in Joan as in one divinely called upon to fulfil it.

Charles gave her a body-guard. A knight of mature age, a page, and six men-at-arms of meaner rank, one of whom was her own brother, followed and guarded her. Charles also gave her a suit of white mail armour. She had a white banner made. On it were the lilies of France, and the words, 'Jesus,' 'Mary.'

In the meantime the news of her mission reaches Orleans at a critical hour. Dunois had in vain implored Charles to send in fresh provisions and troops. Famine was followed by treason, and desertions were numerous. The chivalrous Dunois, a native of Lorraine, like Joan herself, never faltered. Charles VII.'s weakness was, in his royal eyes, another plea for adherence to his cause. When did a noble heart ever desert the weaker side?

When the nobles, still true to France, but holding aloof before they attached themselves to the weak, irresolute king, saw his devotion, they rallied once more round Charles. The greatest enthusiasm followed, after the past depression among Charles's adherents. All wished to join in the regiment that was being raised by Joan for her first effort, which was to accompany and protect a convoy bearing provisions to the beleaguered city. Joan would allow no one to join it till they had confessed and received absolution for their sins; rude swearing she forbade, and she set the most regular example of exactness in religious matters. The scorn which those who had before derided the Maid's cause had expressed, disappeared



JOAN OF ARC ENTERING ORLEANS.

before her triumph. What is so successful as success? By April, sixty thousand men were ready to follow her to Orleans. Mounted on a black horse, she intends to lead them to victory herself. Before drawing her sword, she writes, or rather dictates, as her education was too imperfect to enable her to pen it herself, a letter to the English regents. She feels so sure of victory that her letter is almost arrogant. She bids them, 'in the name of Heaven, avoid further bloodshed, and give up the siege of Orleans.'

Her fame has reached the English ranks, and many are half inclined to listen to the voice of one that they feel inclined to credit with Divine power; but they are laughed to scorn.

'What! afraid of a woman! a witch!' they reply. 'If she has supernatural powers, they are from the devil, and not from Heaven.'

The English generals returned no reply to her letter, but when at the head of a victorious troop, whom she led to Orleans, their opinion changed. The half-famished garrison gathered round her, half believing she was an angel from heaven, who had come down, when all seemed so desperate, to their help.

As she entered Orleans, on the 29th April 1419, her modest demeanour enchanted all who saw her. The men wondered at her bravery; the mob were carried away by her beauty. Barely eighteen years of age, the excitement of the populace as they crowded round her horse, the flattery of the French generals, and their amazement at a success so unexpected, seemed to have had no other effect on the simple maiden than to make her anxious to hurry to the churches to return thanks to God. She who had been so brave in battle, and whose exploits had rescued a beleaguered and famishing city from despair, sought only to lay all her triumphs at the foot of the cross. The mob are carried away with enthusiasm. They press to touch her. They half fancy that round the head of the girl warrior they see the halo of the saint. She wears her armour as if used to its weight all her life. But after the Te Deum she retires to rest a little. While asleep, she fancies that she hears the din of battle and the war-cry of France. She starts up. It is true! They are fighting! The citizens, in their belief in the Maid, have sallied out as far as a fort called Le Loup. They are being overpowered, when Joan appears, her white banner in her hand, and revives their courage. The fort was won. Eight hundred English and Burgundians were killed; and, worse than the loss of the fort or the men, lies the prestige of the English nation, tarnished, in the dust.

After this signal victory even the English began to believe in her supernatural powers. It seemed like a fresh Crusade. If the cause was less hallowed than the rescue of the Holy Land, the spirit of the knights of Charlemagne and St. Louis seemed to revive, and to secure the deliverance of France. When, after that victory, the English still besieged Orleans, the French generals got impatient. Joan advised prudence, but at length suggests a sally forth.

The jealousy of the French generals began to show itself, and her counsels are put aside; but again she wins the day, and the siege of Orleans is raised. Amid the triumph of the hour, Joan impresses on the king the necessity for his coronation at Rheims, all the more urgently that the English think of crowning the young Henry VI.

At last they set out to Rheims. What an hour for the Maid! She is within touch of success, and the angels seem to her heated imagination to be rejoicing as she rides before her king. Feeble as he is, and incapable of any lasting or noble feelings, even Charles VII., when he receives the crown of his kingdom at the high altar at Rheims, his nobles around him, the oriflamme of his ancestors above him, no longer a thing of reproach, but the banner of victory, recognises for a while all he owes to Joan.

When the coronation is over, Joan, with instinctive good sense, feels that, her mission being done, it were best that she should return to her home. But she is not allowed to do so. The 'voices' seemed to tell her, 'Joan, thou hast done thy work. Thou hast proved both to France and England what can be done by faith from above. Renounce battles, fly from glory, return to the peaceful cottage home, and die and live forgotten.'

Happy would it have been for the hapless Maid if she had then returned home; but, jealous as the French generals and courtiers were, it did not suit them to let her leave them.

The enemy still held Paris, though Compiègne and Beauvais had opened their gates to the Royalists. Joan advised the king to secure Normandy before seizing Paris. It was on the way to England—to hold it, would be to cut off all retreat for the English. But her advice was not taken. An assault on the capital is made at the Porte St. Honoré, and in the conflict Joan is wounded. She does not retire, though suffering; she begins to fear defeat, for she no longer believes in herself or her mission. Her confidence is shaken, for is she not disobedient to her conscience? Defeat would ruin her. As long as the populace believed in her she would be victorious; but if fortune changed, those who now followed her so blindly would, with the fickleness of the mob, desert her, and she knew that the nobles would never stand by her. Once defeated, the idol of the hour would be useless, except to be hurled down, broken, and destroyed. Less certain, therefore, of herself, her tone is no longer triumphant. Although she, and she alone, had become the salvation of her country, the unhappy Maid was destined not to see the fruits of her work. The Royalists held Compiègne, and the Duke of Burgundy besieged it. Joan orders a sortie, the very day of his arrival before the city, headed by herself. She is left behind on the battlements, and surprised and taken by an archer from Picardy.

He discovered how valuable a prisoner he had taken, and offers her for a sum of money to Jean, Count of Luxembourg. With her capture her fate was sealed, and her career as an Amazon ended, that of a martyr begun. She had always had a presentiment of death, and had frequently said, 'I shall only live a year.' If, in the height of her glory, when riding before her king and his heralds to Rheims, she had felt this, how much more must not she have been convinced that life was drawing to its close for her as she is led a captive into the Burgundian camp! Yet she dreads insult, in that sensual and impure age, even worse than death.

The purity of chivalry was over. The intervals between battles, that St. Louis occupied in prayerful preparations for coming conflicts, was filled up by orgies by night, and gluttonous excesses of wine and good cheer by day. Joan is aware that she need expect no mercy from English hands. They are unaccustomed to defeat, and the humiliation of being baffled by a mere humble and uneducated peasant girl galls those fierce knights even more than a hundred defeats on an open field. They feel that the glories of Agincourt have been dimmed by the triumphs of Joan. She is now their prisoner, on whom they can wreak to the utmost their entire vengeance. If the thought crosses their minds, that, as a captive of war, she is entitled to be gently treated and ransomed, they dismiss the knightly instinct; they assert in loud terms that her influence has been given her by the devil. She is a witch, and she must die! Chivalry, honour, and humanity declare for her; vengeance speaks for them. Jean, Count of Luxembourg, handed over his captive to the Duke of Burgundy. Hearing that her capture was an accomplished fact, the English sent to demand 'the deliverance into their hand of Joan d'Arc, the sorceress.' She was to be sent to Rouen forthwith. They demanded her in the name of the Church, and, to give more colour to this flagrant breach of the laws of war, they called in a number of priests, who were to try her for sorcery.

These formed a council to judge her. One was a University man, named Cauchon, who thought he might, through playing into English hands, be nominated Archbishop of Rouen; and two bishops, one of whom was Bishop of Beauvais. The Duke of Burgundy and the Count de Luxembourg determined to yield up their prisoner. The duke feared to offend the English and lose their trade in his fat provinces; Jean de Luxembourg extended his hand for English money. If no shame withheld these two knights from being parties to so scandalous a transaction, where was Charles VII., that he abandoned the maiden whom God had sent him? Vainly she might hope for help from the king! He was dangling after his 'light o' love,' Agnes Sorrel, and his nobles were all jealous of Joan. The mob, too, had deserted her since her captivity. They had ceased to believe her inspired by Heaven. She lay, the iron entering into her soul (for what is so bitter as the change in those who have loved us, when we ourselves still love on?) in the prison at Arras. Thence they took her to a prison at Crotoy, on the coast. Through her prison bars she could see the white cliffs of England—those shores that, in the supreme moment of her triumphs, she had once dreamed that she would reach at the head of a victorious fleet!

While still at Crotoy, she heard that Compiègne was saved; and, while keenly feeling Charles VII.'s desertion, prayed for France and for him. But even while the hapless girl rejoiced over it, the French triumph at Compiègne had sealed her fate. It was a fresh humiliation for England, and decided the Duke of Burgundy to give her up to Bedford and the English. The duke saw how important it was to degrade Joan by a fate even more ignominious and bitter than captivity. The English prestige was almost lost in France. Louviers, Chateau Galliard, had submitted to Charles; Paris was hesitating to save Henry VI.; and she is carried to her prison at Rouen, where her trial began on the 9th January 1431.

All the pomp and influence of the Church was called upon to justify, under the specious plea of a trial for witchcraft, the sacrifice of the heroine. The Bishops of London and of Winchester came over purposely to preside over it, and to doom to death the brave girl who had saved France. It is to the credit of the inhabitants of Rouen that they held aloof from this disgraceful trial. In that dilemma the English were compelled to fall back on the so-called Inquisition. When Cauchon, during the trial, asked the grey-headed old lawyer, John Soheir, what he thought of her, he courageously replied, with an exclamation of horror, 'that it was a crying shame and crime to subject a mere girl of twenty to the subtle questions of astute theologians determined to prove her guilty.' This opinion was given with the honesty of a Norman, but the brave man who uttered it thought it prudent, after giving such an answer against the wishes of his questioner, to absent himself from Rouen. The Bishop of Avranches and the Bishop of Lisieux declined to say that Joan was guilty of witchcraft; and the Rouen populace were full of pity for her. These honest people, however, were powerless against the powerful Cardinal Beaufort and the wily Cauchon, and the trial began. When asked her age, Joan answered with calmness and simplicity that she was nineteen.

At first, her fall from her prison at Crotoy—from which she had attempted to escape—appeared to have affected her memory, but after a time she seemed to pluck up more courage. She complained of the harsh treatment she received, and of being put into irons at night, and in a cell only about six feet in length, where she was chained by an iron ring to her dungeon's wall.

The first wrangle at this mock trial was over the oath that, following French law, Joan was ordered to take, that she would reveal all she knew to her judges. She made no resistance to kneeling down on her knees and kissing the missal while she swore to do so, but, before taking the oath, refused to divulge what had taken place between her and the King, to whom alone she had confided all the heavenly messages she had had in her dreams. She grows hot as she realises that it is a mortal combat between her and her judges. Every monkish device is produced by the astute theologians who question her to puzzle the heroine, who gives direct answers to all their questions. When tired out, she cries, 'Send me to God, who directed me!' She had no theological skill to parry her questioners, as they tried to entangle her by putting matters before her that had no direct relation to the subject; but good sense, innocence, and courage seemed to dictate all she said. She declared that faith, hope, and love had alone been her guide—that orthodox creed that belongs to all branches of Christ's Church. She was asked how she had formed her plan of action.

'By telling the soldiers to attack the English camp, and telling them that I should be with them,' is her straightforward answer.

She was reproached with having assisted at Charles's coronation at Rheims, and with deserting her parents to serve a king who had done so little in return for her. She parried all these questions, and refused to hear a word said against Charles, whom, she declared, was the 'most Christian of all Christian princes.' The king was truly showing how true is the saying 'not to trust in princes.' He had ennobled Joan, her father, and brother, after the relief of Orleans; but all worldly honours were refused by this child of the people, whose heart was still with the peasantry of Domremy, and who, even while her star was in the ascendant, asked no other favour at royal hands than that her native place should be exempted from taxation. And so it was, and for upwards of three hundred years, in the taxing papers of Lorraine, stood these significant words against the word 'Domremy:' 'Nothing collected, for the Maid's sake.' Worldly honours were worth nothing to one whose whole heart was set on heaven, and whose ideal of honesty was so great, that, when faint for want of food, her lips refused to touch it if she knew it had been taken by plunder.

Her entire simplicity and truthfulness impressed all who were present at her trial, with the exception of those fierce and hard men who, for interested and selfish ends, had doomed her from the first to die. It made such a vivid effect on the public mind, that the Bishop of Beauvais advised that she should only be interrogated in prison. Failing to prove anything against her beyond listening to voices from Heaven, her judges decided to find her guilty of wearing men's clothes and armour. They declared it to be a capital crime to do so. In order to prove that she was persisting in doing so, the female garb that she had worn in prison was taken away, and her armour placed near her bed. Joan had to choose between appearing *without* any clothing before her judges, or of donning again her male attire. Chained to her prison walls, guarded by four armed men, she had no choice, as a modest woman; and this was the only real fault that could be proved against her. Her innocence was as clear as the day; but her judges were not to be baffled. She asked for a confessor. A priest, base enough to take a bribe, was sent to listen to the catalogue of her sins, to her dungeon. The wretched man, forgetting his duty as a priest, placed spies, so that while she was pouring out all the secrets of a perfectly innocent heart, all that she said was committed to writing.

The trial had begun in March, and Easter was at hand. Even in those corrupt days there were honest men in Rouen, who declined to say that her trial had proved her guilt. The judges sent to the University of Paris, hoping that they would prove more compliant. Their answer was a long time delayed; but when it came, declaring that Joan was in league with the devil, and that by his aid she had done all that she had for France, they were not satisfied. Her death was not enough, until she had herself confessed that the sentence was righteous. She was tortured on the rack. It was Good Friday. Her tormentors trusted that, worn out by grief, hardships, and want of good food, she would confess. She had once been tempted to do so. Her youth excuses the lapse from fortitude that in an hour of weakness she yielded to. It was quickly repented of, and, while she meditated on the passion of our Lord, she once more submitted to the fate before her. She heard her sentence, and entreated that, instead of their burning her, she might be beheaded. Even that favour was too good in the eyes of her cruel enemies. They were unable to gain the moral support of the brave Rouen clergy, and they knew the populace believed still in the Maid; and though the holocaust was ready, the executioner must stay his hand till a confession of guilt had been forced from her by the rack. The retractation, after the first natural flinching from the hour of death, came not. Joan was firm.

It is a hideous story, and not a pleasant tale to linger on, for it is a terrible blot on England's honour,—

an historical blot, that will for ever mar the page in which history records it.

At length, on a fair May day in 1431, the tragedy ends. The fire had long been ready for its prey, and yet they delayed for a confession that would put them right in the world's eyes, and perhaps be a salve to their own consciences. When all hope of getting it is over, her death is finally decided on, and her day of execution is fixed. The sun shines on the lovely Cathedral of St. Ouen at Rouen, behind whose Gothic towers a large high scaffold, piled up with faggots, is erected. Cardinal Beaufort, the thirty-three assessors, and the three judges who have sentenced her, are all ready, with the executioner in his cart, when the victim is brought forth. The fresh air of heaven blows on the fair face of the victim, as, clad all in white, the masculine attire abandoned, she is led up to the stake. The sun shines on the deed, which may have seemed a relief to her who is to suffer, as, since March, a noisome dungeon, the companionship of brutal soldiers, chains, reproaches, and torture, have been the lot of the once courted idol of France.

We will hurry over the details. Long orations, and exhortations to repentance, are delivered; but Joan hears nothing, sees nothing. She prays for France, for the king who has forgotten her. She thinks, perhaps, of Domremy, the l'Arbre des Dames, the shrines of her saints in the village church. Ah, who can tell? Her hands are uplifted, and she clasps to her bosom a cross of rough wood that is handed to her from below. She believes in the saints, and calls on them. She cries, 'Pray for me!'—'*Priez pour moi!*' The flames ascend higher and higher, while even her enemies shed tears at her fate.

The deed is done. All that is mortal of Joan of Arc is gone for ever, but her history remains to call the blush of shame to the face of any English historian who must pen it.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND HIS FRIENDS

CHAPTER IV.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND HIS FRIENDS.

LUDLOW CASTLE! Who that has seen it can ever forget its stately pile? It is especially associated in our mind with Sir Philip Sidney. Not even the ruined hall that was the scene of the first representation of Milton's *Comus*, written for the amusement of Lord Bridgewater's children, nor the round chapel where Katharine of Arragon must have knelt as a bride when she wedded Prince Arthur, Henry VIII.'s elder brother—a marriage that was to cost her so dear—can divert our minds from thinking of Philip Sidney and his father, Sir Henry Sidney, whose arms are over the chief entrance, and which we see when we pace the long green sward that leads to the keep. Ludlow was called by the early inhabitants of Britain, Dinan, or 'The Palace of Princes.' Even before the Conquest it was an important place, for Robert de Montgomery, the Conqueror's relative, erected a stately castle there, and made it his home till he died, in 1094. His son, another Robert de Montgomery, was attainted for high treason in Henry I.'s reign, that king only too gladly taking possession of the noble castle. Henry added to it, made it a royal residence, and erected fortifications, as well as embellishing the castle itself.

Its situation on a high hill, overlooking a most extensive tract of country, made it a place of importance in the days when the Welsh (who boast that they never were conquered) had not submitted to England, whose lords were perpetually at war with the mountaineers of the 'Marches of Wales.' But it did not escape, in spite of the fortifications Henry I. erected. Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, in Henry III.'s reign, had allied himself to the heroic Llewellyn, Prince of Wales. They invaded Ludlow Castle, gained it, and then set it on fire. Roger de Mortimer was governor of the castle when that took place. His descendant, another Roger de Mortimer, in the reign of Edward II. escaped from the Tower of London, where he had been imprisoned for political offences, and, retiring to Ludlow, built a chapel dedicated to St. Peter, endowing it with a yearly sum, that masses might daily be said in thankfulness for his escape. Later, however, in the same reign, the knight was executed at Tyburn for high treason.

Another historical incident is associated with Ludlow Castle. In it the two young princes, Edward V. and his brother, the Duke of York, were imprisoned by Lord Rivers' orders, acting under their uncle, the Duke of Gloucester's commands. Their prison was one of the outer towers, overlooking so lovely a country scene that it never could have been to those hapless princes so gloomy as their next place of imprisonment, for, as you must remember, they were taken from Ludlow to the Tower of London, and murdered there.

When Katharine of Arragon came over to a country in which she was to shed so many tears, and die, a queen discrowned, at Kimbolton Castle, she and her youthful husband, Arthur, Prince of Wales, spent the few short months of their married life at Ludlow's famous fortress. Old annals are full of the splendid court and state they held there, celebrating with tilt and tournament their bridal festivities, till, in 1501, the young bridegroom died, in the flower of his life.

Henry VIII. was the monarch who appointed the first Council for the Marches of Wales, with a Lord President over them, Sir Philip Sidney's father. Sir Henry Sidney spent a large sum of money in adding to and embellishing Ludlow. It was one of the last castles to hold out for Charles I., though compelled at last to surrender to the Roundheads. Nothing can detract from the beauty of the venerable ruin. The square towers of its battlemented keep, of Norman architecture, speak forcibly of former feudal grandeur. We almost hear the blast of a knight's horn, and see the glitter of his arms, as (his pennon in his squire's hand) he turns, at the head of his glittering train of warriors, for a last look at his lady-love; she who, with tears in her eyes, has bidden him farewell, uncertain if her warrior will ever again retrace his steps over the massive drawbridge.

To work devices on pennons and banners was a lady's task as she sat in the castle towers. As an English poet (Praed) has sung, she must often have wept as she finished her embroidered task, faint with loving anxiety lest it should be covered by her liege lord's gore. His poem runs thus:—

Uprose the Lady Alice, from her bald and broken prayer,
And she brought a silken banner down the narrow turret stair;
Oh, many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed,
As she traced the bright word 'Glory' in the gay and glancing
thread;
And mournful was the smile which o'er those lovely features ran,
As she said, 'It is your lady's gift, unfurl it in the van!'

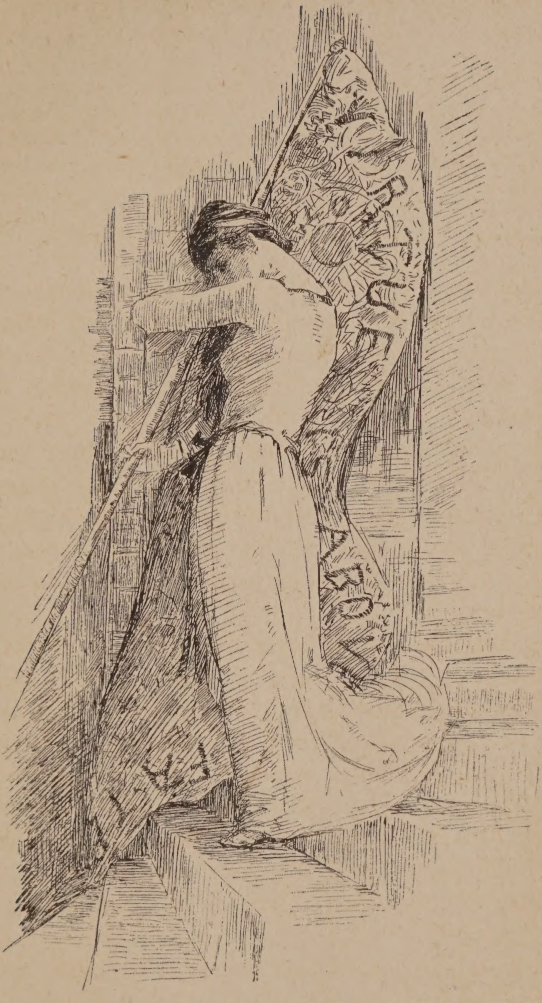
Opposite the keep is a long row of barracks and stables for the numerous soldiers the Lord Marchers were compelled to keep ready for emergencies. The walls of the keep are from nine to twelve feet in thickness.

The many historical events enacted there recur to all who love and know history, when the grand old ruin is seen for the first time; but one chiefly loves to recall the gentle, heroic memory of Sir Philip Sidney, whose youthful days were from time to time spent there.

He was born in 1564, at Penshurst, in Kent, and educated at Shrewsbury, a town within an easy distance of Ludlow. His father, Sir Henry Sidney, had been a courtier from his youth upwards; yet the flattering air of a palace had failed to make him worldly, though he was a man of the world. He married Lady Mary Percy, the Duke of Northumberland's daughter, and Philip was her son.

From a child Philip had been promising. One who knew him well, says he was, even as a boy, 'grave, staid, graceful, and reverent, a youth who was the light of his family.'

The Sidneys were a family with that lustre shed on their race that is given by ancient descent; and Sir



'AND SHE BROUGHT A SILKEN BANNER DOWN THE NARROW TURRET STAIR.'

Henry was a favourite playfellow and the intimate friend of Edward VI. The first thing that the little king did when he came to the throne, was to knight his early friend. Later on, when Sir Henry was barely twenty-two years of age (1550), he constituted him ambassador to France, having already made him his chief cupbearer for life.

But all these court favours had not made Sir Henry unmindful of his duties as a father. Sir Philip was at school at Shrewsbury, and only twelve years old, when, being very proficient in languages, he wrote two letters to his father, one in Latin and one in French. This was no common event for a schoolboy, for letters were not often sent in those times. In the first place, paper was expensive, and posts irregular. Friends, when separated from each other, did not correspond as often as we do. They waited for opportunities, and their good wishes were far more generally conveyed by the word of mouth of special messengers, than by a letter that might never reach its destination.

Paper, as I said, was costly, and, though it was invented in the latter end of the ninth century, was slow in coming to the perfection of our own days. The ancients used leaves to write on, as all schoolboys know, and the word 'charta' signified those rude vehicles for thought. The priests used 'charta hieratica,' and later on, parchment. We can scarcely realise in our day a state of existence without the post and the newspaper; yet letters in olden times were often conveyed, hidden in saddle-bags, written in cipher, or tied under the wing of a carrier-pigeon. It had been far too dangerous in days of civil war to trust one's missives to messengers liable to be intercepted on the road. Newspapers were unknown till Queen Elizabeth's reign, when *The English Mercurie* appeared; but before their epoch, while the majority of the people knew nothing but through report of the state of affairs in their country, the upper classes had its equivalent in a 'News Letter,' but private letters they rarely had. When Sir Henry Sidney got his little son's French and Latin letters, and heard how splendidly he was getting on, he was much pleased. He had never written to his son before, and, after telling him that on *that* account he wished his first letter to be one of good advice, he thanked him for the Latin and French epistles.

First of all, he begged him never to omit to pray morning and evening to God, and to meditate on Him. He was to learn obedience himself, so that in after years he might teach others how to be obedient. Though he was advised to study deeply, he was not to parade his knowledge, but to be humble, and to listen to what others had to say—a lesson that is very much needed in our own time. Respect to every one, 'according to their station,' he advised, but to be affable and courteous; for, as Sir Henry went on to say in the letter, nothing wins people's love so much as 'courteous manners.' He was to pay great attention to his dress, and to be 'merrie;' that is, he was to be cheerful and lively, but 'not at any one else's expense;' 'for,' added the good father, 'a wound given by a word is oftener harder to bear than that given by a sword.'

After enjoining modesty and a retiring manner, he writes: 'Above all, tell no untruths—no, not even in trifles; there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar' He concluded by telling Sir Philip to 'remember the noble blood flowing in his veins from his mother's side, who was a Percy, and not to disgrace the name,' and he remained 'his loving father so long as you live in the fear of God.'

This was the true chivalric spirit, based on the Christian spirit of kindness, gentleness, and courtesy. No wonder that, with such a father's teaching, the young lad grew up to be in after years the 'darling of his age,' true image of a Christian knight. There is nothing 'manly' in vice, rather is it far 'braver' to confess before men that one is a follower of Christ.

Penshurst, Sir Philip's birthplace, is a noble pile of buildings, erected in Henry VIII.'s reign on the site of a more ancient mansion. The river Eden meanders past Penshurst on its way to join the Medway, and there are remains of a Roman fortification near the old place.

The original mansion, in the Conqueror's time, belonged to the Penchester family, but from Edward IV.'s reign it had been the heritage of the Sidneys. He was named Philip after the King of Spain, who was his godfather. He was a precocious lad, and went at an early age from the school at Shrewsbury to Christchurch, Oxford. There he stayed till he was seventeen, when his father sent him off on his travels, the usual course after a university career in those times. Young as he was when he left Christchurch, his reputation was already made. He had many natural gifts (one in his very handsome person), and, as regarded his character and attainments, is thus described by an old writer (Dugdale), as 'with great abilities, public-spirited, modest, pious, patient,' 'an ornament to the court.' His high family connections and introductions opened court life to him on the Continent, and he went first to France, where he was favourably received and much noticed by Charles IX. of France; and Sir Philip was in Paris when the massacre of St. Bartholomew took place. He was compelled to take refuge during that dreadful day at the English ambassador’s house, Sir Francis Walsingham, whose daughter he ultimately married. From Paris he went to Heidelberg, and while there made the acquaintance of Hubert Languet, who became devoted to him, and whose Latin letters to Sidney were published after the latter’s death.

It was an age of great men and names. Shakespeare was living, as well as Bacon, Galileo, and Ben Jonson; Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, Guido Reni the painter, and Paul Reubens, were all living when Sir Philip Sidney was a young man; and when he went on to Vienna, through Hungary, he met Languet again, and they renewed their acquaintance. Hubert Languet was very distinguished at that period in Germany, and his reputation as a man of learning so great, that it is a proof of Sidney’s talents that he admitted him to his intimate friendship. He was a native of Viteaux, in Burgundy. In 1549, before Sidney’s birth, he had read Melancthon’s works, and, not being able fully to grasp the meaning of one of them, he went from Italy to Germany on purpose to visit one who was the ‘ablest and most learned man’ of his age, and a close friendship henceforward existed between them. Languet had a wonderful memory, and great judgment. He was known to be so keen in foreseeing the course of events, that princes employed him as their confidential adviser. In that way he was employed by Augustus, the Elector of Saxony; but eventually he went into the Netherlands, dying at Antwerp in 1581, aged sixty-three. He had a great friend in one De la Plessis Mormai, also a man of note. He was absent from Antwerp when Languet died, but Madame de la Plessis nursed him on his death-bed. He told her to tell his friend 'that he had desired to see the world grow better before he died, but feared that it grew worse and worse, so that he was glad he had no more to do with it; that virtue had much to suffer and but little to gain from princes, but that he hoped Monsieur de la Plessis would not despond, and God would assist him.' Languet must have known Melancthon many years before he met with Sir Philip Sidney. The former was born in 1497, in the Rhenish Palatinate. He was educated at Heidelberg, and became ultimately Professor of Greek and Classics at the University of Wurtemberg, at the time that Luther was Professor of Divinity at the same place. Melancthon was chiefly celebrated as a theologian, and in that character was desired to draw up a confession of faith, called 'The Augsburg Confession,' as it was presented to the then Emperor in that city. He is often said to have been less opposed than Luther was to meeting Roman Catholic opponents half way. It was in society of learned persons, such as Languet, that Sidney passed his time abroad; but Elizabeth, who had succeeded Queen Mary, was not long in desiring the presence of so gifted a man at her court. He went back from Germany to England in 1575.

The Emperor Rudolph of Germany had just

ascended the imperial throne. The astute queen and her clever advisers saw in Sidney the very one for a mission. It was a delicate one; for, while Elizabeth's ostensible motive was to congratulate the German emperor on his accession, there was a secret purpose in the embassy. Sidney was charged to find out how far the German monarch was inclined to join in a league, defensive and offensive, in favour of the Protestant interests. Sidney was also to endeavour to get payment of certain moneys that the queen considered she was entitled to receive, that had been laid out in the war with France. The queen was much pleased with the way that Sidney acquitted himself on that occasion, and would have further distinguished one whom she thought one of the brightest ornaments of her court, but for a great quarrel that took place between Sidney and the Earl of Oxford. The young man's spirit was high and his temper warm — witness the following letter to his father's secretary, Mr. Molineux :—

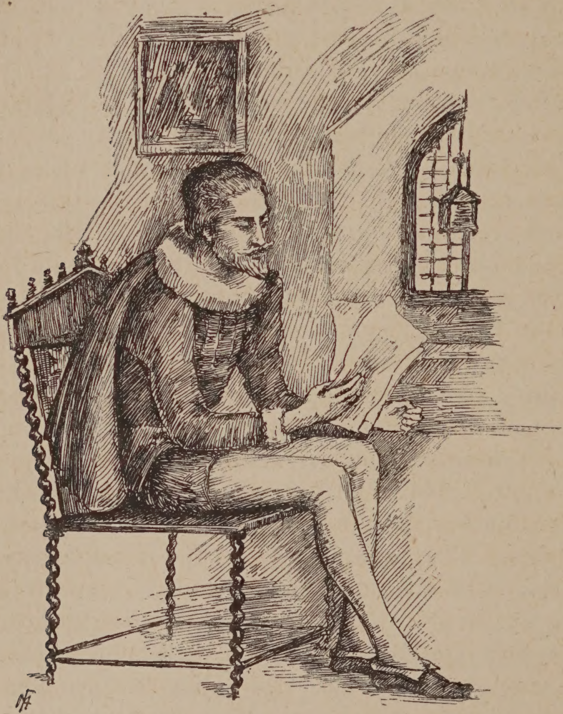
'Few words are best. My letters to my father have come to the eyes of some; neither can I condemn any but you for it. If it be so, you have played the very knave with me, and so I will let you know, if I have good proof of it. But that for so much as is past; for that is to come, I assure you, before God, that if ever I know you to do so much as to read any letter I write to my father, without his consent or mine, I will thrust my dagger into you. I speak in earnest. In the meantime, farewell.'

With great courtesy of manner and generosity of character, he was quick to take offence.

One day Sir Philip was enjoying a game of tennis, and the Earl of Oxford came in, and wanted to play. Sidney declined to give up his place. The earl grew warm, and called him a puppy. Sir Philip requested him to repeat the phrase, pretending not to have heard what was said. High words followed, and the earl sent Sidney a challenge. Elizabeth was told of it, and forbade both disputants to fight. She sent for Sidney into her presence, and lectured him on the respect due to rank, and the difference between his position and that of the earl's. Sir Philip, deeply offended, retired from court. That was in 1580, and in his retirement he wrote his celebrated romance, *Arcadia.* Queen Elizabeth, who at fifteen might have taken her degree in Greek and Latin, as well as she sewed at six years of age (sending her brother Edward a shirt that she had made herself), played the part of a learned lady, and affected to admire classical attainments. It was probably partly to conciliate his royal mistress, and to divert himself in his retirement, that *Arcadia* was written.

Before Sidney had fallen into disgrace with the queen, he had made the acquaintance of Edmund Spenser. The patronage of the great was absolutely necessary to the struggling poet. He and Sidney were nearly the same age, the one being born in 1553, and the other in 1554. Sir Philip was excessively generous and charitable. When Spenser began to write his *Faery Queen*, he looked around him for a patron. He had known early struggles, and he desired help, that the genius he felt within him might be developed without the crushing needs of the hour weighing down his very life. He presented himself as a suitor to Sir Philip, and sent in the ninth canto of his *Faery Queen.* We can imagine Sir

Philip receiving it from the hands of the groom of the chamber, as he sits in his uncle Lord Leicester's house. He had followed his father's advice, and was always *point device* in his dress, and he was singularly handsome. He probably was in his black velvet doublet, small cap, with a single ostrich feather waving in the air, of the same rich material. Carrying the manuscript to the window, to read it better by the light of the latticed panes, we can imagine the indifference with which he begins to read, turning



INDIFFERENCE QUICKLY CHANGES TO GENUINE ADMIRATION.

into genuine admiration. He sends for his steward, and tells him to give the poet fifty pounds. He has read the description of despair, and, calling the steward back, cries, 'Not fifty, but a hundred pounds!' The steward looks astonished, and ventures to remonstrate. Sir Philip, who is still reading on, is so enchanted with the genius he recognises, that the amazed steward is told to increase the gift to two hundred pounds. 'But,' cried Sir Philip, 'hurry off, or I may be tempted to give him my whole estate!'

But the generous knight gave Spenser something better than money. He fed his body with his gold, but he comforted the poet's soul with his generous friendship and sympathy. He presented him to the queen, who, ever captivated by the handsome and radiant face of her favourite Sidney, beamed on the poet who bent over her royal hand.

'Give this youth,' she said to her Chancellor Burleigh, 'give him a hundred pounds.'

'All that for a song?' said the grudging chancellor, who cared but little for genius, and, while Sidney patronised every musician, painter, or inventor that came under his notice, never gave a penny to men of letters. On which Elizabeth said, 'Give him, then, what is reason.' We do not read how much the economical chancellor considered 'reason' to mean; but the money was not paid, on which Spenser presented these lines to Queen Elizabeth:—

I was promised, on a time,
To have reason for my rhime
From that time unto this season
I received nor rhime nor reason!

The money was then paid him. Sidney, generous and faithful, offered Spenser a home at Penshurst; and there the two friends, one prosperous in this world’s goods, the other endowed with an immortal name, studied philosophy and poetry under the same roof.

Spenser remained for some time under Sir Philip’s roof at Penshurst. The safe and secure home, after all his early struggles, how sweet it must have been to Spenser! Wandering through its gardens with his friend, talking on noble subjects, or lingering with the illustrious guests wont to congregate there, he must have blessed the hour when he presented himself to Sidney’s notice.

While in retirement after his disgrace with the queen about the tennis court, Sir Philip wrote *Arcadia.* It was written in the stilted and pedantic style of the Elizabethan period, and went into many editions; but one of the requests made by its author on his death-bed was that it should be burnt. He probably thought it too immature. In the year 1581, restored to court life and the queen’s smile, who, in all the gorgeous state that she thought so essential to royal dignity, loved to see the graceful and the handsome around her, our hero was selected, with other gallant youths, to tilt and play jousts in the Duke of Anjou’s honour, one of the many suitors for the Virgin Queen’s hand. Sir Philip was nephew to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who was justly proud of his nephew. Leicester being very dear to Elizabeth’s heart, the earl had many opportunities of advancing the young Sidney at court.

On one occasion, in 1583, when the queen had bestowed the order of the Garter on John, Prince Palatine, Sir Philip Sidney acted as his proxy at the installation, and received the honour of knighthood. Two years later, however, he ran a risk again of incurring the queen's displeasure. He and Sir Francis Drake planned an expedition to America, and as the project, Sidney rightly thought, would not commend itself to the queen, they agreed to keep it secret. Somehow or other it became known, and Elizabeth insisted on its being given up, for no one in those days might leave England without the monarch's leave.

She appears, later on, to have forgiven him, as Sir Philip was made governor of Flushing on the outbreak of hostilities in the Low Countries. His uncle, Lord Leicester, was in command of Elizabeth's forces in that country, but had shown himself entirely unequal to a general's part, and Sir Philip Sidney's military talents were most useful to his uncle on that account. The earl himself had no military genius, and, indeed, little beyond his fine person to recommend him; but Elizabeth was blind to his faults, yet unable to make up her mind to marry him.

The Netherlands had revolted against the tyranny of Spain, and both Holland and Zealand had declared their independence under the Prince of Holland, and in favour of Protestantism. Sir Philip Sidney's talents as a general, and the great lustre thrown on his name by his many virtues, caused the crown of Poland to be offered him. The Poles earnestly pressed him to accept it, but Elizabeth would not permit it. She knew his worth, and would not consent to part with the gallant soldier, whom she valued as a jewel in her crown.

A conqueror, however, was on his way, more powerful than herself, to snatch away the knight all England loved.

On the morning of the battle of Zutphen, the 22nd September, in the year 1586, Sir Philip Sidney, fully equipped in armour, was coming out of his tent, when he met the marshal of the camp very slenderly armed. Sidney was determined to emulate him, and not to sally out fully armed when one beneath him in rank wore only a simple breastplate. He turned back and took off his *cuisses*, or thigh armour, and it was in the thigh he was mortally wounded. His ordinary dress would be the ruff round his throat, a closely-fitting doublet, and a cloak of French, Spanish, or Flemish fashion, according to the 'cut' of the hour, and over this doublet he wore, on the day he was wounded, a breastplate, but no thigh armour.

In the assault on the town, he received a shot in the thigh, which shattered the bone, and his horse fell under him. He suffered terribly as he was carried a mile and a half before a surgeon could be found to attend to him. But even while enduring the pain of what he felt was a mortal wound, with wonderful fortitude and cheerfulness he submitted to God's will, and thanked Him if he had shown his loyalty to Queen Elizabeth by his death.'

As he was being borne along in a litter towards Lord Leicester's barge, which lay in readiness to take him to Arnheim, an incident took place, which we are taught, as soon as we can almost read in childhood, as a wonderful instance of unselfishness. His wound had been dressed, but the day was sultry, and he felt faint from loss of blood.

'Water, water!' was the cry of the parched and feverish lips; and twenty pairs of hands were ready to give it him. But just as he had raised the vessel to his lips, water being very scarce, a wounded foot soldier was being carried by. He cast a wistful look at the water, for he too was terribly thirsty. The look in his eyes attracted Sidney's attention. He put the vessel away from his lips without touching the cool, delicious draught that he was longing for, and sent it to the soldier, with these words, 'Friend, thy necessity is greater than mine.'

An old writer, relating this well-known anecdote of Sidney, justly adds these words to the relation: 'Bravery is often constitutional, fame may be the motive in feats of arms, a courtier and statesman may act from interest, but a sacrifice so generous as this was, can be made by none but those who are good *as well as* great.'

Lord Leicester, sincerely attached to him, wrote in this fashion before his death: 'Next to her Majesty this young man was my greatest comfort of all this world, and if I could buy his life with all I had, I would give it.'

Later, before he was given over, Leicester wrote: 'How God will dispose of him I know not, but I must greatly fear the worst. The blow is in so dangerous a place, and so great, yet did I never hear of any man that did abide the dressing of his bones better than he did; and he was carried afterwards in my barge to Arnheim, and I hear this day is still of good heart, and comforteth all around him as well as may be. God of His mercy grant me his life, which I cannot but doubt of greatly.'

The wound was dangerous, and Sir Philip's strength began to give way. He partly adhered to the Reformed faith, but in the hour of death the need of comfort and sympathy showed itself in an earnest desire to make his confession. He wished all Christian ministers of all creeds to come round his bed, and he asked them to pray for and with him. He then made a codicil to his will, and called for music. It was brought to him; and after that he wished his brother, Sir Robert Sidney, farewell.

‘Love my memory, brother,’ he said; ‘cherish my friends, for their faith to me may assure you they are honest; but above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator. Behold in me the end of this life, and all its vanities!’

His brother’s grief knew no bounds, as the dread moment came and passed in which Sir Philip Sidney breathed his last sigh on earth.

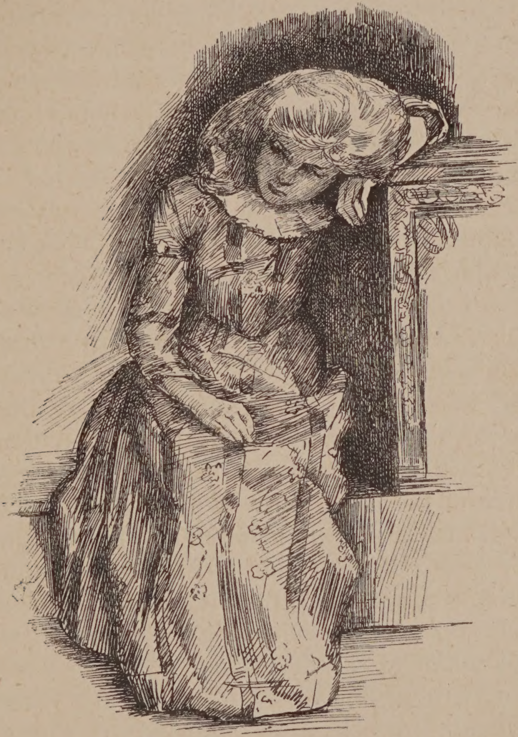
The grief with which the news of this hero’s death, at so early an age also (for he was only thirty-two), was received in England, was very great.

The States of Holland asked leave to bury the hero’s clay; but Queen Elizabeth would not hear of it. His remains were brought over from Flushing to the Tower, and they were buried in St. Paul’s Cathedral. Strange to relate, no monument was erected over his grave; but, a few years later, a wooden tablet was attached to the spot where his bones reposed, and on it these lines:—

England, Netherland, the Heavens and the Arts,
The soldier and the world, have made six parts
Of the noble Sidney; for none will suppose
That a small heap of stones can Sidney enclose.
His body have England, for she it bred;
Netherland his blood, in her defence shed;
The Heavens have his soul, the Arts have his fame,
All soldiers his grief, and the world his good name.

King James I. wrote in very pedantic style a very long epitaph on him, too long to be given here. It was written both in Latin and English.

The universities sincerely mourned his loss; and so deep was the general grief, that for many months after his death it was not thought decorous for any one to appear out of sober colours; and for people of quality who went to court, half-mourning garments were considered a necessity for a considerable length of time. He left a daughter, named after the queen, Elizabeth.



SIDNEY LEFT ONE LITTLE DAUGHTER TO MOURN HIS LOSS.

The character of Sir Philip Sidney is one that has been extolled by almost all writers. As an ancient said of another hero, 'Virtue is beyond the reach of fate.' He was not only learned, but a great patron of learning and its followers. Edmund Spenser, whom he raised, in the poet's own language, from the 'flore,' when Philip, prosperous and honoured, recognised his genius, and, with a zeal indicative of the generosity of his character, was at his lowest ebb of fortune. Spenser was descended from an ancient race (though a Londoner by birth), being the grandson of one Sir John Spenser. He had three female relations, all well married and rich; but Elizabeth, Anne, and Alice Spenser did not recognise the young poet's genius, or if they did, left him to meet his early struggles entirely unaided. Spenser went as a sizar to Cambridge,—a position, as Bulwer expresses it, 'having the badge of a servant with the education of the scholar;' for, altered as it all is in the nineteenth century, in the sixteenth his office was menial and hard. He took both degrees; and when he left college, his departure was, in spite of his lowly position there, a matter of general regret. At Cambridge Spenser acquired the friendship of one Gabriel Harvey, the son of a rope-maker, at that time a student at Trinity Hall. He was a wit and a poet, and wrote some verses, signed by the soubriquet of 'Hobinot,' which were attached to the earlier editions of the *Faery Queen*, he probably thinking that it was better for a lawyer, for such was his profession, not to be known as a versifier. It was Harvey who gave Spenser a letter of introduction to Sidney. Among other disappointments, Spenser, who had with extreme difficulty got a position in Ireland as secretary to Lord Grey de Wilton, Lord Leicester's brother-in-law, lost it about the time of Sir Philip Sidney's death, by the recall to England of his patron. Elizabeth gave Spenser a small estate in county Cork, and he lived there for some years in a castle that had once belonged to the Desmond family. In that old fortress he finished the *Faery Queen*, and received a visit from Sir Walter Raleigh, like himself a friend of Sidney's. The castle was surrounded by beautiful scenery, and the two friends must have mourned together Sir Philip Sidney's premature death.

Sidney and Spenser were nearly of the same age, Sir Walter Raleigh being a little older. Raleigh, born two years before Sidney (1552), was of a good old stock from the West. He was born in a farm-house called Hayes, at Budley, near the mouth of the river Ottery, in Devonshire. His family were of ancient but not noble descent. In 1569 he was sent to the University of Oxford; and a little later, the romantic incident of throwing his rich cloak down on the muddy path, that the queen might walk dry-shod, is related by his historians. From Oxford he went to France, about 1569, and afterwards lived for some time in the Middle Temple in London. His half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, had persuaded Raleigh to accompany him on an expedition to North America; and Elizabeth, having allowed him to name part of a newly-discovered territory in her honour—Virginia, was gracious and yielding to Raleigh, who was not afraid sometimes to give her Majesty some witty reply, so courteously worded as to avoid offence. Raleigh also received grants of land in Ireland, which he intended to cultivate. He might have had it in his mind’s eye to endeavour to acclimatise the tobacco plant, which he had brought over from Virginia. The prejudice against the fragrant weed, in those days of astrology and witchcraft, made Raleigh cautious in his use of it. He used to smoke it at first in his study privately. One day his servant came in with a tankard of ale; but Sir Walter was reading, and did not notice or answer him, and he had his pipe in his mouth.

‘Good Lord and all the saints!’ screamed the man, who had never seen smoke coming out of a man’s mouth before. ‘The master is on fire!’ He threw the ale over Sir Walter, and rushed off for help.

Raleigh and Spenser may have smoked together, and talked of their lost friend, Sir Philip Sidney; and the former certainly listened as Spenser read out the three books of the *Faery Queen* that he had been at work on, and the courtly Walter promised to help him at the palace. Lord Leicester was very jealous of Sir Walter Raleigh; and what a terrible frown Queen Elizabeth must have given an actor, named Tarleton, who, when performing before her, alluded to his supposed influence, by pointing to Sir Walter, and, in allusion to the popular outcry against the knight, declared, ‘See! the knave commands the queen!’ The queen’s frown did not check the audacious artist, who went on to say ‘that Sir Walter was of too much and in too intolerable power.’ Elizabeth, inquiring, found that Leicester had persuaded Tarleton to this piece of insolence, and she forbade him or his jesters to come to court.

Spenser had been madly in love with a fair lady, whose name was Rosalind. She died, and then he married a young girl of humble birth, named Elizabeth.

The marriage took place after Sir Walter's visit in 1590, and Spenser had seven happy years of married life. They soon passed, however. Spenser was not a fortunate man in worldly matters. Ireland broke out into rebellion under the Earl of Tyrone; and, in his absence from home, his house at Kilcolman was burnt to the ground, and he not only lost all his worldly goods, but one of his children perished in the flames. Sidney, his generous friend, no longer at hand to aid Spenser, the poet and his family knew actual want. As he lay on his death-bed, the queen sent him twenty pounds, which he rejected.

'It is too late!' exclaimed the dying poet.

His funeral was very costly, as the remains were laid near Chaucer's, in Westminster Abbey, and the magnificence of the obsequies was strangely out of keeping with the poor lodging he died in. His rich relations, when money could no longer soothe his troubled spirit, spent forty pounds on a fine monument to him; but at the early age of forty-five, life was finished for Edmund Spenser, and he no longer needed the doles of friends, or the cold pity of the world.

Spenser, if not so religious a man as his friend, nor so faultless, was inclined to follow Sir Philip's matchless example. He wished, in choosing King Arthur as the ideal hero of the *Faery Queen*, to 'fashion a gentleman, in noble, virtuous, and gentle discipline.' He strove, like Sir Philip, after ideal qualities; and though, in a world of sordid aims, such hopes are seldom realised, the pursuit of excellence is in itself half the road to virtue. In the *Arcadia*, Sir Philip thus describes a 'chivalrous example;' that is, one who fights Christ's cause against the devil:—

'Courage was guided with skill. Their skill was armed with courage, neither did their hardiness darken their wit, nor their wit cool their hardiness. Both valiant, as men despising death; and both confident, as being unaccustomed to be overcome. Their feet steady, their eyes watchful, their hearts resolute.' Many have we seen in our own generation who realised this picture. Men like Gordon and Damien, fighting with the sacred badge on their hearts, not merely for honour's sake alone, but to bring home His lambs, in the burning plains of Africa and the haunts of disease and leprosy, to the knowledge of that Cross. To contemplate a noble example, how good it is! Such an example Sidney set the court of which he was 'the darling,' being described 'as the nourisher of virtue in courts, a standard for the world to fashion itself thereto.' Another writer, Camden, extols Sidney as 'the great glory of that family, great hope of mankind, the most lively pattern of virtue, and the darling of the learned world.' Great praise from one who knew him well, for they had been friends at college, where Sir Philip aided the great biographer in his literary pursuits.

Raleigh's story has been one often told, so I will end this chapter with only a short recapitulation of his career, so romantic and so chequered. He made four journeys to Virginia, and was both governor of Munster, and later, of Cork, in Ireland. In July 1583, one of his projected voyages fell through; for, though he and Sir Humphrey Gilbert had set out for Newfoundland, the plague breaking out in their vessel, they were obliged to put back into Plymouth. Sir Walter, however, ever eager for discovery, obtained Queen Elizabeth's permission to set off in March following to explore for 'unknown countries.'

The vessels and men were all provided at his own expense, for Sir Walter (before his time) dreamt of a country where he should find gold. He never found his El Dorado, and the discovery of the regions of precious ore was reserved to our own practical century, and only realised in the scramble of the Californian and Australian diggings. After assisting at the destruction of the Spanish Armada, Sir Walter had fresh honours showered on him. He was made Lord Warden of the Stanneries in 1586, and Lieutenant-General of the Duchy of Cornwall. A grant of land at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, was given him in 1590; and though the queen forgave him a love affair with one of her maids of honour (whom he afterwards married), Mistress Elizabeth Throgmorton, and sent him as ambassador to Flanders, besides making him governor of Jersey, he lost all favour at court when Elizabeth died. Queen Anne of Denmark liked him; but he had powerful enemies, and not even his great services during his four voyages to Virginia, or his merits as a man of letters, which were great, saved him from being accused of complicity in a plot against James I.'s life. He was tried, in 1603, at Winchester, and condemned to death, but reprieved, his punishment being imprisonment for life in the Tower of London. Till then his pen had been devoted to lively topics; but in a damp lodging in prison, broken down and aged by care, if not years, shabby and miserable, he wrote his *History of the World.* It was a noble book, of which he said himself 'the world is not worthy.' His estates were taken away, and given to King James's favourite, Robert Carr, Earl of

Somerset; and from 1603 to 1616 he languished in prison, solaced by his work, his pen lightening the hours otherwise so gloomy. He must have found in work forgetfulness. And he who had been reproached for his extravagance in dress, one suit of white satin, with jewels to the amount of sixty thousand pounds, and a silver set of armour, with a belt of diamonds, having been his attire in Elizabeth's reign on some splendid occasion, had to complain of want of light and the dampness of his prison. However, in 1616 he was released, and empowered to set off on a fresh voyage of discovery. He landed at Guiana, where his son was killed in an encounter with the Spaniards; and in consequence of his having acted, so it was said, contrary to orders, in conniving at the burning of St. Thomas, he was again imprisoned. Thus once more a prisoner, careworn and sad, disgraced and ill, he said that the king might do what he liked with his miserable life, he left it to the king's mercy. When reproached for not attending to the care of his person, he said he used to comb his hair an hour daily, but refused to do so till he knew whether the hangman was to have his head or no.

In vain the Bishop of Winchester petitioned as a last favour, when James visited him on his deathbed (that was, ‘the life of an old gentleman much favoured by the queen,’ meaning Sir Walter); King James refused sternly any alleviation in his fate. A writ was issued for his execution, and he was executed in Old Palace Yard.

Thus ended on the scaffold the eventful life of one not so estimable as Sidney, yet not the less one of his friends and contemporaries in the ‘Golden Age’ of ‘Good Queen Bess.’

LOUIS XVII. OF FRANCE

CHAPTER V.

LOUIS XVII., A PRINCE OF PROMISE.

'A BROKEN LILY.'

ONE day at Versailles, the end of the last century, a boy of almost angelic beauty was darting along a glade in the forest, near the Petit Trianon, when he stumbled and fell.

He fell close to a very nasty bramble.

'Take care!' cried the tutor who was with him; 'you might have blinded yourself, had you tumbled into the bush.'

'Well, what then?' cried the young prince, for such was his rank. 'Thorny paths lead to glory.'

His mother, who was coming up close behind him, was told of the remark. The tutor thought it showed a fine trait of character, but the wiser mother rebuked him for calling the child's freak 'glorious.'

'Nay, my child,' said she; 'such a word can only be given to heroes, such as Bayard, Duguesclin, Turenne, and others; for they deserve the name of "glorious."'

'Then, *ma mère*,' said little Prince Louis, 'I will only seek my glory in obeying you.'

The little prince of whom this anecdote is told has the saddest story in history. He was born to a great position, yet died in a prison. His parents, Louis XVI. of France and Queen Marie Antoinette, were very proud of him. He was in good truth a ‘prince of promise,’ and first saw the light in that splendid palace at Versailles, built by Louis XIV. to gratify his wish for a home out of Paris, and which it took twelve long years to erect, in 1666, while the place itself was a mere village.

The time of the year was March, the date about a hundred years before our time, when little Prince Louis was born. His mother had been taken suddenly ill. She was young, beautiful, and beloved; and the king, frantic with anxiety, sent off couriers in hot haste to the capital, for Paris was ten miles distant from Versailles. The couriers rode as quickly as they could, but they and their panting steeds had scarcely reached the gates of the Hôtel de Ville when other messengers, close on their heels, dashed up to say that another prince had been born to France.

The Ministers of State, too late to be present at the birth (as is customary with royal people), gave orders for rejoicings on the following day after Louis's birth. It was seven o'clock in the evening when the news arrived. Next day, long before the good Parisian burghers were out of bed, a long salvo of artillery announced to the sleeping citizens that the child was born.

All then was excitement, bustle, and confusion. Marie Antoinette at that time was popular. The municipal authorities hurried off to Versailles to congratulate the royal couple, and to take the king's orders with regard to the celebration of so auspicious an event. The child's life began in sunshine. No evil omens presaged how ill it would end! The sky of prosperity was serene, and the little cloud of discontent, that was later to darken the horizon, as yet invisible. It was there, all the same; but no one saw it behind the burst of joy that seemed to greet the boy's birth. The usual orders were given. Illuminations, Te Deums at Nôtre Dame Cathedral and other churches were observed, and all etiquette and old customs respected. The king's orders were executed. A huge bonfire was erected in the Place de la Greve. It was near the Seine. It was an old custom that the Prefect of Paris should light the bonfire, at the head of a solemn procession. The municipal officers and the Governor of Paris, in accordance with old customs, walked gravely round the fire.

Paris wore its most brilliant and gay aspect, and all seemed bright, happy, joyous. The streets were splendidly illuminated.

The little baby throve, and was baptized the day of his birth, and was named Louis Charles. He was a bonnie child; and many illustrious godfathers and godmothers were present or represented at the christening. He was created Duke of Normandy—a title that had not been bestowed on any prince since the reign of Charles VII., whose fourth son had borne it.

When Marie Antoinette went to Paris, the early part of the following May, 1785, to return thanks at Nôtre Dame for her safety, her reception was most enthusiastic. The *vox populi* uttered nothing but blessings, and her popularity seemed limitless, and as great as the king's when a week before he had visited the capital. If honesty of purpose, good intentions, and a well-meaning character had been sufficient for France, well might Louis XVI. have merited and kept his people's love! Unfortunately, the heavy wrongs of his people, when he ascended the throne, were beyond the reach of mere goodness of heart. France needed a firm, wise ruler, and did not find it in Louis XVI., in spite of his many estimable qualities. Had Louis XVI. ascended the throne in calm and prosperous times, he might have lived and died, transmitting his name to history as an excellent king. Unfortunately, revolution was at hand, and it was beyond the power of a man, youthful and inexperienced, of facile character and a too easy disposition, to stem its tide by anything other than rational reforms, coupled with firmness. It was a day of theories about ideal republics and the imaginary powers of Equality and Fraternity. Rousseau and Voltaire in France, Schiller in Germany, and Alfieri in Italy, had propounded those theories as a panacea for all wrongs, and even the clergy and nobility followed the example of all classes in embracing such philosophic ideas for alleviating the discontent and misery then prevalent in France.

Good as Louis was, he was not wise enough to read the signs of the times. Even his first selection of a minister was against his own convictions. He felt disposed to choose a minister of enlightened views; but, undecided and vacillating, he ended by selecting one opposed to modern ideas. He wished to do right; but he had a constitutional mistrust of his own powers, which stultified his thorough integrity. Thus, these unfortunate characteristics—a want of firmness and distrust of himself—led him to adhere obstinately to the old state of things, when, had he but abandoned the former *régime*, and introduced rational reforms, the people's desire of freedom had (perhaps) never degenerated into bloody revolution. In the early days of his reign, happy in his marriage and family, all looked bright, and he lacked the sagacity to hear, behind the cheers of the populace, the groans of the oppressed and heavily-tried tillers of the soil, and the overtaxed burghers of the city. Outwardly all looked sunshine, and, if the thunder-clap were near, as yet the clear skies gave no warning of the coming tempest.

Our little hero was not their eldest son. The queen and Louis lost two children in 1781, and by the death of his brother the child born later became Dauphin of France. Most of his childish days were passed at Versailles. The splendid palace in which he drew his first breath, and where his parents lived, was built by Louis XIV. in 1666. Versailles up to that date had been but an obscure hamlet, where his predecessor, the thirteenth Louis, had a hunting-seat. A large forest, thirty miles round, enclosed the little village. Louis XIV., who never hesitated on the score of expense when his wishes or whims were in question, determined to live out of Paris, and selected Versailles as a suitable site for a palace that should be in keeping with the magnificence of his magnificent ideas. In our own century we have seen a hapless king wrecked by a similar love of magnificence; but Louis of Bavaria, with finer artistic tastes than his kingship of France, had not the same resources as his model and namesake. It took twelve years to build the palace at Versailles, which is, or rather was, the wonder of the world. Its front façade was of polished stone, adorned with statues and a colonnade of Doric architecture. It may give one an idea of this famed palace, to realise that its windows numbered three hundred and seventy-five; while the Place d’Armes, in front of the principal façade, is eight hundred feet broad. The gardens, five miles in extent, filled with lovely parterres and fine statues, fountains, and splendid orangeries, were planted with care; while the range of a fine park beyond, with waterfalls, woods, thickets, and meadow lands, made it a charming domain for the royal family. Our little hero is described as a prince full of engaging qualities—high-spirited, but remarkably attractive in manner, and very amenable to maternal reproof. A word from his mother was enough, though the large number of governesses and female attendants that French etiquette compelled the queen to have about the young prince, were often unable to subdue his high spirit to obedience without her help. Disobedience vanished when Marie Antoinette came on the scene.

She had been brought up in habits of obedience herself. She adored the boy, but she made him do what he was told, and never gave way when once she ordered him to do anything. He was very sensitive. One day, when he was about five or six years old, the queen was singing at her piano, the little Dauphin near her. He was so quiet, that, when his aunt, Madame Elizabeth, came into the room, she said,—

‘Why, Charles has fallen asleep!’

Up started the child. ‘No one could sleep,’ he cried, ‘while the Queen Mamma is singing!’

All classes admired the king’s private virtues, however depraved and discontented they themselves might be; but it was not fortunate for this hapless royal family that etiquette compelled them to live screened from public observation. The people saw but little of the king and his wife; they, less of the dreadful needs of their subjects; and many about them, from self-interest, tried to influence Louis XVI. and to keep him in ignorance of many existing abuses which added to the people's woes.

The previous king (who was once compared to Solomon, not for his wisdom, but as a monarch leading a voluptuary's life while his subjects were in misery) had been so open a profligate that the populace found it difficult to believe in the king and queen's virtuous, moral, and good lives. The former, only twenty-three when he came to the throne, was ardently devoted to his wife; and she was equally irreproachable in morals, but not prudent in conduct. Young, gay, happy, and innocent, she forgot to be circumspect in a palace whose atmosphere had been tainted with scenes of open vice in previous reigns. The mob believed in the king, and believed in his goodness, fondly hoping that his reign would be a revival of the good old times of Henri Quatre; but, recollecting the gross atrocities of the previous reign, they misjudged the queen's lively and merry disposition, and she became the object of a great deal of slander. She was extremely handsome, distinguished in bearing, and with a great deal of natural dignity; but, brought up in paths of virtue, it did not occur to Marie Antoinette that as a queen she could not act as freely as when, a young princess, she had lived in a more virtuous world. Her delight in her children, her simple pleasures at the little Trianon at Versailles, were soon to be extinguished by the voice of misrepresentation; for most cruel slanders were raised about her character, which, coming to her ears, entered like iron into her soul.

The little Dauphin had a plot of ground to cultivate as his ‘own’ garden at Versailles. His father had made him a present of various gardening tools, and it was his favourite pleasure to gather his queenly mother a nosegay every morning out of his own plot of garden ground. If it rained, and he could not run out to gather the flowers himself, he was much disappointed; for, a little afraid of the king, his love to his mother was very tender and true. His goodness was a great comfort to them both in the days that soon followed his birth, when traces of tears and anxious hours often became visible on their faces. He would look at them wistfully, with all a child’s silent sympathy in troubles that he divines without understanding. The king often sought to drown care by personally teaching the little prince. He encouraged everything that could make him strong and healthy, and above the roar of discontented voices complaining of financial calamities that were of frequent occurrence in discontented France, and that they attributed to the king’s bad government, rose the praise of even offended factions at the little prince’s early talents and rare promise.

The mistakes that Louis XVI. committed in the earlier part of his reign, chiefly from inexperience, prevented his retracing his steps when troubles came at length in tumultuous fashion. We are not writing a tale of his hapless career, but before proceeding with our story of Louis XVII. (a prince who, born to rule, never reigned), in order to make his history clear, we must understand something of the circumstances that made his life so sad and so tragic.

We often speak of the first French Revolution of 1789 as an exceptional event—something that came about without sufficient cause or justification. Unhappily, it was not without cause; for the bloody anarchy that overwhelmed France and horrified the world, in what is called the great French Revolution, was the outcome of many wrongs. For long years the French peasantry had been cruelly oppressed by unjust laws and heavy taxation. The burghers in the city were equally oppressed, and no one class escaped, except the nobles, clergy, and courtiers. In free England it is difficult to realise a government in which the liberty of a man and woman might be bought and sold, yet such was one of the great abuses of the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., and the words *lettres de cachet* had a terror of their own in France. Such was the name by which certain warrants of arrests were called at that period. Any one could be imprisoned by means of these letters. They were sold unfilled up, and a regular barter made of them. Under such a state of things, a well-filled purse enabled a wealthy person to take away any one's liberty, should he have a spite against him or her. Woe to that unhappy wretch, who, innocent or guilty, was thrown into the dungeons of the Bastille! Within those gloomy walls a prisoner might languish for years without even the hope of a fair trial; for all justice had fled the land, every state official was corrupted by gold. Trade was at a standstill, for such severe regulations were imposed on all who were engaged in commerce, that even when a merchant made a fortune, the *intendant* of the province where he lived would find, by means of taxes and fines, some way of getting it out of him. If rich, or with friends at court, the trader might be tempted to seek redress, only to retire with the conviction that the whole system of government was hollow and oppressive, justice listening to none without a golden key to open its ears. The rustic tiller of the land was no better off than the trader buying the produce of others.

Wine, corn, salt, were all taxed. The very grapes that the peasant grew were liable to duty before he gathered them in the vineyards.

The necessaries of life were so dear, that the peasant had no money left from the sale of the produce of his land to pay the rent he owed for the farm. The owner of the estate, unable to get his rent, was also necessitous and poor.

Nor were the thoughts of men, and the books in which they noted them down, freer from taxation. The best books of the day were often burnt by the common hangman, if deemed too Protestant and enlightened in the eyes of the clergy — a class exempted from fines.

Conscription might be escaped by payment of money, but if the peasant escaped military service he had still to submit to the *corvée*. 'Military *corvée*' was a name given to the obligation imposed on the tillers of the soil to assist in transporting army stores and baggage. He got no payment for such service. 'Civil *corvée*' compelled him to repair and make roads, and erect public buildings, whenever called on to do it by his superiors. He could not evade the duty, even if engaged in sowing his seed or threshing the corn.

While the little Dauphin tended his garden, and his mother performed all her duties in an exemplary manner, the king, deluded by interested advisers into the belief that the popular demands were antagonistical to his royal prerogatives, and therefore to be resisted, lived in a delusion that the realm would become more tranquil through his personal popularity. The storm thickened, and discontent was rife.

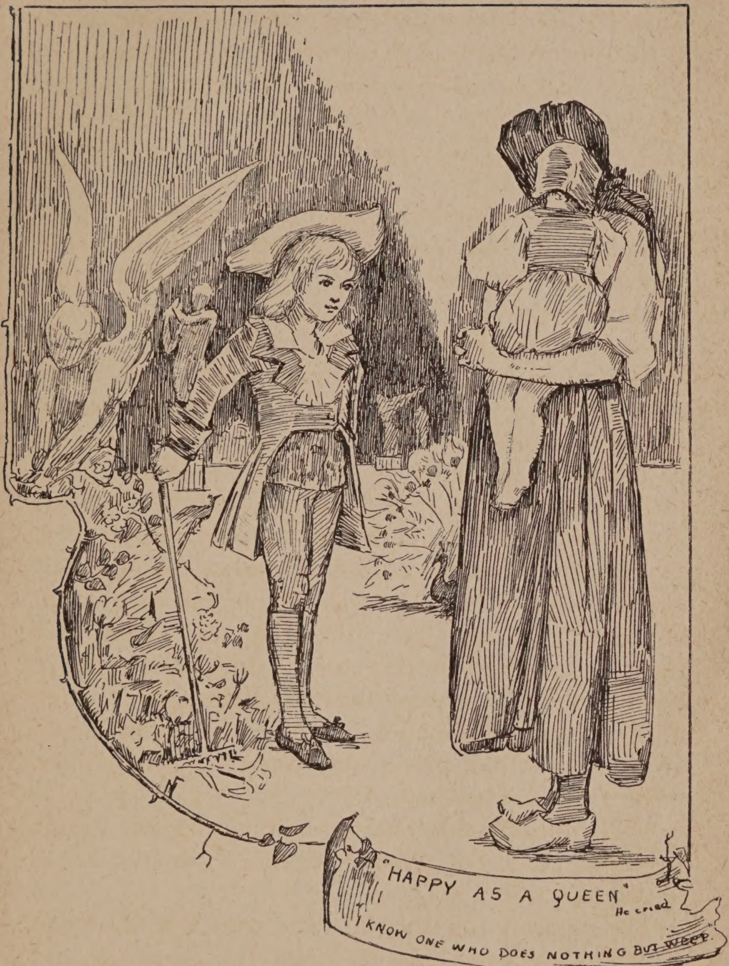
The king was still popular; but the leaders of the democratic factions poisoned the ears of his subjects with slanderous tales of the 'Austrian's' frivolity and indifference to the miseries of France. The king's reign had begun so brilliantly that it was very difficult for Marie Antoinette to realise that her husband had long ceased to be the hope of the country, and that the many errors of a long line of bad kings were to be expiated by the present monarch. They passed years, during which there was yet time to remedy the errors of the earlier days of Louis XVI.'s reign, in leading lives of virtue, but in doing nothing that could save the people from blind actions of revenge and despair. Religion had ceased to influence the multitude. The atheistical writers of the day were tolerated, while the Protestants were severely persecuted. The greater number of the clergy were superstitious and intolerant. They lost their influence over the masses by gagging as far as possible all freedom of discussion. Some among the priests were highly educated men ; but the majority, who were not, saw not the coming storm, blind to it through their own intolerance and ignorance. The absence of religion was a great factor in the ultimate fate of the French royal family ; for such Christianity as the priests preached, while leading lives of indifference to the woes of the masses, left the road clear to the 'new doctrines,' as they were called, of Voltaire and others. Such doctrines were but sorry substitutes for Christ’s teaching, that resignation, patience, and trust, while enduring trials in this life, would lead to a crown of glory in another. Yet the peasant and burgher, and many of the nobles, saw light on the horizon only in that misleading cry of ‘Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,’ and ‘Down with the priests!’

In beautiful contrast to the profligacy of the upper classes, stands side by side near Marie Antoinette the pure life and high ideals and the heroism of Madame Elizabeth, the king’s sister, and aunt to our little hero. She was beautiful, saintly, and good; and the lessons of piety that little Louis learnt from Marie Antoinette were indelibly fixed in his young mind by the lovely example that she set every one of goodness to the poor, seconded by Madame Elizabeth. The little Dauphin’s character became known. On his way to his own little garden he was often waylaid by mothers and their children, who loved to meet his sweet, loving face. He was not proud with other children. If any were in need, he would give them money, recollecting to ask his mother for it. One day he was bending over his little garden, when a poor woman came up to ask him some little favour, or perhaps to ask him to lay her case before those who could give her help.

‘Oh, Monseigneur,’ she cried, clasping her hands together, ‘if I get what I desire, I should be as happy as a queen!’

The princely boy was bending over the border to gather a daisy for his mother. He stood up and looked her earnestly in the face.

‘Happy as a queen!’ he cried. ‘I know one who does nothing but weep.’


"HAPPY AS A QUEEN" He cried
I KNOW ONE WHO DOES NOTHING BUT WEEP.

However, he promised to plead the poor soul's cause. Next day he found her waiting impatiently to hear the reply, near his little garden. His face was radiant.

'I've got an answer!' he cried, drawing out of his pocket a louis d'or in paper. 'That is the queen's answer; and this,' he continued, giving her a flower, 'is mine.'

This little prince was extraordinarily sensitive and precocious; by no means faultless in character, but conscientious in blaming himself when he had done wrong, even at a very early age.

His mother, whose dignity of character asserted itself over her naturally gay and frivolous turn of mind, as the troubles of the time began to thicken around her, sought, in watching over the little Dauphin's education, to distract her mind from the crushing anxieties of the national discontent. One day he was repeating some poetry to her. He stopped and began to hiss.

'What is that for?' said the queen, looking up in surprise.

'I was hissing myself, mamma,' he replied, 'because I repeated my lesson so badly.'

Of course, in his princely position, he was the object both of flattery and attention. All his little sayings were repeated; and it was his parents' endeavour to repress the self-consciousness that they saw in his nature. He had a great deal of natural pride. Poor child! in the future he was destined to be humbled enough!

Louis's good heart gave him a tact and perception of the feelings of others beyond his childish age. For instance, there was a very celebrated boarding-school for young ladies of position at St. Cloud. The superior of it was intimate with one of the court ladies, and one day the former presented herself at the maid of honour’s rooms. She frankly avowed the object of her visit was to obtain leave to see the little Dauphin, having heard so much about him. Permission having been obtained, the superior and two of her pupils were taken into the queen’s apartments, where the Dauphin was sitting with his mother. The stately kindness of the queen, the splendour of the palace, overwhelmed the two pupils. They trembled from head to foot as they bent down and kissed first the queen’s and then the little prince’s hand, that he tendered in the manner he had been taught to do to those who were beneath him. Before the superior herself could follow their example, he ran across the large apartment, and, lifting up his radiant face, exclaimed in a loving voice,—

‘But you, madame! *you* should kiss my forehead.’

In the meantime, France was fast becoming rebellious against the monarchy, although the virtues of the king and queen still kept many of their subjects attached to the royal cause. The queen had become intensely unpopular with the mob, and all the mistakes committed by the king were ascribed to her evil influence. Their friends began to desert the court, and, indeed, were urged to do so by the royal family themselves; for it was evident, even to the blinded eyes of Louis XVI. himself, that a terrible struggle between royalty, and its very existence as an institution, and revolution and anarchy, was at hand. Indeed, a struggle between the two powers—that is, between the monarchy and the people—began on the 17th July 1789, the date on which a National

Assembly was formally proclaimed in Paris. The provinces were more disturbed than the capital, and there republicanism reigned supreme. In the provinces, the misery of the working classes, being more apparent, seemed to justify revolution, but not the wild excesses that commenced the downfall of the monarchy in France. Voltaire, whose influence had been on the side of unbelief, and whose atheistical writings had taken away from the masses the only consolation that they possessed (belief in a future life rectifying the mistakes and trials of the earthly one), as well as Rousseau, who, while not denying God, declared that 'man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains,' had thoroughly weakened the influence of the clergy, who, opposed to progress and knowledge, were powerless in the hour of vengeance to stem the bloody retribution that was about to overtake the aristocracy of the land. News kept arriving of chateaux burnt to the ground, assassinations, and all the signs of impending revolution. Class rose against class, philosophers had taken away all faith in God, and the political economists, such as Rousseau, had taught them distrust of the aristocracy.

As our little hero was the victim of the Revolution, in order to make you understand the reason for the troubles of unhappy France during the reign of Louis XVI., I must digress a little from his history to trace the causes that led to it.

When Louis XVI. first ascended the French throne, he was full of honest purpose, and acted in the original instance honestly towards his subjects. His first State minister was Turgot, who shared many of what were called 'the new ideas,' and was therefore a man unacceptable to those who held that a king could do no wrong, and that the Church—that is, the priesthood—were to influence the affairs of State. The clergy were opposed to reforms, and were ignorant that beneath the prevailing infidelity of the day, their own lives—too often profligate ones, their indifference to the miseries of the heavily-taxed peasants, were chiefly to blame. Had the Church been but true to the Divine tenets of Christ, Voltaire and Rousseau had never led the vast numbers they did in the direction of a total denial of the existence of God; and it was an ignorant and untaught mob who, in the early days of the Revolution, turned against the aristocrats, as later they did against that priesthood who had left them in ignorance that bloodshed and anarchy can never lead to freedom.

Turgot planned wise reforms, and carried many good measures out, during the time that he was Minister of Finance and of the Interior to Louis XVI. Those offices in France answered to ours in England of Chancellor of the Exchequer and Home Secretary. Turgot tried to relieve the peasantry of taxes that made their life almost unendurable. All the produce of the land was taxed. Turgot loved the people, and passionately desired their welfare. Such a minister speedily became highly unpopular with the court party. Louis was good, and loved a quiet, homely life. He was far happier in his workshop than in any court pageant, however magnificent. He had a great mechanical turn of mind, and, in the company of a blacksmith, delighted in making locks. That taste and a love of hunting were his chief characteristics. He was shy and reserved, and had no discernment of character. Turgot endeavoured to lead him to realise his own ideal of monarchy, 'The king above all, for the good of all;' but Louis XVI. lacked the wisdom to learn from so able a teacher. His chief adviser, and the person he loved above every one else in the world, was his wife, Queen Marie Antoinette. In her he confided, and by her he was ruled. Alas for both, that, educated in the narrow precincts of an Austrian court to believe that a king can do no wrong, she in her turn was influenced by the party who did not heed the thunder in the distance, and, neglecting the true interest of their country, were among the first to perish in the downfall of the monarchy. Turgot was no ignorant minister. He had adopted the 'new ideas,' but wished to initiate them by wise and moderate measures. The nobility were exempt from taxation, and enriched by the honest tillers of the soil; their example was, in the reign of Louis XIV. and during the licentious days of Louis XV., a disgrace to their order. Extravagance and open profligacy were but too often the only example that the upper classes set to the middle and lower orders; and, in the earlier part of her reign, Marie Antoinette herself had been an example of frivolity and extravagance, which she expiated in later years on the scaffold. Despising the lower orders, and looking upon the peasantry as created solely to minister to the needs of those above them, she did not realise that it was her duty to inquire into their condition, and to use her influence with the king to ameliorate their miseries.

Turgot wished to abolish the *corvée*, which was the unpaid labour of the peasantry, compelled by law to make roads, or transport the corn of any noble or official who happened to be in the neighbourhood. He also tried to abolish all guilds and sinecures about the court, in order to cheapen food and clothing by opening out new paths to all who wished to earn their livelihood by honest labour. Turgot soon became unpopular at court. Marie Antoinette disliked him, for he rebuked her extravagance; and, against the advice of the Austrian ambassador, speaking in the name of her mother, Maria Theresa, the king yielded to the queen's advice, and Turgot was dismissed before he had had time to carry out his patriotic endeavours for his country. After Turgot came Necker, in 1776, who was no statesman like Turgot, but a good financier, for he was a banker (Genevese) by profession. He too endeavoured, like Turgot, to reform the taxation of the overburdened land; but again the nobility and the court found him too honest a minister for their interested views, and Louis weakly acceded to his dismissal. Necker was followed by Calonne, who, fearing to offend the nobility, did not follow up the reforms that had been planned by his two predecessors. He opposed no obstacles when the queen pressed for money; and a speech of his has become historical. In reply to Marie Antoinette's demand for lavish funds, he said, 'If it is possible, madame, it shall be done. If it is impossible, it shall be done.'

In 1787, the Archbishop of Toulouse, Brienne, and a favourite of Marie Antoinette's, replaced Calonne; but matters became, under his administration, even more hopeless than before, and, after a brief tenure of office, Louis summoned back to his aid the still popular Necker, by whose genius for finance the king hoped to escape from the ruin consequent on his inability to pay even the interest on the national debt. Necker was popular for a time, till those who had looked to his advent in hopes that he would influence the king to meet the people's wishes for reform (the outcry for which came now as much from all classes as from the 'Third Estate,'—that is, the people) felt he too was powerless to influence Louis to reign according to the 'new ideas.' Those 'new ideas' aimed at equality for all classes ; and, in short, the total destruction of the feudal system, and an established democracy, was the sum-total of the demands of all classes. The nobles and clergy began to see that Louis was quite unequal to the task of governing as a people's king. He clung to old traditions, and would make no concessions to popular outcry. Pamphlets were written, meetings took place, at which open revolution was ardently advocated, and the king's inefficiency openly denounced ; and at length, Parliament having failed to come to any understanding with the king on the subject of reform, cut the knot that still bound the French people to the side of an hereditary monarchy, by forcing the States-General into a National Assembly. This step on behalf of the Third Estate—that is to say, those deputies who represented the orders not belonging to the clergy and nobility—was of course bitterly resented by the court party. Matters, however, were beyond the reach of compromise. The queen resented this defiance of the king's prerogatives. Louis, irresolute and vacillating, ordered the deputies to disperse. When the court chamberlain requested the president to attend to the king's commands, and asked him if he had heard him, up started the Marquis de Mirabeau, a clever and unscrupulous noble, who had attached himself to the popular side, and declared in a ringing tone of voice that they had 'heard the king's orders,' but would only quit their seats 'if turned out by the soldiers' bayonets.'

Necker resigned in alarm; the king surrounded Paris with Swiss and German regiments, whose presence, he trusted, would preserve peace; and the demagogues of the day met daily near the Palais Royal to keep up a political agitation that was fast making the royal cause thoroughly hopeless. Necker's resignation caused universal consternation. As long as he remained in office the popular party were sure that the king would be restrained from employing his soldiers to disperse the National Assembly. They demanded the withdrawal of the king's soldiers from the capital. Louis refused to accede to the request, and ordered Necker to leave the kingdom. A young democrat, Camille Desmoulins, mounted a table in the Palais Royal, and cried out, 'To arms! to arms! The king is preparing a massacre for patriots! To arms! to arms!' A riot followed. The king, still irresolute, ordered the soldiers to disperse the people. The German regiment obeyed, and endeavoured to disperse a procession decorated with green cockades,—the colour of hope,—and drove them into the Tuileries Gardens. Blood was shed; barricades were made in the streets of Paris, the paving-stones being torn up for the purpose; the populace shouted for arms, and plundered, in search of pikes, every gunsmith's shop they came to; while the French soldiery, three thousand five hundred strong, deserted in a body to the popular side. Thus began the Revolution. It was the 13th July 1789; and on the 14th, after breaking open the prisons and burning all the tax collectors' offices, the mob, who by that time were masters of the day, marched in a body to the Bastille, the large State prison in the Faubourg St. Antoine. The old governor, the Marquis de Launay, was ordered by the mob to surrender the place. He was prepared to defend it, and replied, with great gallantry, that he would far rather set fire to the place than surrender it. In the end the place fell into the hands of the Revolutionists, and though De Launay had been promised his life if he would surrender, he was murdered on his way to the Hôtel de Ville, and his head, fixed on a pike, was carried through the streets, a ghastly trophy of insurrection. The destruction of the Bastille took place on the 14th July 1789.

The Duke of Liancourt hurried off to Versailles to tell the king, who exclaimed, when told, 'It is an insurrection!'

'Nay, sire,' replied the duke; 'it is more than a revolt—it is a revolution!'

The court were horrified at the turn affairs had taken. The king and queen saw—but too late—the error that had been committed in sending Necker away (because he had the confidence of the middle classes); but the days of grace were over.

Unfortunately, Marie Antoinette, when she first ascended the throne, was very young and inexperienced, and all the errors of judgment that she committed were turned against her by her enemies, who did not hesitate to base most scandalous stories on incidents of the most innocent description; but none denied that she was a sincere friend to those who enjoyed her intimacy. The feeling against the aristocracy being very strong, the king and queen entreated several of their court to leave them. They were anxious to deprive themselves of their supporters rather than that their friends should run any risk by remaining. The Duchess of Polignac was amongst those whom the queen wished to leave. The duchess, who was the Dauphin’s governess, refused. The queen still insisted, and positively ordered her to quit the court, as the noble house to which the duchess belonged was known to have received so many marks of royal favour, that they were likely personages to fall under popular displeasure.

‘Do not give me another reason for anxiety by remaining,’ replied the queen; and the duchess yielded to her wishes. Under pretext of going to some baths, she retired to Switzerland, and then went on into Austria.

The king’s brother, the Count d’Artois, had already fled; and an emigration of French nobility, from that time, began to other countries, where they could feel safer.

The Revolutionary party, in the meantime, were not at all actuated by a wish to carry their measures by violence. Abuses were as much as possible redressed, and the National Assembly exerted the powers that the national voice had given them, by restoring order. Up to that time no one had hinted that any limit should be placed on the monarch’s prerogatives. Louis had been compelled to yield to popular clamour to recognise the National Assembly, and he had promised to withdraw his troops from Paris, and to recall Necker. This news caused general satisfaction; while the Assembly, who declared all offices of State vacant, created a National Guard, the French soldiers who had gone over to the National side being incorporated into the municipal regiment. Bailly, a mathematician, who had joined the Revolutionists, was made Mayor of Paris; and Lafayette, a young French nobleman, who had distinguished himself in America during the war with England, was appointed captain and commander of the National Guard. The green cockades doffed by the mob at the burning of the Bastille were replaced by the tricolor, which still remains the national emblem of the French Republic. The green colour had been, if you recollect, selected by Camille Desmoulins as the shade denoting *hope;* but when the mob recollected that it had been the colour of the liveries worn by the servants of the king's brother, the Count d'Artois, who was universally detested, they tore it from their hats, and substituted blue and red, and Lafayette suggested adding white to the blue and red, that being the colour of France. In that way the tricolor cockade was originated as the badge of Republican principles.

Although the excesses of the Revolution were condemned, as they deserved to be, by the whole civilised world, it must not be forgotten that the popular side was a just one. The miseries of the French people, and the corrupt nature of the two preceding reigns, the example of open profligacy set by Louis XV. and his courtiers, the oppressions of the nobles, and last, not least, the inequalities of the laws and the flagrant injustice of the way in which they were carried out, all justified popular discontent; yet had Louis XVI. had the wisdom to see the signs of the times, he might have, even at the eleventh hour, saved France from the crimes it later perpetrated. Louis, and above all, Marie Antoinette, would not recognise that the days of the feudal system and the Divine right of kings were past and gone. The doctrine that all men were born equal found no favour in their eyes. The prejudices of education, and the flattery of courtiers interested in keeping their eyes closed to the real state of affairs, blinded them to the dangers that lay before them. Louis was disposed to make concessions; but the queen, of a more fearless temper, only made them with a mental reservation to evade carrying them into effect.

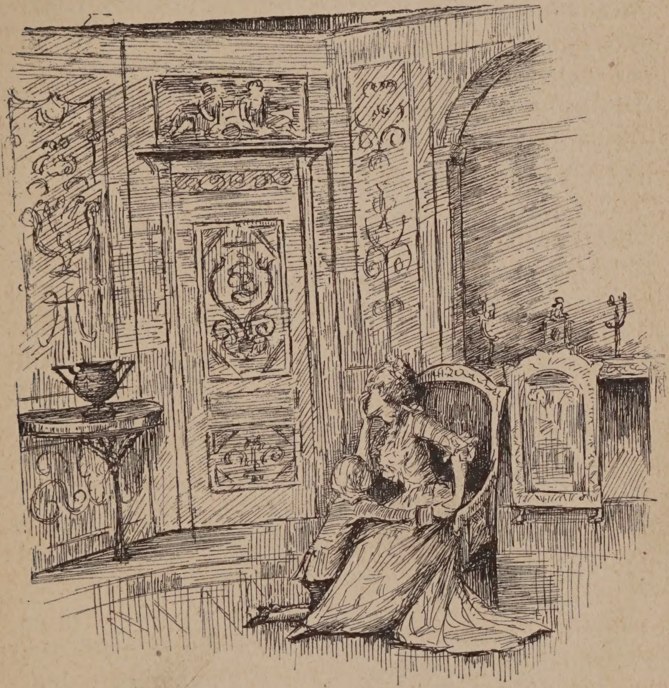
Louis having consented to recognise the National Assembly, was invited to go to Paris and meet its deputies. There were not wanting bad advisers to endeavour to prevent Louis keeping the promise that he had made of doing so. The royal family at Versailles, from the moment that the State coach drove out of the courtyard, the king inside it, bound for Paris, were terribly anxious. Marie Antoinette, devotedly attached to the king, wept with alarm, and kept her children with her all day long. As to our little hero the Dauphin, he kept running to the salon windows, that he might be the first to tell his mother that the king was safely home. In his childish way he tried to console her.

'He is going to return! He will return!' the Dauphin kept exclaiming. 'Papa is so good, no one will hurt him!'

The king, attended by a few members of the Assembly, and a small number of the National Guard, had driven to Paris. As he passed through the barriers at Passy, the mayor, Bailly, presented him with the keys of the city. The king recollected that these were the identical keys that Henry IV. had had given him when Paris surrendered to that monarch; nor was the mayor slow to enforce the historical reminiscence by saying,—

'He, Henry IV., had conquered his people; but, sire, the people have now made a conquest of their king!'

The king's amiable disposition did not resent the speech. He affixed the tricolor cockade on his



'HE IS GOING TO RETURN! HE WILL RETURN!'

hat when he reached the Hôtel de Ville, and showed himself from the balcony to the populace. In their satisfaction at feeling that the king recognised the Revolution, loud cries of '*Vive le Roi! vive le Roi!*' and '*Vive la nation!*' rent the air, and for the hour the king's popularity came back. The queen welcomed him back to Versailles at the door of the palace; and then, leaning on his arm, she and the king showed themselves on a balcony that overlooked a large court paved with marble, when the inhabitants of Versailles, palm branches, decked with gay ribbons, in their hands, uttered frantic shouts of joy. It was dusk, yet the king twice went out on to the balcony to show himself to the people. The delight of Versailles at seeing him safely back could not entirely efface in his mind the turmoil that he had left behind him in Paris.

The National Assembly, that had declared itself master of the situation after the fall of the Bastille, met in a chamber constructed like a theatre. The president's chair was the centre of a semicircle of seats, and beneath them was the tribune where all set speeches were delivered. The principal leaders of the Revolution were for State unity, the Assembly was composed of numerous parties, and of all sorts and conditions of men and ranks. There were nobles to the number of two hundred and ninety, clergy, courtiers (but not many of that class), and about six hundred deputies independent of the Government.

This curiously composed Parliament was divided into four parties. To the right of the president, as he sat facing the semicircle, sat a number of nobles who did not in their hearts approve of the changes made, and hoped to oppose them—those were the Reactionary Right. That party contained some few clergy, and among them were many devoted adherents of the monarchy. They had been compelled by the course events had taken to join the Assembly, but repudiated all acts of Government not sanctioned by the royal authority. The second party were Moderate men, who, while detesting mob violence, thought that there was an urgent need for reform, but that the monarchy and two chambers, as in an English Parliament, was the best form of government. They thought the aristocracy of money better than that of birth, and wished to make political qualification dependent on a property test. This party were but a small number ; the third party being far more numerous. It was composed of the Third Estate, or what we in England should call the people of the middle and lower class. A few nobles and clergy had also joined this third section, but they were quite in a minority. This party were democratic in wishing to give the largest share of government to the middle classes, but they were for equality, and felt jealous of permitting noblemen to have any large share of power. In one way they were democrats, but they were also in favour of a monarchy that should reign with a constitution, and that would include two representative chambers. Among the eight hundred men of this party (the Centre and Left) were the chivalrous and high-minded Lafayette, and the brilliant, clever, and unscrupulous Marquis de Mirabeau. The last section was the extreme Left. The deputies who sat there were Republicans in every respect, but at the time of the king's visit to the Hôtel de Ville, numbered about twenty to thirty. Robespierre sat among the ranks of these Republicans, and I shall have to tell you about him and Mirabeau as our narrative goes on. Both were destined to exercise a great influence over the king's fate, yet at that time neither of them dreamed of France without a monarchy. These deputies believed in an ideal Republic, with manhood suffrage—that is, the right of every male over twenty-one to vote—and perfect equality, and they were looked upon by the three other sections as impracticable enthusiasts. This explanation will enable you to understand the state of affairs in Paris, and the reason of subsequent events.

The enthusiasm for the king did not, however, last long. The National Assembly were greatly disturbed by riots in the provinces. It had taken away taxation on flour and grain, but the peasants were still in great need. Bread was cheap, but scarce. The crops had been bad, and though bread was sold under cost price (the municipal authorities making up the difference in price), the Revolution had interfered with regular trade, and in spite of large importations of foreign corn, there was no bread to be had. The bakers’ shops were besieged; but late comers often had to leave empty-handed, after waiting for hours to be served. The National Guard kept admirable order, and acted as police. The men elected their officers; and Lafayette was very popular. He was an ardent Republican, but not an extreme politician, and of too high-minded a character to seek after personal reward. The French soldiers who had deserted the king formed part of the National Guard, and were paid and kept in barracks. The men of this citizen corps were chiefly of the lower middle class.

Louis, in the meantime, had learned no wisdom by preceding events. He had studied the life of Charles I. of England, and dreaded to arouse the demon of civil war as that monarch had been accused of doing. His wife and others urged a retreat to Metz; and their flight to places farther from Paris was urged on the royal family. These schemes got known. The poorer classes set down all their need of bread to the king. They openly talked of getting him to Paris. The king had a regiment of foreign troops from Flanders stationed at Arras, and in an evil hour for himself he sent for them to Versailles. The Assembly looked on this movement as an act of defiance. Still more unfortunately, the king's body-guard gave a large banquet to some Flemish soldiers when they arrived at Versailles, the 1st of October 1789. This entertainment was taken advantage of by several very pronounced Royalists; violent speeches were made, and the white cockade was attached to their hats, while they threw the tricolor one down on the ground. The king went in to the banquet for a few minutes, for it was held in the large hall of the palace of Versailles; and the queen, leading the Dauphin, walked round the tables.

These foolish acts were the sparks needed to blow into a flame the fire of insurrection. Exaggerated accounts were printed and circulated through Paris. The mob were roused. The incident was called a premeditated insult to the National Assembly, and angry passions were roused. Interested people, anxious to fan the flame against the royal family, represented that Louis was premeditating flight, and that in order to prevent him doing so, he ought to come and inhabit the Tuileries. Bread was scarce, and the ignorant populace hungry. In their ignorance, they imagined that if the king could be got to Paris, food would become more plentiful. The dregs of the populace, the fishwomen from the markets, and all who had nothing to lose by insurrection, turned out. The streets were in a state of excitement, and the drums summoned the National Guard (who acted as municipal police) to turn out. Lafayette, at the head of the Guard, endeavoured to calm the popular clamour; but all in vain. Lafayette felt moderately inclined, but not those whom he commanded. The National Guard were chiefly drawn from the lower and middle classes, whose sentiments were Republican, and they burned to avenge what they called an insult to the tricolor cockade, the emblem of liberty. The mob increased at night. They armed themselves with hatchets, pikes, and knives (anything, in short, that would enable them to fight), mingled among the National Guard, and surrounded Lafayette, who was at length prevailed upon to lead them, when day broke, to Versailles. His countenance was sad as he consented to do so; for, ardent as he was for the National cause, and much as he hated the oppression that had led to the Revolution, Lafayette had a chivalrous nature, and he felt a tender pity for the hapless royal family.

The morning dawned, on the 5th October 1789, as this motley procession left Paris and proceeded to Versailles, ten miles off. It was an autumn morning, cold and misty. The leaves on the trees in the Tuileries Gardens, those trees that have stood through so many revolutions, and witnessed so many changes, were turning to lovely tints and shades. The news of the approach of this wild crew had scarcely reached Versailles, as, preceded by a number of fishwives, workwomen, as well as by other degraded females, they entered the avenue leading to the chateau. They sent a deputation headed by a young girl, aged seventeen, Louise Chabry, a sculptress by trade, who undertook to be spokeswoman. When

Louise with her companions entered the room, where Louis received them with a calm and stately manner, she almost fainted, overcome by astonishment at the kind and tranquil manner in which the king received them. She murmured a few words about the desires and misery of the people; to which Louis replied, 'Friends, if you are unhappy, it is not my fault. I know as well as you do that much want exists. I will, however, give orders for the distribution of wheat and flour. I trust that my orders will be carried out better than they have been.'

Louise, who had recovered her self-possession, then turned to the queen, and began to reproach her for her extravagance, and the frivolity of her pursuits, while the lower orders were in want. The young sculptress spoke respectfully, but several of the women began to use threatening language.

'Do not fear, madame,' said a big fishwoman, going up to the stately queen, who stood near the king. 'This is the advice of friends; and, to prove that we overlook the past, may we embrace you?' Marie Antoinette submitted to be kissed by three or four of the number; and when Louise bent down to kiss the king's hand, he raised her up and embraced her.

The women were fascinated by the kindness of those whom they had intended to intimidate, and left, shouting '*Vive le Roi! Vive la Reine!*' The crowd in the courtyard below, however, were not so placable. When the cries reached their ears, they visited their anger upon Louise Chabry, and would have hung her up forthwith, had not some of the king's body-guard rescued her. She was only too glad to escape back to Paris, having taken part in the movement solely from conscientious motives, and not from animosity to the king. A vast crowd in the meantime kept arriving, formed of the dregs of the Parisian slums, followed by Lafayette and his troops. He endeavoured to reassure the terrified royal family. He assured them that he would be personally responsible for the safety of the chateau and all that it held. He was thoroughly in earnest, and he fully intended to carry out his words; but events were against him, for among the crowd there were conspirators determined to carry their point. Lafayette planted sentinels all over the palace. He addressed the National Guard, and, after visiting the chief parts of the town of Versailles, he went back to the palace, and told the royal family that it was all quiet and that they might sleep in peace. Marie Antoinette, brave woman as she was, felt fearful when the lives of her husband and children were at stake. The queen had arranged with Madame de Tourzel the children's governess, that at the least noise or disturbance she should bring the royal children to her apartments; but at eleven o'clock she altered her mind, and wished them to be taken to the king. The truth flashed across her mind that she was more obnoxious to the mob, and therefore more likely to be attacked than Louis. Her attendants begged her to take the prudent precaution of passing the night in the king's rooms. She refused, saying, 'I would far rather run some risk myself, so as better to protect the king than myself from danger.'

All seemed quiet. Lafayette went round the palace, and, after seeing all his guards at their posts, went off to his hotel to seek the rest that he himself sorely needed after so exciting a day. The queen went to bed at two o'clock in the morning, and advised Madame de Tourzel to do the same. Somehow or other, through the complicity of the National Guard, several of the mob got into the palace through the chapel. Barriers were broken down, and two faithful soldiers, on guard outside the queen's room, were killed. Another sentinel, though badly wounded himself, rushed to warn the queen, who escaped, half dressed, into the king's apartments. The mob burst into the queen's bedroom, and, enraged at finding it empty, tore the bed that she had so hurriedly quitted to pieces. The king's first thought, on hearing that the mob were in the palace, was for the Dauphin's safety. He rushed through a secret passage to the child's rooms. The alarm had already aroused his governess, and he was dressed and awake. He seized the child, and, preceded by M. d'Huberville, who, badly wounded, had nevertheless warned both the king and the queen, returned to his own rooms. The light went out in their bustle; and no sooner had the king and his precious burden reached the room where they found Marie Antoinette trembling for their safety, than the faithful D'Huberville fainted away. His descendants still possess, as relics that they prize, the queen's handkerchiefs, with the cipher 'M. A.' on them, that she handed to the surgeon herself, to stop the blood that gushed from the wound that D'Huberville had received.

The hapless royal family reunited, and surrounded by all their attendants, awaited their fate more calmly now that they were together to bear it.

The poor little hero of this chapter, half awake and fretful, complained that he was hungry.

'Wait,' said his mother, 'till the tumult is over.' She held him in her arms, and stood near a window, her sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth, next to her.

Very soon afterwards, Lafayette, who, on the first rumour of the attack, had hurried to the palace, arrived. He induced the mob to leave the palace, promising to persuade the king to return to Paris and take up his residence in the capital. The mob assembled in the courtyard, and kept shouting for the king. Lafayette urged Louis to promise to go to Paris, declaring that he could no longer be answerable for his safety if he refused. His friends, on the other hand, urged him to refuse to go. Louis threw prudence to the winds. The noise and dangers of the night had shaken all his powers of resistance. He was destined not to meet his fate at Versailles, but to be reserved for a darker day in Paris. He stepped out on the balcony, and announced that he and all his family would set out for Paris that very day. Harsh voices shouted for the queen. When she came out, a child in each hand, other cries of 'The queen alone! No children! The queen alone!' arose. In vain the king tried to address them. His voice was drowned by the roar of the angry crowd. The royal family retired from the balcony, and when the sounds of 'The queen! The queen alone, and no children!' again arose, Marie Antoinette, brave, and unmindful of her own personal danger,—for it was evident that the crowd sought her presence without her children from animosity,—stepped out alone on the balcony. Lafayette, chivalrous, and alarmed for her safety, knelt down and kissed her hand. The queen stood facing the mob, her hands crossed on her bosom. Her courage attracted the admiration of the crowd. They cheered her as loudly as they had cursed but a few seconds before; and then, returning to the room, she threw herself into the king's arms, imploring him, should it be possible, to escape from the kingdom. The king, too much moved to answer, went into an inner room. The National Assembly, who had held their meetings at Versailles, decided to follow the king to Paris, and hurried preparations were made for the departure of the royal family.

At length, all being ready, the king, his wife, sister, and children, with their governess, got into their carriage. Their escort was a strange one, while the wild, fierce shouts of the turbulent and tipsy men and women, brandishing their pikes in the air, singing indecent ditties, or uttering threats, frightened the little prince and his sister. 'Were these the people,' they asked, 'that mamma and their father had told them that they should love?'

Mingling with the mob, followed the artillery and several soldiers of the king's own Swiss Body-guard, who had been disbanded. They were disarmed, and marched like prisoners between the grenadiers of the National Guard. The ghastly heads of the soldiers who had been killed at the entrance to the queen's room, were carried on two pikes; and when they passed through Sevres, the mob compelled a hairdresser to powder and curl the hair of those victims of fidelity.

Thus escorted by the most degraded mob, and followed by Lafayette and his troops, the royal family, having left Versailles at one o'clock, reached Paris at seven in the evening. The more respectable Parisians, stupefied at the turn events had taken, silently watched this grim procession as it passed through the streets to the Tuileries. The mob believed that Louis, thus brought back to the capital, would have it in his power to alter the heavy prices demanded for food, and the scarcity of bread.

‘Here!’ they shouted,—‘here’s the baker, the baker’s wife, and their son; we shall now have bread to eat and to spare!’

Lafayette, on reaching Paris, relinquished the charge of the royal family into Bailly’s hands, who was prefect of the capital. Bailly congratulated the king on his resolution of living in Paris. Louis replied that he always felt happy and secure among his subjects in Paris. Bailly, wishing to pacify the mob, cried out, ‘The king comes among you with pleasure!’

‘You forget to say, *and with confidence!*’ added the brave queen.

‘You hear?’ said Bailly, turning to the mob,—‘and with confidence.’ And thus Louis and his family returned to the empty and desolate Tuileries, later to be exchanged for a prison.

The little Dauphin, as he followed his mother through rooms that had not been occupied for several years, exclaimed, ‘How ugly it all is, mamma!’

‘Hush!’ said the queen; ‘what was nice enough for Louis XIV. must do for us. We must not be more particular than he was.’

The palace had been dismantled; and, as they took possession of rooms whose doors would not close properly, and with old, faded tapestry hanging mouldy on the walls, they must have felt indeed desolate and miserable.

Next day the royal family were compelled from time to time to show themselves to the crowds who gathered in front and behind the Tuileries. Some of the crowd were no doubt led there from sentiments of loyalty and respect, but the greater part of the spectators beheld the royal personages with hatred and contempt. The mob believed that Louis could redress all the evils of the situation if he chose. This feeling arose from belief in the former influence of the royal power, but all that had passed away. The evils were glaring, the people starving, sedition rife, and several of the popular leaders unscrupulous in the means taken to attain their own ends. Religion was discredited; and the priests were not only unable to stop the flow of unbelief, but in several cases had joined the Revolutionists themselves. At first the king and queen's presence at the Tuileries seemed to tranquillise the Nationalists. The king and queen were miserable and dull enough, Marie Antoinette having no heart to amuse herself, and only dreaming of and planning for escape. She fondly hoped that her brother, the Emperor Leopold, would aid her husband by his Austrian soldiers, if they could only escape to the frontier near Luxembourg. She could not abandon the hope of seeing her little son King of France, and she blindly shut her eyes to the real and terrible nature of the conflict that had steadily increased between the people and the monarchy.

Louis tried to win his people's hearts by his personal characteristics. He visited the hospitals and charitable institutions; he walked about Paris on foot, and interested himself in the food supply, and even promised the poverty-stricken crowd, who daily visited the courtyard of the Tuileries, to redeem the garments that they had pledged for bread. Although this chapter is not a history of the French Revolution, but of the little prince whose prospects it annihilated, I must notice a remarkable man, who, though noble by birth, had joined the National Assembly as a deputy, and was an ardent Republican, and not blind to the real course that the Revolution was destined to take, and that was the Marquis de Mirabeau. He was remarkable in every way. His energy was great, although in youth his talents had been sadly misapplied, and his career so riotous, that his father had obtained *lettres de cachet*, and got him imprisoned, first in one fortress and then in another, to keep him from getting more heavily into debt. His imprisonment at Vincennes, when he was twenty-eight years of age, probably formed his character; for he devoted himself to study, having no one but his gaoler to converse with. In spite of many grave faults, he had the art—if art it be, and not a grace from nature—of attracting and gaining the goodwill of all whom he came across. He was a faithless husband and bad son, and a profligate man; but he won over his gaolers to allow him books and paper. Without books, he declared that he must die, or go mad.

There Mirabeau languished three years, studying fifteen hours out of every twenty-four, till his father, who had procured his imprisonment, forgave him, and obtained his release from Vincennes. When released, he was still heavily in debt, disgraced in reputation, and shunned by his own equals. His genius was for statesmanship; but, as the government then existed, he had no chance of displaying his talents under a monarchy. He saw that Louis was blind to the real nature of the Revolution, and that the days of the privileged classes were doomed. He joined the democratic party from necessity, but he wished no ill to monarchy, even while seeing that Louis—feeble, irresolute, influenced by the queen, and unable to abandon the old notions of his family—only temporised with the situation, and that the royal prerogatives were totally unable to cure the abuses of the times. When he joined the Assembly at Versailles, his eloquence and the strength of his energy made him a marked and notorious man. 'At last,' he cried, 'men will be judged by their brains and their minds!'

He soon became a leader of the Centre and Left parties, and Necker's greatest enemy. Mirabeau desired a constitutional government, and the complete overthrow of the old order of things. He did not believe that Louis had the power of stemming the Revolution except by thorough reforms, and he hoped to supplant Necker, and be called to the royal councils. His eloquence, insight into character, and physical and mental energy, were all in his favour; but many, though fascinated by Mirabeau's charm of manner, looked on him as a man of bad character; among that number was Lafayette, who refused to be friends with a libertine; while he had a powerful enemy in Marie Antoinette, who detested all noblemen who joined the popular side. One day she exclaimed, 'I hope we may never be compelled to conciliate Mirabeau.'

Mirabeau never lost his desire to direct Louis, although from his enmity to Necker he had done his utmost to weaken the king's power. Necker opposed Mirabeau's ambition; but, after the king's arrival in Paris, secret communications were made, and he wrote letters of advice to the king, for which the latter paid him. The advice given might even, in that eleventh hour, have saved the royal cause; but Mirabeau found that his views were never really adopted. He urged Louis to turn his back on the privileged orders, and to stem the Revolution by becoming its leader. Mirabeau unceasingly warned Louis that if the throne did not take the initiative in reforming the government, and overthrowing the aristocracy, the Crown itself must totter and fall.

'The mob,' he exclaimed, 'will tread on your corpses.' But Mirabeau did not live to see his predictions verified. He fell ill, and died (at the early age of forty years) early in April 1791, a hundred years ago. Several of his colleagues believed that he had played them false, but there was no proof of his having done so. The people idolised Mirabeau, and the day that his remains were buried in the Church of St. Genevieve, called, after the Revolution, the Pantheon, a peasant overhearing a lady complain of the dust of the roads, and blaming the municipality for not watering them, rejoined, 'Ah! they thought our tears would lay the dust.'

Although the king and queen lost a good adviser in Mirabeau, they had never fully trusted him. Marie Antoinette disliked him, and looked upon him as a bought adviser. It was unfortunate that Mirabeau, always in debt, had taken money from the king; but his advice, if it had been followed, had saved Louis, and France from witnessing a hideous crime. Mirabeau had repeatedly urged Louis to escape from France and resort to arms. The king's brother, the Count d'Artois, who had got safely away, was busy calling on foreign governments to assist Louis by armed force, yet still the king hesitated to take the course recommended and make his preparations for flight. When at length he determined to go, he did it in so public a way, that reports of his intentions got about and were known before he determined to go to the frontier.

The royal family were leading a miserable life at the Tuileries. They dared not refuse to see any one who demanded access to their presence, and they were frequently insulted by low visitors. One day, a deputy from the lowest dregs of the Parisian population, accompanied by several rough men, reproached the king with being influenced by Marie Antoinette, accusing her to her face—for she was present with the Dauphin—of outrageous conduct and treachery to the popular cause.

'You are quite mistaken,' said the king calmly. 'The queen and myself act together, and we have not the ideas you impute to us.'

When the deputation left the room, Marie Antoinette burst into tears. The insult had been doubly an insult, uttered before her little son.

The king felt the confinement to the palace, being accustomed to hunting and shooting, and a good deal of outdoor exercise, at Versailles.

His minister begged him to resume his hunting. The king replied that he had no heart, in the serious state of affairs, to indulge in any personal pleasure, though exercise had been good for his health.

The little prince was perhaps the only one of the family party who did not miss Versailles. His governess used to take him out driving, and often took him to see an old lady who had once been a maid of honour to one of the royal family. The old lady lived in the Faubourg St. Germain, and had a beautiful large garden. The little prince delighted in playing about, and he often met children there of his own age, invited to come and play with him.

The Dauphin was precocious and had tact beyond his years. He complained to his governess one day that he did not like the officers of the National Guard half so much as those that he had known at Versailles, belonging to the Royal Guards.

'You may talk to me, prince,' replied Madame de Tourzel, afraid of his offending, 'but do not say that to any one else; for it would annoy your parents if they heard you say it before other people.'

The little prince never forgot the caution, and never again named his old friends, except in a whisper. He was treated with such uniform kindness, that although his high spirit often got him into scrapes, he always thought his governess in joke whenever she threatened to punish him. She warned him one day not to try her patience too much, and, on his again disobeying her, he was sent to bed. Next day he said to his mother, 'Do you know what my governess is? She is *Madame Severe!*'

While the king and queen were trembling at the dreadful rumours that daily penetrated into the Tuileries, the little prince got reconciled even to the loss of his pretty little garden at Versailles. His innocence and charming disposition were the greatest comfort to his parents. The memoirs of the day describe the pleasure the young boy had in the country, when the court, for a short space of time, visited St. Cloud.

Mirabeau's advice about leaving France chimed in with Marie Antoinette's wishes; but, like every stage in their unhappy situation, their attempt to do so was a failure, and only aggravated their troubles. As I said before, their intentions became talked about, and the whole expedition was mismanaged. Instead of travelling in an ordinary travelling-carriage, that might have escaped notice, they had a huge yellow carriage built, and special dresses made to escape in.

It had been long before the queen had prevailed on the king to follow her and Mirabeau's advice—flight. Louis was inert and feeble in resolution, and needed his beautiful queen's courage and decision of character; but he was very conscientious, and a student of history. English history told him that Charles I. had lost his life by resisting the Parliament of the day, and James II. never returned to England after he had fled from his palace. At length, however, events forced the conviction on the king's mind that in flight lay his only course and sole hope.

It was a warm night in June when the attempt was made. Guards on whom reliance could be placed were to accompany the coach in the character of couriers. The king, to disarm all suspicion, supped at his usual hour, and, wishing Lafayette good-night, retired to rest at ten o'clock. Preparations had long been made, and loyal troops were to meet them at the frontier. Mirabeau had made the original plan only a few days before his death, and, had that able man but lived, possibly it might have succeeded; but, like everything else, it was mismanaged, even when the king's indecision and procrastination were at an end. As soon as Lafayette had left the Tuileries, and the courtiers, whose custom it was to attend the king's receptions at supper-time, had departed, the royal family went to bed with the usual ceremonies, and undressing in their ordinary manner. This was on the 17th June 1791. The instant all noise ceased, they got up and hurriedly dressed themselves. The queen then ran to her daughter's room. The attendant, who was not in the secret, hesitated to answer the knock; but, on hearing Marie Antoinette's voice, she opened the door. Disguises had been secretly prepared, and all was in readiness for departure. It had, however, not been confided to all, so that the queen simply called the lady in charge of her daughter, and told her to dress Madame Royale—the title given to the King of France's eldest daughter—in a very simple brown stuff gown, made specially for the character that the young princess was to assume. After leaving her daughter, the queen ran on to the little Dauphin's room. He was so fast asleep that it was difficult to awake him, and to make the child understand why his governess dressed him up in a common dress of coarse serge, with a little cap. His sister told him they were going to act a little comedy; and the precocious Dauphin, entering into the spirit of the so-called adventure, then made no other objection to wearing his little dress. Two devoted men had arranged to disguise themselves as hackney coachman and servant, and to take the party safely to the Porte St. Martin barrier, where the yellow chariot was to be in readiness. A young Swede, named the Count Axel de Fersen, who admired the queen with respectful and chivalrous feelings, undertook to drive them safely to the Porte St. Martin. He was to wait for them on the Pont Royale, a bridge over the Seine. The queen, leading her children, and followed by a few female attendants, opened a gate that was but seldom used, leading out of the Tuileries, and which, therefore, had no sentinel left to guard it, and, kissing them, then confided them to Madame de Tourzel, whispering, 'Start! All is ready. Go!'

The children and their faithful governess found a hackney coach waiting for them in the courtyard, driven by the Count de Fersen. M. de Fersen had been waiting impatiently for three-quarters of an hour, but had played his part sufficiently well to escape detection. In order to give the king and queen time to join them, and to avoid attracting attention, De Fersen drove round a little way; and, as they were returning, Lafayette passed in his chariot. He had been among the number of those who had visited the Tuileries that evening. His footmen ran on each side of the carriage with lighted torches. Madame de Tourzel, terrified lest he should recognise them, hid the little Dauphin behind her; but Lafayette, if he noticed the hackney coach at all, little suspected who was in it, and passed by and saw nothing. In the meantime, Marie Antoinette after putting her children into the coach, had returned to the palace, and, after quitting it again, she and the king arrived at the coach safely, but almost an hour late. The king's sister, Madame Elizabeth, reached the coach before the royal pair, so at length all were in safety together. So far all had gone well. Passports were necessary, but one had been procured, and their destination was Montmédy, close to the frontier, the nearest point at which they could hope to get out of France, communications having been opened with a general on the frontier. The account I am going to give you of their flight is taken from the memoirs written by one of the party.

The king, disguised, left the Tuileries alone and unrecognised. The queen followed with M. de Maleden, a gentleman devoted to the royal cause. Just as she crossed the courtyard called Cour du Carrousel, she saw M. de Lafayette's carriage waiting for him. She did not wish to meet him, even disguised as she was, so she turned down several narrow streets that were close to the Tuileries. Down these she missed the way. Not daring to inquire so near the Tuileries, she was a long time behindhand before she joined the king, who, overjoyed to see her, helped her into the coach, which then set off. The members of the little party tenderly embraced each other. The first obstacle surmounted, they trusted that they should, by the mercy of Heaven, surmount others before them. The coach drove off. They passed the barrier safely and unchallenged, though near it a wedding party met them, close to a little inn, brilliantly lighted up for the occasion. The fugitives could see the shadows of the dancers on the blinds of the inn, but they themselves escaped notice. Outside the Porte St. Martin they found the large coach that they had had prepared for the journey. It had been waiting three hours, and was harnessed with five horses. Three gentlemen, disguised as servants in yellow liveries, had brought it there, and it was driven there by De Fersen’s coachman, named Bathasar Sapel. The long delay and the number of servants excited Sapel’s curiosity. He tried to get into conversation with the supposed servants, believing them to be of his own rank of life, but found all three very taciturn. When he said to one, ‘Who are the people that we are waiting for? They must be very rich people;’ the only reply that he could extract from them was, ‘You will learn later, my good fellow.’

If Bathasar felt curious before, he was still more amazed when a closed coach came up, driven by his master, the Count de Fersen, that drew up close to the yellow chariot, and when he handed out a gentleman, three or four ladies, and two children, and then overturning the hackney coach into a ditch, set the horses loose, and, mounting the coach-box beside him, with M. de Monstier on the other side, cried, 'Go off;' and 'make haste!' It was the longest day of the year, and the hour was far advanced, owing to the various delays, the clocks striking two as they started off. In spite of the five horses, and the speed at which De Fersen kept urging the horses forward, the roads were rough, the carriage heavy, and they only accomplished a distance of three miles an hour. Their disguises were to give colour to the pretended characters of the fugitives. Madame de Tourzel, the Dauphin's governess, represented the Baroness de Korff, the name of a rich Russian lady who had given her passport to De Fersen for the royal family. The two children were to pass as her son and daughter, Amelie and Aglae; the queen as governess to her children, Madame Rochet; and the saintly Madame Elizabeth as the maid Rosalie; and the king as a servant, Durand. They reached Bondy safely, where they found a change of horses ready for them, one of their friends having ridden on beforehand to have them in readiness. At that little town the Count de Fersen took leave of the royal couple, whom he had thus tried to save, and returned to Paris, which he left next day for Brussels, the king's farewell still sounding in his ears, with the conviction in his mind that they would escape safely. The next place they stopped at was Claye. The coach was new, but something came undone in the wheels, and a delay of two hours was inevitable before they could start off again. The king, overjoyed to have left Paris, where, as he exclaimed, he had felt so 'much annoyance,' forgot to be prudent. He got out of the chariot, and began chatting with a group of peasants who gathered round the blacksmith, and gazed with wondering eyes at the travellers, who, in spite of the humble garments worn, looked so distinguished. Numerous little accidents delayed the chariot. It was two hours late at every place at which they changed horses. A gentleman had gone on in advance, in order that fresh relays might be ready for the fugitives, and yet these delays took place. Acting so incautiously, no wonder that, at St. Menehould, the innkeeper, a man named Drouet, an ardent Republican, began to suspect that the so-called Durand was no *valet de chambre* to the rich Russian Baroness de Korff, but the veritable King Louis XVI., whose features were familiar to him from the royal effigy on coins and legal documents. His suspicions were not lessened by seeing a captain of dragoons approach the chariot and whisper something to the courier. The words did not reach Drouet's ears, but this is what he said in a low voice to M. de Monstier, who was disguised as a courier, and stood close to the coach,—

'Set off; do not delay. You are lost if you hesitate!'

This captain, whose name was D'Andoins, by previous arrangement with the king's friends was to have met him at St. Menehould with a detachment of Guards. The delay in the arrival of the royal coach had put out all the plans formed beforehand by the Royalists.

The Guards wore undress uniforms on purpose, but the sight of so many soldiers had aroused suspicion, and D'Andoins had withdrawn his troop to allay the alarm that the sight of so many armed men might occasion in the town. Drouet allowed the coach to set off, and then hastened to arouse the mayor of the little place. It was by this time a quarter-past seven in the evening; and the king, whose imprudence in putting his head out of the coach windows had led to his recognition, began to feel seriously uneasy; but, as the cavalcade was allowed to proceed without further inquiry, he felt reassured.

The next place to change horses at was Varennes, and there it had been arranged that a large body of mounted troops were to meet the king; but, the king being six hours late, the captain of the troop took it for granted that the royal party were not coming. The presence of so many soldiers had aroused alarm before their arrival; so, that when Drouet rode hurriedly into Varennes, a little town divided into two parts by the river Aire, he found that the mayor had ordered the road leading to the bridge over the river to be barricaded with waggons, barrels, or anything that in the hurry of the moment came to hand, and waited for the coach that had reached Varennes before Drouet. Confused at finding no horses ready, and in the dark, for it was midnight when they arrived, they took the wrong turn, and so valuable time was lost. One can imagine the king and the queen's feelings, when, as they reached the bridge, they found that the road was barricaded, and, the chariot doors being roughly opened, they were requested to get out. Drouet had aroused a man named Leblanc, the keeper of a little hotel called 'The Bras d'Or,' or 'Golden Arm,' near the bridge. Leblanc was an officer of the National Guard, and he had had ample time to call up all the officers of the municipality before, delayed by inquiring the way, the royal carriage drove up past his door.

The road was extremely dark and narrow, and a number of armed men rushed out, with cries of '*Arrête! arrête!*' or 'Stop! stop!' while the heads of the horses were seized, and the postilions made to dismount.

'Who are you?' cried a dozen of eager voices at the chariot door.

'Madame de Korff and her family.'

'Perhaps you are,' replied a voice, 'but you must prove it.' The travellers showed their passport, which was perfectly in order; but the crowd still demanded more proof.

The moment the gentlemen who in the character of servants and couriers had accompanied the coach, saw that the innkeeper and his friends were determined to detain them, their hands sought their arms, and they begged the king to allow them to force their way past by fighting. Louis would not allow this; and when Drouet, whose activity had by this time alarmed all the inhabitants of Varennes, held a torch to the door and desired them to get out, promising that they should not be detained if their passports proved them to be really what they assumed to be, Louis, followed by his family and Madame de Tourzel, got out and went into Leblanc's inn. It consisted of two storeys. Above were two low, whitewashed chambers, and into the back one Louis was hurried, while Marie Antoinette was led into the other. One of these rooms looked into the garden at the back of the inn, the other into the street. Through the front windows the agonised queen, trembling for the safety of all dear to her, and her weeping friends, could see that the crowd in the road below was getting larger and larger, and that the National Guard of the place were stationed opposite the house.

Drouet, Leblanc, and a man named Sauce, feeling that they had taken every precaution for the king's arrest, began to reproach him for trying to fly from his kingdom in order to make war on his subjects. They spoke both insolently and coarsely, and though the king still denied his identity, they declared that they were positive of his being whom they said. There was a door leading from one room to another. The queen had been standing in the doorway. At last her proud spirit could no longer bear the curb that she had up to that moment imposed on herself. She broke out with passionate words, 'Well, if he is the king, at least respect his presence!' Louis, naturally frank, and one who hated dissimulation, began to defend his conduct. He declared his readiness to confide himself to the care of the National Guard at Varennes, if they would lead him to Montmédy, or to any other town in the kingdom where his liberty would not be interfered with. The fatherly tone in which Louis spoke began to affect his audience. Sauce was visibly moved, and probably but for Drouet would have allowed them to go on; but the latter declaimed violently, and insisted on the king's instantly returning to Paris. In vain the haughty queen turned to Madame Sauce, to whom she appealed, 'not as queen,' she said, 'but as one mother to another.'

The woman Sauce had a cold, hard, and calculating nature. She stood unmoved by any of the arguments addressed to her. 'The nation,' she replied coarsely, 'pay the king well for his place; he ought to keep it. Besides, I shall not risk compromising my husband. You think of your family, I of mine.'

The queen rose angrily. She entreated no longer, and went back with bitter feelings into the next room, where her two children, overcome with fatigue, had thrown themselves on a rude bed in the corner, and, without undressing, were fast asleep. Their attendants sat weeping near them.

In the meantime Paris was intensely excited when the king's departure was known. He had left a manifesto behind him but ill calculated to allay the popular excitement. He defended his departure, and reflected on all that had been done by the National Assembly. He also declared that he never would govern by the Constitution. The Extreme party looked on this document as an act of abdication, and demanded a Republic. Others, less Extreme, proposed a regency, with a view to making the Duke of Orleans regent. The Duke of Orleans was cousin to Louis XVI., and had espoused the popular side. The duke's immense wealth gave him great power, but he was an utterly unprincipled man, of mean talents, and incapable of governing France better than Louis had done, had he succeeded in the designs that were attributed to him, of wishing to ascend the throne himself. Robespierre, afterwards so notorious in the annals of the Revolution, was among the party who demanded a regency. Lafayette was suspected, and, to allay suspicion, his faithful aide-de-camp Romeuf took charge of a despatch ordering the instant arrest of the king wherever he might be found. Romeuf, who had undertaken this errand from friendship for Lafayette, began to hesitate about presenting the document to Louis. Happily, on his road, at Clermont he met a M. Bayon, who had been sent on the same errand by the Mayor of Paris, Bailly, and on reaching Varennes, the latter went into the little back room at the Bras d'Or. At the sight of the king's anxious face, his dishevelled hair, his disordered dress, no longer suited to his station, and in a servant's clothes, Bayon sank breathless before him. He could only, in an agitated voice and in broken sentences, entreat him not to proceed, for Paris was up in arms. 'For the sake of women and children,' he stammered out.

The queen seized his hand. She led him up to the bedside where, humble as it was, the little Dauphin, heir to France and his father's misfortunes, side by side with his sister (who lived to tell the tale from which this narrative was taken), lay fast asleep.

'Am I not a mother too?' she cried.

'What is your errand?' asked the king.

'I bring an order from the Assembly.'

'Where is it?'

'My companion has it.' Going to the door of the room, Bayon, who had gone in alone, pointed to Romeuf, who, seated on a bench, his face bathed in tears, held a large paper in his hand.

The king read the paper, and Bayon entreated him not to delay his return.

Louis said that he declined to start till his children were rested; and Bayon, declaring that he had only accepted his hateful errand to be useful to the king, promised that the royal children should rest in peace. Even in that eleventh hour a regiment of determined soldiers might still have saved Louis, but the troops brought to Varennes with a view to helping in the king's escape had joined the National Guard, and, as hour after hour passed by, the immense crowds gathered round the inn told the hapless king how idle were resistance. With great truth he declared 'that there was no longer a King of France!'

The horses are put to, their heads are turned in the direction of Paris, and still Louis, like a man who drowning clings to every straw, hopes that deliverance may yet arrive. One of the women in attendance is taken ill. She and another had met them *en route*, and followed in a post-chaise. Marie Antoinette refuses to leave her, and a doctor is sent for, and comes. The crowd outside are growing angry at the delay. They groan, partly because they are ardent Republicans, partly because they want to see the royal family. The king goes to the window to pacify them and gain time. It is useless. Menacing shouts penetrate into the sordidly furnished room, and both Bayon and Romeuf urge departure. The king, after a few minutes' private reflection, consents to go. The three gentlemen who had escorted them are to be left behind at Varennes. The king thanks them with emotion, and begs them to retire as quickly as possible into Luxembourg. The clock strikes half-past seven; the morning is bright; and at length, carrying the little Dauphin in her arms, Marie Antoinette enters the yellow coach, the king follows her, and then his daughter, sister, and Madame de Tourzel, and they turn back to Paris, which they reach after five days' absence, heartbroken, and apprehensive, as well they need be, of further misfortunes.

The journey was in many ways most pitiable Crowds of furious, hostile men followed the chariot out of Varennes; for all kinds of tales were circulated in order to prejudice the ignorant peasantry all the more against the king. At St. Menehould, a town that owed much to Louis XVI., who had almost rebuilt it a few years before, he was received respectfully by the mayor, who invited the royal family to get out and partake of some refreshment. The king and queen were only too thankful, for the little Dauphin had been overcome by the heat and excitement, and was in a burning fever. The travellers wanted to rest there; but Bayon, who had taken upon himself to arrange their movements, declined to allow it, and, surrounded by the National Guard of Menehould, in place of the men of that regiment who had followed them from Varennes, the carriage drove along. The peasantry flocked down at every place the coach stopped at to change horses; for ill news travels quickly, and all were anxious to see the royal family. If any of the spectators were courteous and respectful, they were hooted and hustled, the crowd resenting any recognition of the king's rank. At a little village called Hân, an aged nobleman, named M. de Dampierre, advanced to the carriage door. It was near his chateau and estate, and he wished to pay his respects to the king. After a few minutes' conversation, he bowed, kissed Louis's hand, and withdrew. M. de Dampierre had mounted on horseback, and was riding off, when he was stopped by loud and harsh voices. He was a fearless man, as brave as he was loyal, and he drew up. The crowd got him off his horse, and in a few seconds he was killed in sight of the horrified royal family. The head of the brave cavalier, who had died in consequence of his chivalrous wish to pay respect to fallen greatness, was cut off, stuck on a pike, and borne in that way before the king's carriage. At Châlons, which they reached in the middle of the night, they were received respectfully, and in silent sympathy. A basket of flowers was even offered to the royal children, and the greatest kindness was secretly shown the unhappy queen, who must have drawn a bitter contrast between a former visit, when, as a bride, she had stopped at Châlons. Then cries of ‘*Vive la Reine! vive le Roi!*’ had rent the air; and now she was grateful to the inhabitants for their silent respect, who did not dare to express aloud their sorrow at her heavy trials.

The queen was chiefly the object of the popular hatred. Some of the soldiers of the National Guard complained of being hungry and thirsty. Marie Antoinette took some chicken and bread out of the basket of provisions in the carriage, and offered it to the soldiers.

A coarse and vulgar voice called out from the crowd, ‘Don’t touch it! As she offers it, it must be poisoned.’ The king indignantly seized the chicken, ate it himself, and made the children share it with him.

At Epernay, the mayor, as is usual, presented the keys of the place to Louis. An official, who was with the mayor, said in a very insulting tone of voice to that functionary,—

‘You ought to know better than to offer the keys to a runaway king!’

Among the crowd at Epernay, in the uniform of the National Guard, Madame Elizabeth, the king’s sister, recognised a young man, named Seevale Cazotte, who was known to her as belonging to a very loyal family. A regular mob gathered round the door to see them alight in order to have some refreshment. Madame Elizabeth exclaimed, ‘You too here, Cazotte!’ He whispered that he was there to serve the royal family, and that she had better not seem to know him. The shouts increased, and grew loud and furious. Cazotte, who spoke German, begged the queen to despise such insults.

'Trust in God!' he exclaimed in the same tongue; 'He is over us all!'

Cazotte carried the little Dauphin in his arms to the queen, whose dress had got torn in the crowd. A young girl came forward and mended it for Marie Antoinette.

Some of the municipality begged the king not to be 'afraid,' they would protect him; 'in spite of all his faults,' they added. 'Afraid!' said the king, with calm dignity. 'I am not afraid; I left Paris because my children were not safe there.' A few miles from Epernay, some deputies from the National Assembly came to meet them, and read a letter to the king, declaring that he had broken his oath by endeavouring to leave the kingdom. Two of the deputies got into the coach with the royal family, and seeing that they inconvenienced them very much, proposed that one of the party should get into the other carriage to make more room. But Louis would not part with any of his companions. Madame de Tourzel took the young princess, Madame Royale, on her lap; the little Dauphin found a place in his father's arms; and the carriage drove on; the Queen and Madame Elizabeth begging the deputies to see that none of their guards were punished for having assisted them to fly. The king explained his reasons, and insensibly they were affected by all he said. One of them begged leave to have the little Dauphin on his knee.

'Are you glad to return to Paris?' said the deputy. The little prince said he was 'always happy wherever he was, if his father and mother were there.' Alas! the days were at hand when the little Dauphin might call in vain for both father and mother!

At one village where they stopped for dinner, the mayor and his wife, secretly devoted to the king and queen, yet not daring to show their feelings openly, had prepared everything to do them honour.

The mayor's wife had put on an apron, to serve the royalties herself in the character of a servant. Marie Antoinette, seeing how superior she looked, said,—

‘I think you must be the mistress of the house?’

‘I was, till your Majesty entered it,’ replied the good woman.

It would be tedious to relate the many trying incidents of their return, nor how, on reaching Paris, they had to pass through immense crowds collected in the Champs Elysées. More than once M. Lafayette had to address the mob and entreat them not to personally molest the royal family. When at length they reached the Tuileries, they found their usual attendants replaced by soldiers of the National Guard, whose orders were, not to relax their surveillance of the royal family for a single instant.

The little Dauphin was put to bed, and, tired out as he was, would not go to sleep till his numerous inquiries were answered. With a child's pertinacity, he kept inquiring ‘why’ they had come from Varennes; and when at length he fell asleep, it was to dream of animals tearing him to pieces, for the over-precocious little brain had been excited by the fatigue of the journey, and the noise and clamour that their presence had everywhere occasioned.

As to Louis XVI., he sank into a habitual melancholy. He felt resigned to his fate, by the failure of this last attempt to regain his independence. The struggle had been too great for his feeble and undecided character. He had obstinately refused to fly till it was too late; and when he returned, resigned himself, with almost stolid indifference, to the fatality which he felt attended all his efforts.

From the 26th June 1791, the date of their return, the king and queen were virtually prisoners in their own palace at the Tuileries. It did not suit the National Assembly to depose the king; but, convinced by the manifesto that he had left behind him on leaving for Varennes, that he had no intention to reign constitutionally, they determined to bind him down by every means in their power. Those who had accompanied them and assisted in their flight were imprisoned, and most of them were not released till Louis, having sworn to accept the Constitution, a general amnesty was granted. The king assumed the entire responsibility of the journey to Varennes, for the National Assembly made the most searching inquiries into the reasons, as well as the means by which it had been carried on. One of the deputies sent to meet them on their return was named Barnave. He had become deeply interested in the hapless royal family, after seeing so much of them on the road back to Paris, for he had travelled in their carriage. He determined to do what he could, as Mirabeau had formerly tried to do to advise Louis for his own sake; but his visits were paid with the greatest secrecy. Though he tried to serve the Bourbons, it was not from the ambitious or interested motives that had guided Mirabeau, but because he had been led from seeing the royal family intimately, to pity and to understand them.

Although Lafayette took every kind of precaution to prevent a second flight, the National Assembly did not wish to depose the king. The more moderate party dreaded the excesses of the extreme section in their midst, and hoped, by inducing Louis to govern in accordance with their own views, to keep a monarchy, as being better than the wild dreams of the Republicans who were among them.

The sorrows of the royal family increased every day. The queen was not allowed to go from her own to her children's room unless accompanied by guards, under strict orders to keep her in view; and, rather than undergo the degradation of appearing so strictly guarded, the royal couple never left their rooms, and Madame Elizabeth followed their example. The little Dauphin was the only one of the family who walked in the Tuileries Gardens, and used to enjoy his walks; but the other members of the family were in reality closely watched, although outward marks of respect to their station were still conceded to them. The queen occupied her time in directing her children's education, the king by study.

This is not a history of the French Revolution, but it is necessary, in order to understand the events that led to the Dauphin's sad fate and the deaths of his parents, to enter briefly into the political movements of the day.

The Duke of Orleans, a despicable man, had embraced the popular side, and, it is said, hoped to be made regent, if not king. The National Assembly had suspended Louis XVI.'s royal authority on his return from Varennes. His flight might have fully justified his deposition; for, whatever personal sympathy may be felt for Louis XVI., his insincerity to the National Assembly was proved by the paper that he had left behind him when he quitted Paris. Public opinion had calmed down, and the Assembly was actively employed in drawing up a new Constitution.

The little Dauphin enjoyed his walks in the Tuileries Gardens, and he became stronger and brighter in spirits. The little prince had a sense beyond his years. His governess scolded the attendant one day because his luncheon was not ready.

'Don't scold him,' said the child. 'I shall not eat any the sooner.'

In the meantime the Assembly were torn by conflicting factions, and divided into several parties. Though virtually Louis ceased to reign when he turned back from Varennes to Paris, the Assembly saw great danger in formally deposing him, for they knew that a powerful faction were partisans of an advanced democracy, which could but end, as in point of fact it did, in a Reign of Terror.

Up to the 3rd September 1791, Louis had been merely a prisoner in the Tuileries. On that day, M. de Lafayette informed Louis that the Assembly had ordered the removal of the guards appointed to watch the king and queen ; and the day following, a deputation from the National Assembly brought, with much solemnity, a document that had been drawn up, requesting his consent to it. The king took the paper, and promised to give an early reply, as soon as he had examined it.

The king's message was taken back to the Assembly, and great hopes were raised that a means had now been found to reconcile national aspirations with royal institutions. The king had no choice but to accept the Constitution, though he has been accused, and probably with justice, of doing so with every intention of breaking his word as soon as circumstances should permit. In announcing his decision, he demanded an amnesty for political offenders, and held out an olive branch by offering to go to the Assembly to agree to the new Constitution. The amnesty was agreed to, and an important deputation went to the Tuileries to inform Louis of the decree. All seemed smiling. The king advanced with the queen and his two children, and assured the deputies that they shared with them an intense desire for reconciliation ; and when, the following day, Louis took the oath in the midst of the Assembly, amid the salute of cannons, the joyous shouts of the mob, as he returned to the Tuileries, testified to the hopes raised, and the general relief.

Rejoicings took place all over Paris. A large gathering of people on the Champ de Mars celebrated the emancipation of the nation, and the re-establishment of friendly terms with the king and the Assembly, by shouts of '*Vive la nation! Vive le Roi!*' and the most splendid illuminations lit up the avenues of the Champs Elysées, along the road of which, but three short months before, the royal family had driven under such terribly humiliating circumstances. The king, in witnessing the universal joy of his subjects, began to feel calmer and happier. The little Dauphin, excited with the sight of the splendid illuminations, was held up to the crowd outside from one of the windows of the palace, in his mother's arms, while the fickle multitude shouted with joy, and all believed the storm was over.

Whether Louis XVI. was sincere or not in accepting the Constitution, and promising to rule only in accordance with its laws, is open to question ; but Marie Antoinette has been justly credited with the intention of persuading her husband to evade it at the earliest possible moment. Her hopes were, in her desperate need, centred on foreign aid, and she endeavoured to persuade her brother, the Emperor Leopold, to summon a European Congress for the settlement of French affairs. She was not base enough to wish for war against her adopted land, but she thought the *fear* of war might induce the leaders of the Revolution to turn to Louis for mediation, when she hoped that the king's services might be offered on condition of a return to former things. Events showed how bitterly she had misjudged the real causes of the Revolution. Political parties might be divided, but all were at least justified in dreading a return to old ways, and the Constitution represented the popular wish for searching reforms. We will not dwell on politics further than necessary to show the course of events. On the 1st October the new Chamber met in accordance with the new Constitution. There was a powerful party in the new Assembly who looked on the maintenance of the monarchy, even under Louis XVI., as some little security against anarchy; and the extreme party—a young, talented, and powerful party—sat on the Left, who were called Girondists, from three of their number coming from the department of the Gironde. For the most part these men were infidels—opposed to all religion, thorough democrats at heart, and followers of Voltaire's principles. They doubted Louis. Louis refused his sanction to urgent and violent measures voted by the new Chamber against such priests as would not take an oath of allegiance to the Constitution, as well as against laws denouncing as worthy of death all emigrants who did not at once return to France. The king refused his consent to this decree, which gave rise to fresh suspicions of his conduct. The Chamber believed that he and the queen were anxious that war should be made on France, and though the Girondists desired war, these ideas made them suspicious of the court.

With the same ardour with which in our own times we have seen the French ardent for war, and sanguine as to the ultimate success of their troops, the Girondists declared 'that if foreign cabinets engaged kings to make war on peoples, we will engage peoples to make war upon kings.'

The entire Chamber, with its various parties, were in favour of war with Leopold, the Austrian emperor, giving as a reason that he befriended the French emigrants in his dominions, and that he had virtually declared war himself with France when he made an alliance with Prussia in 1792.

War was imminent, when, on the 1st March, Leopold died. His son and successor was more peaceably inclined. Nevertheless, in the middle of April, the Assembly, supported by Louis's ministers, declared war against Francis, as King of Hungary and Bohemia. While the army was being rapidly recruited, and all parties seemed eager for war, the Jacobins, headed by Maximilien Robespierre, were gradually but surely displacing the Girondists. All parties mistrusted each other as well as the king. The Jacobins were extreme democrats, whose first and firmest principles were derived from the impossible ideal of entire equality. Robespierre, a singular man, came from Arras, and, following Rousseau's example, gave up a lucrative post as a lawyer rather than condemn a fellow-creature to death. Yet he lived to believe that murders, if perpetrated for the propagation of principles, were even right and necessary, and the most bloody scenes of the French Revolution were under his direction. This strange character was nervous and cautious by temperament, narrow minded, incapable of generous acts, hypocritical, and devoid of moral sense.

Robespierre did not at first desire to depose Louis, but events led him on. He was a mediocre orator, and speedily became the idol of the people, whose cause he advocated as representing the purest principles of democracy. Thus the Girondists and the Jacobins became two parties of distinct views and interests, and matters went on, open riots taking place, and all parties distrusting the king, till the 20th of June, when Louis, having refused to sign two decrees that the Assembly and his ministers pressed on his acceptance, was outraged by the presence of an immense mob, who marched from the Assembly, and got into the Tuileries, demanding his sanction to the decrees, and the recall of the ministers.

In the meantime the little Dauphin, too young to enter into the trials and annoyances of his parents, had grown daily into a beautiful, loveable child, full of talent, but too precocious for his age; having learnt but too early in life the lessons of adversity. One of the articles of the new Constitution referred to the education of the heir-presumptive to the throne, when a minor, as under the regulations laid down by the Assembly; but when Louis, by giving his consent to the Constitution, ceased to be a prisoner, this was not insisted upon, and the Abbé d'Avaux resumed his office as tutor to the young prince. His governess, Madame de Tourzel, had been suspended by order of the Assembly from her office. When she returned to her position at court, she asked the young prince whether he knew why she had been deprived of her liberty.

'Yes,' he replied; 'because you followed my father in his flight.'

He early showed decided military tastes, and when asked why he liked to call himself in fun Bayard, one day replied,—

'Because I wish, like Bayard, to be *sans peur et sans reproche*.'

He had so ardent a desire to learn that he was always ready long before the time fixed for his lessons. He wished to learn Italian, because he had heard his mother speak that language; and he made a great deal of progress both in the rudiments of geometry and astronomy. His handwriting was firm, large, and excellent for his age; and one gazes at the facsimile of this little prince's exercise-book (that has been preserved) with a sad and tender pity for the promise of a youth that was destined to end so sadly.

It was the anniversary of the flight to Varennes that the mob, after going to the Assembly, contrived to get into the Tuileries. The Assembly had sent to warn the king that an armed mob invaded their Chamber. It was indeed quite as low a mob as the one that had visited Versailles, and compelled the royal family to occupy the Tuileries. The women as well as the men, who were the lowest dregs of the population, were armed with pikes and guns, to the number of about three or four thousand. The king consented, in the interests of tranquillity, to allow this strange deputation to march through the Tuileries Gardens in front of the palace. They were headed by a brewer named Santerre, who had acquired a great deal of ascendancy in the Quartier St. Antoine, from which the mob chiefly came. They were divided into three parties. The king's orders were disobeyed, and the gates of the Tuileries Gardens were *all* opened. The mob hurried in, and it was soon full. At first they seemed to march out again as though returning to their own faubourg. The royal family, with a few attendants, stood watching them from Louis XVI.'s apartments. The grenadiers on guard came and told the king that the mob were forcing their way into the palace. He went into the ante-room, by himself. The queen wanted to accompany him, but her attendants led her almost by force into the Dauphin's room. Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister, who left an account of the scene, followed her brother. 'No one prevented me,' she writes, 'so that I was more fortunate than the queen.'

A small group of friends and guards surrounded Louis, who got up on one of the window seats, high up from the ground, and deep back from the room. The door had scarcely closed upon the queen when the mob rushed in. One of them levelled his pike at Louis, and might have hurt him, had not a Swiss Guard exclaimed, 'Wretch! it is your king.' The mob shrank back abashed, and no further violence was offered the unfortunate Louis, though for four hours they demanded, with every kind of cry and threat, the recall of his ministers, and the sanction of those decrees that he had resolutely refused to sign. The queen, in the meantime, was in a desperate state. She had been prevented with the greatest difficulty from joining her husband and sister-in-law. She and her two children and a few faithful friends had retired to a room that they thought secure from the mob. The National Guard had received orders from Pétion, the Mayor of Paris (who has been accused by historians of secretly instigating the attack), from interfering, but a few of the Grenadier Guard protected the party.

Suddenly a great tramp of many feet was heard. The queen strains the Dauphin, in great anguish, to her bosom, fearing more for her children's safety than her own, and shouts of 'Where is the Austrian? To death with the Austrian!' strike upon the ears of those around her! They push a large and heavy table in front of her, and only just in time, as the locked doors are shattered into many pieces, and the rudest of crowds, women as well as men, throng into the room. The little Dauphin, frightened, hid his face on his mother's shoulder; but Marie Antoinette, the daughter of an imperial brave race, stood with calm dignity while the mob taunted her with being an 'enemy to the nation,' and an 'Austrian.'

The little Dauphin, seated on the table, looked on in amazement as a young workwoman pointed with her finger contemptuously at the queen.

'How proud and haughty the Austrian looks!' cried the girl, who was neatly dressed, and looked gentle and good. The queen looked at her with surprise, her mild, amiable face presenting so great a contrast to her words.

'Why should you hate me?' said Marie Antoinette. 'Have I ever done you any harm, unknown to myself?'

'Not to me, but to the nation,' said the young girl.

'Poor girl!' said the queen. 'They have made you believe it. You call me the Austrian, but I am the wife of the King of France. I shall never see my native place again. I am French, both as wife and mother;

and I shall be happy or unhappy in France, for I shall never leave it.'

Then, added the queen, with less pride, 'I was happy when you loved me.'

The young girl shed tears, and went away, convinced that the queen was not so wicked as she was called. Santerre coarsely told Marie Antoinette to listen to all the mob said of her, and to recollect that it was because she had deceived the people. Striking the table, he told her not to be afraid.

'Afraid!' replied the brave queen. 'I am never afraid when I am among good people.'

Her courage touched the hearts of many of the workmen, and they were about to applaud her, many of the crowd admiring the Dauphin, when Santerre ordered them to march off. Several of the bands, as they defiled past the hapless royal family, forgetting the respect due to their station, displayed their banners, on many of which were written such inscriptions as 'Submission or death,' 'Tremble, tyrant! your hour has come!' and such-like sentences. One of the mob carried a wooden representation of the guillotine, another a bloody heart on a pike, with the words, 'The heart of a tyrant and aristocrat,' affixed to the weapon. Pétion at last appeared, and assured the king that he had only just heard of the riot.

'I am surprised at that,' replied Louis, 'for it has lasted nearly three hours.'

'You have nothing to fear,' replied Pétion.

'Fear!' said the king. 'A man whose conscience is calm never trembles.'

Then, turning to one of the brave Grenadiers who had hastened to help the royal family, he asked him to place his hand on his heart and see if it beat at all too hurriedly. When all was quiet, the king and queen each had their sad experiences to speak of. Madame Elizabeth, whose saintly character was well known, got separated from the king by the crowd. One of the mob thought that she was the queen. He pointed his loaded musket at her breast, intending to shoot her, till her attendants called out who it was.

'Why did you undeceive them?' said the princess. 'It would perhaps have saved the queen.'

The man, still pointing his gun at her bosom, she put out her hand, and said gently, 'Take care, good friend. You might hurt some one, and then you would be very sorry.'

Several deputies had accompanied the mayor, and these remained behind after the crowd had all departed and left the Tuileries in peace. One of them spoke impertinently to the queen.

'You were certainly frightened, were you not?' he asked.

The queen assured him that she was not frightened, but that she had been alarmed about the king's safety.

The deputy, pointing to Madame Royale, who was then a girl of fourteen, asked how old she was.

'My daughter,' said the queen, 'is old enough to feel the greatest horror at the sight of such scenes.'

The little Dauphin overheard his tutor praising one of the Grenadiers, who had shown great courage in defending the king. 'Tell me,' said he to his tutor, M. Hue, who has written an account of the scene, 'what his name is, that I may never forget it.'

M. Hue told him to run and ask the officer himself. The officer hesitated; but the Dauphin would not run away till he told him.

'I wish your Royal Highness would permit me to be silent,' was his answer ; 'for, unhappily, it is also the name of a wicked man.'

He was called Drouet,—the name, if you recollect, of the innkeeper who, one short year before, had prevented Louis from leaving Varennes.

At ten o'clock the palace was quiet, and the little Dauphin as fast asleep in his little bed as if this miserable and humiliating day had been a happy and bright holiday, instead of the beginning of fresh troubles for his unhappy parents. Pétion endeavoured to excuse his part, by assuring the king that the mob were unarmed. The king told him that it had been a scandalous scene, and that he begged that he would for the future prevent such scenes. When the mayor left the room, the little Dauphin asked why 'that naughty man had been made Mayor of Paris.'

Lafayette, whose chivalrous nature looked upon the personal safety of the royal family as a point of honour with the Assembly, personally appealed to the Chamber to punish the ringleaders of the riot. When Lafayette found that his influence was inadequate to protect the royal personages, he entreated Louis to accept several offers that had been made him of a second escape ; but Louis and the queen did not like Lafayette. Marie Antoinette, with intemperate haste, declared that she would owe nothing 'to Lafayette and the Constitutionalists ;' and so events marched on, ending by the scaffold for Louis XVI., and the prison for the generous Lafayette, who had done all he could to save the monarch, though, as a patriot, he saw the evils of the monarchy, and Louis's utter inability, in spite of his many noble qualities and virtues, to rule the country over which he had been called on, by his sad fate, to reign.

When the palace was quiet, one of Marie Antoinette's friends exclaimed to the Dauphin's governess, Madame de Tourzel, 'I feel sure this first visit can never be repeated.' Unfortunately the Duchess of Maillé, who uttered these words, was no prophet; for 1792 was not to end without a repetition of riotous scenes.

The little prince was eight years of age, and very precocious for his years. One day the queen was speaking of a pamphlet that had been published, which was full of false statements, chiefly about herself.

'I wish I knew who had written it,' said the queen. 'I would punish those who hate me so much, by trying to be good to them.'

The little Dauphin, who had appeared unconscious of the conversation, ran up to his mother with tears in his eyes. 'Be sure, dear mamma,' he cried, 'that every one loves you!' Happily the little boy did not know that the days would come when hatred would take the bloody shape of the dreaded guillotine for both his parents.

On the anniversary of the Constitution, the royal family, on returning from the Champ de Mars, were greeted by threatening groans and hisses, and drove along while the mob shouted, 'Down with the king! Down with Veto! Long live Pétion!' The little Dauphin got very indignant, and suddenly exclaimed, 'Then Pétion is king to-day!' Seeing the sad look that his father gave him, he took up his father's hand and kissed it.

'No, my father!' said the child; 'you are always king, for you are always kind and just.'

Pétion, much elated at his popularity, even dreamt that the day might come when the throne itself might fall to his share. He had never forgiven Marie Antoinette that, when sent to meet the royal family on their return from Varennes, she had noticed Barnave more than himself, so greatly does the evil and mean passion of jealousy influence the actions of vulgar minds.

The queen, to please the National Guard, desired the little Dauphin one day to put on a little uniform of that regiment, that had been made for him. A great many remarks were made, as the little prince, delighted with his new uniform, ran up and down on the terrace in front of the Tuileries.

'Ah!' said Pétion, 'it is a good thing that he should get used to our National colours.'

A great number of the French were nevertheless becoming alarmed at the turn that the Revolution had taken. As long as the king, powerful and *de facto* a monarch, had refused the reforms that as patriots they desired, they had opposed him; but when he became insulted, and miserable, a mere cipher on a throne from which he had long ceased to reign, they felt deep pity for his fate. They desired his deposition as a means of saving his life. Happy had it been for the hapless king had he been hurled from his throne, and allowed to retire, as he wished, from France. Barnave tried to help him, but he, like the king, was dethroned, and no longer shared with Pétion the honours of popular enthusiasm. Danton was another leader who intrigued with the court, while speaking against the king at the clubs. Like Mirabeau, he wanted gold for his services, and was a patriot with the mob and a Royalist with the king. 'I will save, or I will kill the king!' he cried.

It was not only from his enemies that Louis XVI. suffered. He and Marie Antoinette were encouraged to resist the national will by the ill-advised efforts of emigrants, who, safely over the frontier themselves, openly manifested their wish to reinstate the old state of things. Eighty thousand Austrians and Prussians assembled on the other side of the Rhine, and forty thousand French troops were stationed at Metz and Sedan to oppose the threatened invasion. The French are not a cowardly nation, but the regular military service was disorganised, and France could only boast of raw recruits who had never been under fire. The queen ardently hoped that the Allies would reach Paris, and that matters would return to their old state, and her sentiments becoming known, the popular feeling daily grew more opposed to the court party.

The Duke of Brunswick, the commander-in-chief of the Allies, issued a manifesto ordering the country to submit to its king. This ill-advised step, prompted by French influence, for thousands of emigrants had joined the Allies, really sealed Louis's fate. The Girondists, in eloquent speeches in the Assembly, declared that the country was in danger, and the Jacobins were for the king's deposition; while several patriotic people, among them M. and Madame Roland, did not hesitate, in violent meetings held at their house, to advocate the destruction of the monarchy even by violence. Madame Roland was a talented and beautiful woman, who was an enthusiastic patriot. These views were not, however, adopted by the Moderate party, and had Louis but met their offers with straightforward conduct, a fresh insurrection, terminating with his own execution, might have been avoided.

Lafayette, who had been tried for supposed treason to the Constitution, was acquitted by the more moderate Girondists. On the 8th August a fresh riot began. The Tuileries was guarded by the National Guard, under an officer named Mandat, but the rioters forced the municipality of Paris to order the officers under him to refuse to carry out his orders. Mandat was arrested. The defenders of the Tuileries were composed of about a thousand Swiss soldiers, and about four thousand National Guards. On the latter no reliance could be placed, as Louis well knew ; and when, early on a hot August morning, the first band of insurgents made their appearance, the king and queen felt that their personal safety, and that of all those about them, was menaced, and that the time had come for them to seek the protection which they still believed the Assembly were ready to give them.

The king and queen sought for advice and help from every one willing to give it. Beside Barnave, they made secret overtures to one of the Girondists named Guadet, a deputy from Bordeaux. He was a man above corruption, and no offers of gold could tempt him ; but in the secret interview that he had at the Tuileries, shortly before they left the palace, he was visibly affected by the sight of the crushing anxiety of Louis and the queen. At first he had listened coldly and sternly ; but at last his austerity was melted by the pathetic appeals he listened to. Just as he was about to leave, the queen asked him if he would like to see the little Dauphin. She took a lighted candle, and led him herself into the young prince's room.

'How quietly he sleeps,' said the Girondist.

'Poor child!' said his mother; 'he is the only person in the palace who can sleep in ignorance and peace.'

Leaning over the little bed, Guadet kissed the child's hands without awakening him. Then, before he left the room, he turned to the queen, and said in a sad voice,—

'Bring him up for Liberty, madame; it must be one of the conditions of his lot.'

'Ah!' replied Marie Antoinette, 'life is as uncertain for him as for us. Only God knows the fate in store for us.'

Prophetic instinct warned the poor mother that her little son's life might be cut short as quickly as her own. In spite of the efforts of his tutors and governesses, the little Dauphin, who was very curious by nature, began to pick up impressions of all that was happening, but he never talked of it to his mother.

Marie Antoinette was publicly insulted whenever she appeared at any of the palace windows; and Madame de Tourzel, seeing how badly guarded the queen's sleeping-room was, persuaded her to sleep in the Dauphin's room, much to her little son's delight; and as soon as it was light he would run from his own to her bed, and try to amuse her by a number of little childish arts. The Dauphin was kept a close prisoner to the palace, and he used often to stand at the window, gazing with envious eyes at other children, who, happier than himself, could enjoy a nice walk in the open air. Shortly before the terrible days of August of which I am about to tell you, his governess managed to take him to the house of a Marquise de Lède. She had a garden attached to the residence, for it was in the Rue du Faubourg

St. Germain, where the old-fashioned houses have large gardens. Little Louis played there with some children of the same age as himself. It was the last time he ever enjoyed the society of other children. The Assembly was overwhelmed with petitions from the provinces, relating to the deposition of the king. The king was prepared for coming events. He knew all the plots against him, and the national distrust of his own fidelity to France, and the universal wish for his own abdication. On the 9th August the king sent for the Mayor of Paris, and consulted with him as to the safety of the Tuileries. Mandat was ready to repel force by force; but treachery was near the unhappy royal family, and the loyal officer was arrested, some imprudent words uttered in Pétion's hearing having alarmed the Assembly that he was ready to defend his king only *too* well. It was well known in Paris, and at the Tuileries, that a violent party were determined, if the Assembly did not vote for the deposition of the king on the 9th August, that an armed insurrection should break out on the 10th. No one slept in the Tuileries that night, the attack being anticipated. The king, queen, and his sister, Madame Elizabeth, determined to visit all the posts in the Tuileries occupied by the soldiers. One of his attendants, Count François de la Rochefoucauld, followed the king at six o'clock next morning to visit the sentinels stationed outside the palace. It was a last hope. The king hoped that by a personal visit to the officers on duty, he might feel more secure that they would not desert him. Their fidelity, he well knew, was more than doubtful.

I will give you the count's own words. 'It was six o'clock in the morning,' wrote the count, 'and every one had been forbidden to follow the king, but nevertheless I joined a few who had determined to accompany him. The king looked troubled and uneasy, but endeavoured to assume a quiet mien. I followed him into all the courts, but though I was close to him I could not catch what he said to the soldiers. Some of the National Guard shouted, "Long live the king!" almost cordially; several people who were standing about cried out impudently, "Down with Veto!" Several Grenadiers joined our party, as the king, leaving the terrace that runs along the garden side of the Tuileries, went towards the second flight of steps nearest to the river, intending to visit the sentinels and guards stationed at that point.'

The count goes on to describe how the king was hooted and insulted by several people as he passed that portion of the Gardens, the loyal cries of '*Vive le Roi!*' raised by those soldiers still attached to his cause, being mingled with groans and shouts.

The king returned in the deepest despair to the palace. Immense crowds collected round that once splendid house of Louis XIV., and Louis shrank from giving the necessary orders that the mob might be forcibly prevented carrying out their obvious intention of getting into the palace. The people were armed, and shouts of 'Abdication! abdication or death!' rent the air. Those who surrounded the king looked from one to the other. One of the municipal officers opened the door of the council room.

'You hear?' he exclaimed. 'The people demand abdication.'

One of the gentlemen present said in reply, 'Very well; the Assembly ought to vote for it.'

The queen exclaimed, 'And after that act, what will happen?'

No one answered the question.

Another officer appeared soon after, wearing the insignia of municipal authority. He implored the king not to order the troops to fire on the mob. He implored the royal family to seek shelter at the Assembly. The king, stupefied for the moment, made no reply to this offer, which the queen at first indignantly refused; but when they insisted on immediate action, and represented that any delay meant death to the whole family, she gave in. Escorted by a small body of devoted guards and friends, they set off. As they passed through those historic rooms, their attendants and servants gathered round them, wishing to accompany them; but one of their escort, a gentleman named Roederer, entreated them to make no kind of demonstration.

'If you do,' cried he, 'the king will be lost!'

'Remain here, for we shall soon return,' said Marie Antoinette.

'We went out,' continues the Count de la Rochefoucauld, 'through the middle gate; an officer of the Swiss Guard, named M. de Bachman, led the way, followed by two ranks of soldiers, who marched immediately in front of the king. Then came the queen, leading the Dauphin by the hand; and close after her, with Madame Royale on her arm, followed Madame Elizabeth. The Princess de Lamballe and Madame de Tourzel came next. I was waiting in the garden, ready to offer my arm to Madame de Lamballe, who was the most agitated and alarmed of the whole party. The king's step was firm, his countenance was calm, but misery was written on his face. The queen's face was bathed in tears, and though she was trying to appear calm, she vainly endeavoured to be composed; I perceived (as she leant for a moment on my arm) that she shook. The Dauphin did not seem frightened. Madame Elizabeth was calmer than any one else. She was sustained by religion. As she looked round at the furious mob, she said, "These persons are misled. I should like them to be converted, but not punished." The little princess quietly cried. Madame de Lamballe whispered to me, "We shall never return to the palace."'

This account, written by an eye-witness, further describes how, even in passing from the Tuileries to the Assembly, the poor royal family were grossly insulted. In entering the Assembly, the little Dauphin got separated from his parents; but a Grenadier, one of a regiment still devoted to the king, carried him in his arms and put him down on the floor of the Chamber. The little boy, ignorant of the danger they were in, had not been frightened until he heard the mob hooting and groaning as they came along. Then his usually bright little face became pale and terrified, and he began to sob.

'Don't be frightened,' said the soldier who had him in his arms; 'they will not hurt you.'

'They won't hurt me, but it's my father!' cried the poor child.

The king placed himself next to the President of the Assembly, and the queen and her suite sat down on the ministers' benches. The moment the little Dauphin was left to himself, he stretched out his arms to run to his mother, when a voice cried out, 'He belongs to the nation! Place him by the king, near the President. The Austrian is unworthy of the people's trust.'

As soon as all was calm, and the Corps Legislatif less agitated, the king addressed them.

'I have come here,' said the unhappy monarch, 'to avoid a great catastrophe.'

In the meantime the mob were busy sacking the Tuileries, and killing all who resisted them. It must not be supposed that the French nobles were base enough to desert the royal family in their dire necessity. Many young men were most anxious to draw their swords in their defence, but Louis forbade any resistance. He felt it would only lead to bloodshed, and the Swiss Guard had orders to evacuate the palace. For three days the mob were masters of Paris, and most fearful massacres took place of all those who were suspected of having favoured the king, or having aristocratic predilections. The royal family were compelled to sit hour after hour in a small tribune at the back of the Assembly, and to listen to violent speeches and petitions, all in favour of the king's deposition. They had left the Tuileries so hastily, that on their removal to the Temple as prisoners, though a number of devoted friends came to see them, they were without a change of clothes, till an officer, named Pascal, offered some garments to the king; the Duchess de Grammont sent body-linen for the queen's use; and the English ambassadress, the Countess of Sutherland, whose son was about the Dauphin's age, provided the little prince with all that he needed. These marks of kindness touched the royal family, who were not without friends, several risking their lives in visiting the fallen princes in their miserable refuge. After the abdication of the king had been formally decided upon, the Assembly ordered that no one but their servants should have permission to visit the royal family. The queen then fully realised the horror of their situation; and Louis XVI., when he learnt that they were to be deprived of all intercourse with the outside world, exclaimed,—

'Then I am indeed a prisoner! Charles the First' (whose history he knew so well) 'was happier than I am, for his friends were allowed to see him till he ascended the scaffold.'

The Assembly, after deposing the king, appointed a new tutor for the young Dauphin. That step raised hopes that eventually the Revolutionists intended to restore the monarchy under the Dauphin, as Louis XVII. The prince never inherited an earthly crown,—the future sufferings of the innocent victim of past crimes obtaining, we will fain hope, the martyr's chaplet in a heavenly kingdom.

At length, after much argument and indecision, the Assembly decided on sending the deposed monarch and his family to the Temple. On the road to what was their last home and prison, they were cruelly insulted. As, escorted by the municipal authorities, their carriage passed through the Place Vendôme, it was stopped, that they might see Louis XIV.'s statue, which had been taken off its pedestal and broken into pieces.

The mob, seeing the carriage stopped, called out, 'That is how tyrants are treated!' and one of the municipal officers himself attracted the king's attention to it by pointing out the statue and saying, 'That, sir, is how the people treat kings.'

'Please God,' replied Louis calmly, 'that their anger is only vented on inanimate objects!'

'How wicked those men are!' cried the Dauphin.

'No,' said his father in his ordinary tone; 'they are not wicked, they are misled.'

The drive from the Assembly to the Temple was long. The distance was but short, but the mob would not let the carriages drive quickly. The children had never heard such bad language as that which met their young, innocent ears, as the lowest of the low abused both parents every time a stoppage took place. It was seven in the evening before they reached the Temple. The municipal officers were obliged several times during the drive to put their heads out of the carriage windows and address the crowd, in order to prevent serious outrages on the occupants. It was a relief to the unhappy family when the carriage at last reached the Temple, and they were ordered by men (who did not pay them any outward marks of respect, such as bowing or uncovering) to get out of the vehicle. And although the crowd were not permitted to enter the courtyard, they still cried, 'Live the nation! Down with tyrants!' The palace to which they were led was lighted up with wax candles; and in the first drawing-room they went into, they were accosted by several members of the new Government, one of whom spoke very impertinently to the king, while none of them uncovered. Several of them asked very frivolous questions, as if to insult the king in every possible manner.

'What is your profession?' said one to the king.

He replied calmly, 'I am your monarch.'

Our poor little hero, overcome by fatigue, kept begging to go to bed; but some one answering that his bed was not ready, Madame de Tourzel, who had been allowed to accompany them, put him down on a couch that was in the room, and he was soon fast asleep. At last an officer came to tell them that the little prince's room was ready for him. Madame de Tourzel undressed and put him into bed, and sat down silently on a chair, till the queen came and told her that the little prince would not be separated from his parents, as they had feared. From that hour, Marie Antoinette, bowing to the inevitable, regained her wonted composure (writes one of her faithful friends), and, with the dignity and heroism with which she met her tragic fate, expiated many earlier errors.

Before proceeding with the history of this unhappy family, which I shall do without entering more than necessary on the political events that led to the final tragical scenes of their lives, I must tell you something about the Temple to which they were led. It has now completely disappeared. It is, in our day, recollected chiefly as the palace, or rather prison, of the Dauphin. It was his future home, where he lived and reigned—if one can designate with that word the time that Louis XVII. suffered from the death of his father to his own decease. History writes of him as the little prince who died in the Temple, after the most cruel misfortunes that have ever befallen one born in a palace. The edifice had been erected in an age of faith, and was destroyed in a century of infidelity. It had been the home of the Templars, which was a military and religious order of knights, created in Palestine in the year 1118.

The exact date in which the Templars first founded their building, which, like all erected in the Middle Ages, was enclosed by turrets and battlemented walls, is uncertain, but some historians have fixed it about 1128. Be the date of its erection uncertain as it may, old chronicles describe the north-west suburb of Paris, when the knights first settled there, as surrounded by unhealthy marshes, which were drained and turned into lovely shady gardens and fields by the rich and powerful order who owned it. Fertility succeeded the waste lands that the manual labour of the good knights rescued, and its vineyards and gardens became famous. Their domain extended far and wide, and, the order being rich, the Templars built several fine houses for members of their brotherhood. Some of these houses they called *courtilles*, a name that has long survived the destruction of the once famous Temple.

About the year 1212, one of the knights, named Brother Hubert, who was treasurer of the order, erected a building remarkable for strength and solidity. The walls were nine feet thick, and one hundred and fifty high, and flanked by four round towers. A deep ditch or moat round it made it practically impregnable, and isolated it from all other buildings built in its vicinity, as well from the lovely gardens and vineyards that had replaced the marshy lands in existence before the Templars acquired the domain. The knights used the larger of the turrets for their arsenal and treasury. Three smaller towers were made into places of confinement for disobedient brothers and knights, and the fourth contained the staircase leading into the dwelling part of the castle. The church in its midst was large, but peculiar in its construction, and said to have been copied from the church dedicated to St. John at Jerusalem. The

Templars held their chapters and received state visitors in the church. In spite of the gardens and walls round the entire area of the Temple, the court-yard was large enough to allow four hundred men to exercise freely in the middle of the space surrounded by the various turrets of the castle. This battlemented castle was considered by King Philip III. to be a great defence for Paris; and, in consideration of that service, and the cultivation of the marshes that they had so industriously carried out, he granted the Templars several legal rights entirely independent of the State, and with very extensive powers and jurisdiction for their order. The Templars had at the time of Louis XVI. long been dispersed, and little by little the ground that had been reclaimed by their industry had been built over, so that, in 1792, the turreted building was surrounded by a suburb of small houses, chiefly inhabited by workmen and their families. The Bastille having been destroyed, it was decided to use the old square keep, flanked by four turrets (that at this time was all that remained to bear witness of the former powerful order of the Knights Templars), as a prison. Louis XVI. imagined that he and his family would have the whole place at their disposal, but when the royal family reached the Temple, he was soon undeceived. They were led into the smallest tower, at the door of which sentinels were placed, and massive locks affixed. The little tower was composed of four storeys. In the basement there was a small dining-room, which communicated with a library holding four or five hundred volumes. This room was made into a bedroom for the queen's three female attendants, which they occupied while they stayed at the

Temple. The queen, Madame Elizabeth, the royal children, the Princess de Lamballe, and Madame de Tourzel were lodged in the second storey, and the king and his attendants on the third. The Commune, immediately after the king's imprisonment, increased the precautions for preventing his escape; and large sums of money were spent in demolishing any buildings considered too near to their prison, and that could be made useful to aid them and their friends' escape. There was scarcely any furniture in the rooms, and though some was brought in for their use, the royal family at first had scarcely chairs and tables enough to use. However, a calamity worse than the want of absolute necessities soon followed their arrest. The faithful few who had risked their lives, and followed the king and queen into prison, were denounced as enemies of the Revolution, and an edict issued ordering them to leave the Temple directly. The following day two officers were sent with the order to the Temple. They found the royal family seated at dinner in the king's set of rooms. The king, after reading the edict, said that the mayor had permitted the several persons it named to follow him and his family. The two officers explained that the second order did away with the first, and continued to explain to the king that other servants would supply the places of those who had been removed. The king declined to have any persons about him who were sent by the Commune, and declared that he and his family would wait upon themselves rather than have strangers. However, in spite of the king's protest, all the attendants were removed from the Temple a few nights later, when an officer came and ordered them all to accompany him without delay. The Princess de Lamballe's parting with Marie Antoinette was very heart-rending. The queen declared that she was a relation of hers, and wept bitterly when, in obedience to the orders that the officer had received, the princess departed with Madame de Tourzel and the three attendants, M. Hue, and all who had followed the royal family to the Temple. The Princess de Lamballe and the queen never met again. The next day, much to their delight, M. Hue came back. He had been permitted to return ; but he brought word that, with the exception of himself, all the others had been sent to La Force,—a terrible fate, it being a gloomy prison for criminals. In addition to the loss of his servants, the royal family were in great poverty. Certain sums were charged to the king for necessaries supplied to him by one of the municipal officers. When the account was given to Louis, he was obliged to say that he had no funds to discharge it. The faithful M. Hue was almost as penniless as his master, but he lent the king all he possessed, rather than that Louis should be under any obligation to the municipal officer.

The Dauphin was getting on for eight years of age, and precocious both in his studies as well as in his character. The life in the Temple became day after day most trying and monotonous, but the king occupied himself with the education of his little son, Marie Antoinette tending her daughter. Madame Elizabeth helped all ; and Hue, in the duties that the absence of servants compelled him to undertake, and the two royal ladies, born to command, showed that in the hour of need no pride of birth prevented them from carrying out the king's wishes to have no one to serve him but persons chosen by himself. The king and Dauphin had only one suit of clothes to wear. Often, when the others slept at night, Madame Elizabeth might have been seen mending the coats and shirts that Hue brought her, after the king and her nephew were in bed, and which he replaced repaired before morning.

In order to give the Dauphin air and exercise, the royal party, when allowed, would walk in the garden of their prison; but it was generally trying to all but the young prince, who would play at ball, and run about, regardless of the insults that even the sentinels poured upon them, on their way past the guard-room to the garden.

M. Hue's position at the Temple was most trying. He was the trusted servant of Louis XVI., yet compelled to get their food as he could. The kitchen was a long way off from the *Petite Tour*, which was the name of that portion of the Temple assigned to the royal family till a larger set of rooms were made ready for their reception. Everything needed and taken in was rigidly examined by the municipal officers on duty, and to get even a cup of soup, four or five orders were necessary. M. Hue did all in his power to avoid falling into disgrace with the Commune, but he was suddenly arrested, and carried off from the Temple. A short time before that happened, he had asked for help, and a man named Tison and his wife were sent in to assist the faithful Hue in attending to the royal people, no longer called 'royal,' but designated in all official documents as 'Louis Capet and his family.' M. Hue has left behind him an account of all that happened in the Temple up to the time he left the master he loved so well. With the devotion by which the warm-hearted French nature is characterised when not brutalised by bad passions, he had run every risk for those he served, and performed the arduous duties that their miserable state of penury (in which the want of clothes figured among other items) without a single murmur. Even garments suitable to their position as ladies and gentlemen (apart from their illustrious rank) were not given by the Commune, who had appropriated for 'the use of the nation' all the revenues of the Crown, and the jewels, plate, and objects of value left behind in the Tuileries when the royal family left it. The royal family were the objects of the constant suspicion of the municipal authorities, who were responsible for their safe keeping. The linen that they received from the washerwoman, and the linen they sent to her, was scrupulously examined and held to the stove, in case any writing on the articles in invisible ink could be found. The Dauphin's little copy-books were constantly examined; and so closely were they watched, that neither the king nor queen were ever permitted to go out of sight of the officers who acted as their keepers. These men were constantly exchanged; and the little Dauphin, who, till the misfortunes of his family, had loved every one he met with, learned to scrutinise the faces of all the sentinels, as they were daily posted at each door of the king and queen's rooms. If he thought they looked kind, he would run up and whisper his childish impressions to his mother, whether favourable or the reverse.

Louis XVI., who foresaw his fate, dreaded separation from his family, and the loss of Hue. The latter slept near his master, and one night Louis awoke with a strong feeling that Hue had already been taken away. He got out of bed, and was only too thankful to find that his faithful servant was still near him. Hue, aware that he was watched,—and he knew that if he appeared too devoted to Louis he would be removed from the Temple,—copied his master by silence when their gaolers abused him for his fidelity. The loaves bought for their food were all cut in half before Hue might carry them away, and the strictest surveillance was exercised in the merest trifles. All this added to the anxieties and physical fatigue of the faithful Hue. One day the king happened to overhear a conversation outside the apartment that he occupied, that showed him all Hue had to endure in his service. When he came into the room, Louis, as soon as he could say a word to him without being overheard by the sentinel at the door, said in a low tone of voice,—

'You have had a great deal to bear to-day, I know, but put up with it for my sake, and do not answer at all.'

Very soon after the Tison pair had been installed at the Temple, more in the capacity of spies than servants, the king received a letter from Manuel, who, as head of the municipal police, was in communication with him, saying that a former valet, named Cléry, had applied for permission to serve his former master at the Temple. This request seemed strange to Louis and Hue, who were both inclined to fear that Cléry might be introduced as a spy; but the result showed that such was far from the case, and the sequel to this unhappy story shows how devotedly Cléry attached himself to the king's family.

The queen and Madame Elizabeth lived apart from Louis XVI. except at certain hours of the day, and at dinner-time, when they all met together. Louis, punctual and methodical, drew out a plan of the day, and it was seldom changed. Louis rose between six and seven in the morning, shaving and dressing himself before retiring into a little inner room, where he said his morning prayers. The poor monarch had need indeed of support from on high under his heavy trials. Sincerely religious, this martyr king, who suffered for the sins of his forefathers, and expiated in his prison his own weakness and inability to rule, never omitted to use his leisure hour for prayer. The sentinel had orders to watch the king even when he knelt at his little altar. After that, he read till nine o'clock, when he breakfasted. After arranging the king's room, and getting his breakfast ready, Hue would descend to Marie Antoinette's room. The queen got up later than her husband, and at eight o'clock opened her door, not only for Hue, but for the municipal officers, who generally came in at the same hour, and remained there the whole day. At nine they went up to take breakfast with the king. After breakfast, Hue having got the queen's room ready, they went down for the Dauphin's lessons. The king, who was a great student, devoted himself to little Louis's education, teaching him French grammar, Latin, history, and geography. The queen taught Madame Royale, and Madame Elizabeth gave the latter lessons in drawing and arithmetic. At one o'clock, if the weather permitted, they went down to walk in the garden attached to the Temple. They had to pass through rooms occupied by the various guards of the National regiment, who not only never rose as they went through, but not infrequently subjected the princesses to annoyances of the most petty nature. One day, the man whose duty it was to unlock the door leading into the garden, did not remove his pipe from his mouth, but blew its smoke into the queen and Madame Elizabeth's faces, some soldiers present encouraging this brutal insult by loud peals of laughter. These were slight insults, but were indicative of the state of feeling that those in authority entertained against the unhappy captives. In spite of the annoyances endured, the promenade was persisted in ; for the Dauphin, brought up in the pure air of Versailles and St. Cloud, where, in tending his little plot of garden ground, the happiest part of his young life had been spent, was beginning to look pale, and his parents were self-sacrificing enough to endure any petty insults rather than that their children should suffer. Cléry arrived before M. Hue left the Temple, and at first his services were only given to the young Dauphin, and he only saw the king when he dressed his hair in the fashion of that day in the morning, or arranged it for the night.

Madame Elizabeth set a noble example to all around her. She told Hue one day that 'she prayed less for the king, her brother, than for his misguided subjects.' She knew that his fate would be fixed either by a life-long punishment or banishment, but as yet no idea of death on a shameful scaffold had crossed their minds. If Louis anticipated death at the hands of his subjects, he had never named it to them, till terrible events came to pass, and proved that this epoch of French history well merited the name that history has justly given it, 'the Reign of Terror.'

Louis had reason, from various little circumstances, to fear that Hue, his faithful friend and servant, would be compelled to leave him. One day, in the morning, while Hue was finishing helping him to dress, the king slipped a paper parcel into his hand, unknown to the guards, who were never absent from his room. It contained a lock of the king's hair. ‘It is the only gift I can give you at present,’ he said in a low tone of voice,—a gift valued indeed by him who received it.

It would take too long to describe all the indignities the royal family were subjected to. One day some armed soldiers came into the king's room. They began to search his person. Louis calmly submitted, and emptied his pockets himself. He begged Hue for the future to hand him all his clothes with the pockets turned inside out. The same time the princesses were ordered by some soldiers to turn out their pockets, in case they had any dangerous tools concealed that might enable them to effect their escape. After carrying off the penknives and scissors which the ladies produced, Madame Elizabeth took a needle out of her tapestry frame and held it up, remarking that it was a very dangerous weapon, for it had drawn blood that very morning from her finger.

In the meantime the world outside this prison was agitated by news that the Allies and their armies intended marching on to Paris. The newspapers, for reasons of their own, gave the most highly-coloured accounts of the military movements of the National enemy. France was alarmed. The Revolutionists split up into various factions, all united in dreading lest the united forces of Germany should march on Paris and revenge the events of the past August. The king and queen, in spite of the rigorous search made in their rooms, and the way in which they were watched, were suspected of encouraging the Austrians, and those suspicions intensified the hatred with which the queen especially was regarded. While

Louis and his wife were expiating by their sufferings the mistakes of their earlier lives, and learning in the hard school of adversity the way to tread the road to the scaffold with resignation and dignity, they were guiltless of treason to France; nor did they deserve the judgment passed by that fierce Republican Danton, when he thundered out to the alarmed deputies, 'You talk of doing this, and of doing this, but I tell you that there is only one thing to be done, *to terrify the Royalists.*' Danton, the sternest minister of justice that France ever knew, soon put his own advice to the proof. He wrote to all the provincial municipalities, advising them to follow the example of Paris, and terrify all members of the aristocracy. The Girondists had fallen, and the Constitutionalists also, long before the Reign of Terror and the Commune had begun. The Girondists were in favour of ideal republican schemes unsuited to the situation, and the Constitutionalists, by not insisting earlier on Louis's removal from a throne which, in spite of his many virtues, he was utterly incapable of keeping, and who had been actuated by patriotic motives — were compelled to retire from the National Convention, thus abandoning it to those who thought to reign over France, not by love, but through the power of bloodshed and terror.

The people were stupefied by the course of events in the capital, but dreaded the return of the privileged classes to power; and while the Royalists were openly in revolt, there was a great danger of the large towns of France, such as Lyons, rising in rebellion against the Jacobins, who were in some places put to death. The Royalist cause was espoused in the Vendée, whose peasantry would not submit to the overthrow, not only of the monarchy, but of the Church and priesthood. In that happier part of France there was no feeling antagonistical to the upper classes. The nobility lived among the farmers, and as it was chiefly an agricultural province there were very few towns in the Vendée. The Vendeans were religious, and much influenced by the priesthood, so that they looked on the open infidelity of many of those in power with the greatest horror. The peasantry rose in open rebellion against the Republican Government, and, protected by the thick forests of their country and the deep ravines of the Bocage (a name given to the interior of the province), they refused to give allegiance to the new state of things. Irritated by their rebellion, and alarmed at the rapid approach of the Allies and the attitude taken by England, the extreme party urged more urgently than ever the strongest measures against the king. The popular mind was enraged, and their worst passions excited, by the violent speeches delivered in the Chamber of Deputies. The Girondists were opposed to any measures more violent than the transportation of Louis XVI., but the Allies were approaching, and it was believed, and probably with reason, that Louis was anxious for their success. Food was scarce, and innocent as was the hapless captive in the Temple, the mob had the idea in their heads connecting Louis with their pressing needs. There was a large party who had become Republican from patriotic feelings, and who, disgusted with the Commune, retired from public life, many leaving the country rather than remain to witness the triumph of anarchy, and the overthrow, not only of the monarchy, but of religion and all decency. The revolting annals of the French Revolution are best omitted, except when necessary to our story. The excesses committed, and the infidel principles held by its leaders, were a European scandal.

The Revolutionists expected that the 'new doctrines,' as they were called, would find favour in England; but the English, with but few exceptions, were disgusted, and repudiated the total absence of decency which the prominent speakers in the French Chamber showed in their deliberations; and the massacres of innocent persons, guilty of no crime except that of belonging to the upper classes, filled them with horror. An event, however, was to startle Europe more than any other that had preceded it, and though Louis had long been prepared, it came at last, with fresh circumstances of horror. The faithful Hue was, as the king had foreseen, removed from his service.

It was the 2nd September, a lovely, fine autumn day, and a Sunday. Cléry noticed that the municipal officers in charge of the Temple had seemed unsettled all day long; and about the middle of the day, after the royal family had dined, and were just going out into the garden, sounds of shouting and screaming penetrated into even the quiet interior of the Temple. They came from the outside of the building, and Cléry felt sure that the mob had risen in Paris. The walls were so thick that the royal captives did not hear the noise and hoarse voices outside, but Cléry overheard one of the attendants say, as they followed the prisoners closely through the garden, 'We have been foolish in allowing them to walk out this afternoon.' It was getting on for five o'clock in the afternoon, and the fineness of the day tempted the king and queen to linger;

while the little Dauphin, delighted at being out in the fresh air, tossed his cup and ball, trundled his hoop, or ran races with his sister, his natural gaiety reviving in the sunshine. Suddenly the tambour was heard, and the royal family was precipitately hurried back to their rooms. Two other officers followed them up out of the guard-room below, and the moment they reached the queen's apartments, one of them, who was called Matthieu, approached the king, telling him that an insurrection had been set on foot, and that the authorities had ordered the troops out.

'The people,' said Matthieu, 'have risen not only to revenge the death of so many of their number by the hands of your Swiss Guard on the 10th August, but because you have induced a furious foreign army to march to the capital, who will destroy us and all our belongings. The King of Prussia is advancing on Châlons.'

The king replied that he had done all in his power for the people.

Hue was standing behind the king, and when Matthieu had finished abusing the latter, he turned round and exclaimed,—

'I arrest you!'

'Who? Me?' said the king.

'No, your *valet de chambre*.'

'Why? Why do you wish to arrest him? He is attached to me,' said Louis; 'it is his only crime.'

Hue also demanded the reason; but the officer would give none, except that 'he had received orders.' Hue was scarcely allowed time to go to his own room to fetch a few necessaries, while the royal family were much affected at losing him; but the unselfish Hue cut short the adieux fearing that if he exhibited much regret it would only be another reason for annoyance to the poor king. Suffocated by sobs, the faithful servant hurried away. The scenes that met his eyes as he and his companions, one on each side of him, went out of the Temple, were horrible indeed, and added to his regret at leaving the king, for they filled him with dismay and apprehension. The streets were full of a noisy, drunken, and low mob of many thousands of persons. Hue was hurried into a carriage, which was stopped near the Hôtel de Ville, the density of the crowd preventing the horses from advancing. Hue was taken into the Hôtel de Ville, but not before he saw men covered with blood, armed with pikes, guns, and all kinds of weapons, and displaying on their pikes headless trunks of persons whom they had just murdered at the prison of La Force. After being examined in the presence of several witnesses, Hue was thrown into the prisons of the building, and never saw his royal master again to speak to. Louis was dreadfully agitated at his departure, and the shouts in the streets below, and the uncertainty of Hue's fate, added to his alarm. He called Cléry to him, and begged him to bring his bed into his bedroom, and not to leave him. Next day the king begged Cléry to try and find out about Hue, but not to compromise himself, fearing to lose Cléry as well as the former.

Cléry was sent for soon afterwards to see Manuel, the head of the municipal officers, who told him the people had risen and murdered several persons who were imprisoned in L'Abbaye and La Force, but that no harm would come to Hue, but that he would not be allowed to return to the Temple. Cléry persuaded Manuel to see the king; but nothing was said to the royal family about the riots. As Manuel departed, he intimated to Cléry that the Temple would probably be attacked, and said in a significant tone, as he wished him farewell, 'Your task is a difficult one; you will need courage.' Cléry saw from his manner that he was very uneasy, but he determined not to say anything to the royal family for the present.

In the meantime horrible carnage and murders were being done in the name of Liberty and Justice. It is a subject of such great atrocity that it is unnecessary to dwell more in detail on what happened, except as regards those who were connected with the royal family. The mob, secretly incited by the Commune, who wished to force the Girondists to try the king, and aided by Robespierre, marched to the prison of La Force and demanded the prisoners. Madame de Tourzel and the Princess de Lamballe, a lovely and charming woman, to whom Marie Antoinette was devotedly attached, and who had been imprisoned there after leaving the Temple. They occupied the same cell, and on the day of the riots their gaoler came in about six o'clock in the morning, and told them they were 'to be visited.'

Almost immediately afterwards, several armed men came in and demanded their names. They went away without saying a word; but Madame de Tourzel caught the eye of the last one. He made a sign to her, by raising his hands and eyes to heaven, which she guessed was to prepare her for the worst. She and the princess read their prayers together, terrible shouts outside alarming them most dreadfully. By getting on to her bed, the princess could see what was passing in the street. Although the window was small and barred, they could see a hideous crowd beneath it. This was very alarming, and they sat expecting their gaoler every instant, for they were faint from want of food. Eleven o'clock came, and no gaoler ; but a few moments after the clock had struck eleven, in came several armed officers and demanded the Princess de Lamballe. Madame de Tourzel was not taken, but, anxious about her friend, the heroic woman determined to follow her. They both expected death, and were prepared to meet it with the resignation and heroism displayed in the most remarkable manner by almost all the nobles of the time who were led to the guillotine. The two ladies were made to sit on a step of the staircase, closely guarded, while all the other female prisoners were brought out, and they then asked for a little food, some bread and wine being given them. They were afterwards led into a courtyard filled by a low mob; and, seated side by side, the two friends gazed on those who with few exceptions were thirsting for their blood. A kind of tribunal sat in another courtyard. Madame de Tourzel was left behind when the princess was called. The ladies pressed each other's hands, parting thus for ever. After a mock trial, presided over by an infamous man, Hébert, whose creed was one of blood and vengeance, the princess showed the greatest courage, and refused to reply to any question about the queen. She merely replied, 'I am ready to die. Sooner or later matters but little. I am prepared.'

She was led out into a courtyard, where several victims had already been murdered. She had no time to shudder at the sight of so many lifeless bodies, for she was soon killed by the pikes and swords of the butchers standing round.

This hapless victim's sole crime was the affection borne her by Marie Antoinette. Not content with killing her, her beautiful body was stripped and mutilated, her head cut off, and carried on a pike to the Temple.

The most horrible scenes followed the princess's murder. The mob killed several innocent persons, and marched to the Temple, demanding the death of the 'Tyrant Capet' and the 'Austrian.' The authorities at the Temple were alarmed. They were fully aware that if the mob succeeded in entering, the lives of their captives would be at once taken, and the Assembly felt, by permitting such an act, all Europe would rise in judgment upon them. Louis's death was determined on, but even the extreme party felt that he must first be brought to a public trial. We will not dwell on the horrors of the 2nd and 3rd of September, but merely tell how the news of the death of the princess reached Marie Antoinette. They had been informed of the riots and the advance of the mob towards the Temple, and their usual walk in the garden had been interdicted. Cléry had gone down to dinner with Tison and his wife. They had just finished their meal, when they heard a great noise in the street that alarmed them. They looked out of the window, but did not see the head of the princess, which the brutal murderers had stuck on a pole, to dance up and down before their eyes. Cléry, horror-struck, had run up to prevent the princesses looking out. He endeavoured to appear as usual, but Marie Antoinette perceived that he had been strangely agitated, and demanded the reason.

'I am ill,' said Cléry.

Two sentinels were at their posts as usual, but a third municipal officer hurried in. Without any preparation, he informed them that the mob were demanding admission into the Temple, reports having arisen that they had been taken out of it. 'They wish to see you at the windows,' continued the man; 'but it cannot be allowed. The people ought to have more confidence in their magistrates.'

'If the mob get in,' cried a third officer, 'you will all perish!'

The little Dauphin, hearing these words, rushed into the other room, with a burst of tears. The queen called him back, and his sister and aunt tried to comfort the poor young child. The official seemed a little distressed, but added brutally, 'I pity the little boy, but as he is the son of a tyrant he must also perish.'

Loud cries continued in the streets, and above all the clamour the royal family could distinguish insulting language about the queen. A few minutes later, four of the mob followed another officer into the room. These men had been sent to satisfy themselves and the insurgents that the royal family were really in the Temple. They urged the king and queen to appear at the window, but one of the municipal officers entreated them not to do so. He barred the way, as the king seemed inclined to go.

'For God's sake,' he cried, 'don't look out! It is horrible!'

Seeing that the municipal officers were opposed to it, one of the deputation, a soldier of the National Guard, exclaimed, 'They do not wish you to see the Lamballe's head, which they have brought to show you how the people treat tyrants. I advise you to appear at the window, or they will come up here.'

On hearing the fate of her friend, Marie Antoinette fainted away, and, placing her on the sofa, Madame Elizabeth, Cléry, and her children flew to her assistance.

The king turned to the deputies, and said in an earnest tone, 'We are prepared for all and everything ;' and after that the miserable royal family were left alone to realise all the horrors that had happened. Thus ended a day that must ever be a blot on the annals of civilisation.

From this time forward, Louis XVI. felt sure that his fate was sealed. All outward signs of rank were taken from him. Cléry was ordered to detach the star from his coat, and he was told to give up his sword. The king felt this insult deeply, but he gave up the weapon with dignity and resignation. Those about him were no longer allowed to call him 'Monsieur,' and he was designated 'Citizen Capet.' Cléry was narrowly watched in his intercourse with the whole family, and he was seldom allowed to see them alone. Tison and his wife were nothing but spies ; and, added to the misery of the situation, the king was without funds, though Pétion procured him some money, out of which Louis begged that Hue might be paid all that he had lent him. This money came in time to relieve the most abject poverty. The king was so poor that he could not even buy copy-books for the little Dauphin's studies, and their clothes were all patched and mended. The assassination of the Princess de Lamballe, and the murders that were daily perpetrated in the name of Liberty by the Committee of Public Safety, presided over by two monsters, Chaumette and Hébert, had alienated the middle classes from the cause of the Republic.

Monsieur Hue had been set at liberty, after an imprisonment of fifteen days, during which he hourly expected to meet his death, as so many had done, for no other crime than loyalty and aristocratic birth. Day and night the faithful servant longed to return to the Temple, to alleviate the sufferings of the royal family by love and devotion, but although he made great efforts to obtain leave, he was entirely unsuccessful. He has left an account behind him of those terrible last days of Louis XVI.'s reign, and in his work he relates an interview that he had with Chaumette. He spoke of the Dauphin, and the latter said that he should try to take him away from his father, to have him educated in republican ideas, and in ignorance of his rank.

'As to the king,' continued Chaumette, 'he must perish; he must die.'

Hue knew that the king's fate was sealed. Louis knew it himself, and had long been preparing for death. The large tower in the Temple had been prepared, and the king was removed to it the end of September. Cléry had warned the royal family, and they were prepared to be separated from the king. The parting was most touching. The hapless wife and sister knew that it was only the beginning of fresh trials and sufferings. However, this order was not carried out, and the royal family were allowed to dine together as usual till the king's trial. Another day, the young Dauphin was removed from Marie Antoinette's care to the king's apartment; the unfortunate mother was even denied the care of her own child. Numerous were the insults that were showered on the prisoners. The little Dauphin was asked one day by one of the workmen engaged on some repairs in the king's rooms (the latter thinking the young prince meant to be rude to him), whether he did not know that 'the Revolution had made every one *free* and equal'?

'You may be as *free* as you like,' replied the child; 'but,' looking at his father, 'this is not the place to talk about *freedom.*'

From October to December the life led by the royal family in the Temple was one of constant fear and apprehension. The king fell ill, and so did all the family, as well as Cléry, who still remained in close and devoted attendance. The princesses took care of Cléry themselves, and waited on him till he was better. The education of the children was their only occupation, for no newspapers were allowed the prisoners, and they knew nothing of all that was passing out of doors. The queen, her sister and daughter, had also been removed into the large tower of the Temple, but only saw the king and Dauphin in the presence of their guards at breakfast and dinner. One interview that took place shook Marie Antoinette more than almost any other. Drouet, the postmaster who had betrayed the king's flight to Varennes, was among some members of the National Convention sent to inspect the Temple. They remained all day at the Temple. Drouet appeared touched at the sight of the royal family, in prison, shabbily clothed, and degraded by their subjects. Perhaps regret may have crossed his mind at his own part in their misfortunes, for he turned pale and seemed embarrassed. He asked the queen if she had anything to complain of in their treatment as prisoners. The queen did not answer, and Drouet repeated his question. Still the queen made no answer, but looked at him defiantly. Drouet, unable to get her to answer, bowed and left the room.

Marie Antoinette turned to Madame Elizabeth, and exclaimed, 'Why has that man from Varennes come? Is it because to-morrow is All Souls' Day, when we remember the dead?'

The little Dauphin had great tact. One day, one of the sentinels noticing that the little prince stared at him, inquired if he had ever seen him before.

'I have seen you before,' said the little prince.

'Where?' inquired the sentinel.

Little Louis was silent; his mother was near him. The little prince obstinately refused to say where he had seen the man.

'You have never seen him, Louis,' said his sister.

'Hush!' said the child in his sister's ear. 'Do not say. It was at Varennes.' He knew that name always distressed his mother.

The king's trial was decided on. The little prince was playing draughts with his father, when the king was told that a deputation from the National Convention was in the Temple. Cléry had orders to take the Dauphin to his mother, and Louis XVI. guessed that his trial was at hand. Cléry soon returned, and told him that the little prince was safe with his mother, which calmed the king, who had been terribly uneasy about his little son. After some delay, the members of the Convention, headed by the Mayor of Paris, read the king the decree that decided on his trial. It spoke of him as Louis Capet. It had long been forbidden to address the king by any other title or name.

'Capet is not my name,' said Louis, with more resentment than he had ever shown before. 'One of my ancestors bore that name, but it is not my family title. I shall follow you,' continued Louis, 'not because

I recognise the Convention, or wish to obey it, but because my enemies have the power to force me to go.'

Then, turning to Cléry, he took his hat and cloak from him, and followed the mayor to the Temple gate, where they found a numerous and armed escort awaiting him. Three of his greatest enemies accompanied him. Louis preserved a melancholy silence, as, guarded by an immense force, the carriage drove along the Boulevards, across the Place Vendôme, till it reached the place where the Convention sat.

It was six o'clock when the king, guarded as before, returned from the Convention. He had demanded legal assistance at his trial. The queen and Madame Elizabeth had learnt through Cléry all that had happened, who, thanks to the kindness of one of their guards, had been able to talk freely with the former. The princess told Cléry that neither she nor the queen had any illusions on the result of the trial; they were prepared for the worst. Cléry endeavoured to console her by telling her that the sentence might be transportation and not death.

'I have no kind of hope,' said the good princess, bursting into tears.

In spite of the agitations of the day, Louis slept well. Cléry was forbidden to carry any communications between the king and his family during the trial, and the Dauphin returned to his mother's room, the royal family being entirely separated from the king. The queen passed the night in a state of terrible despair, and was only persuaded to take rest when day broke at last after so anxious a night. The king was not without friends, dangerous as it was to show him open sympathy. Generous French lawyers, regardless of danger, wrote offering their services to defend the king. They were addressed to the National Convention, and among them was a petition from Schiller the poet, in the king's favour. The king chose one of the number named Malesherbes. The king was allowed to see his lawyer as often as he wished. At the first interview, he entreated M. Malesherbes to ask a priest to come and prepare him for death. Madame Elizabeth had given the king the direction of a priest named Edgeworth, whom she felt sure would offer Louis his services. Malesherbes promised to see to it, but added that 'it was not an urgent matter.'

'Nothing,' said Louis, 'seems more so to me.'

The Convention having finally separated the king from his family, Cléry took the first opportunity of devising some means of communication between them and the poor husband and father, on whose heart this blow fell very severely, for he was tenderly devoted to his wife and children.

Cléry found that by dangling a string with a note attached to it from the king's windows to Madame Elizabeth's below, and so arranging it that replies could ascend in the same way, the afflicted family could in that way receive the consolation of letters. The princesses had no ink. Their first note was pricked with a pin. Cléry managed to lower ink and paper, which since his trial the king was allowed the use of. These notes were the greatest consolation to Marie Antoinette, deeply apprehensive of the king's fate. However great may have been his errors as a king, Louis XVI. in captivity showed that the dignity of a good and pious character did not suffer by adversity. He made no complaints, and never murmured at his fate, but met it with Christian resignation. He refused to take exercise alone in the garden. Separated from those he loved, 'it would,' he declared, 'give him no enjoyment to go into the garden.' He resented nothing, and would converse pleasantly with the guards (who never left his room, so jealously was he overlooked) as if they were old friends. He would ask about their families and occupations, and never visited the pitiable circumstances in which, poor prince! he found himself, on those around him. His lawyer Malesherbes was devoted to the king; and when Louis said how grieved he felt that his extreme poverty prevented him from paying either him or his colleagues for their services, Malesherbes replied, 'Do not, sire, distress yourself for that. In choosing us for your defenders you have immortalised our names.'

Next day Malesherbes brought him a purse filled with gold pieces.

'Sire,' said the attached old friend, 'allow a family who have been enriched through your goodness, and by your royal line, to lay this offering at your feet.'

Louis reluctantly accepted the gift, but left a memorandum written on the cover of each roll of gold, with these words, 'To be returned to M. de Malesherbes.'

Louis XVI., fully alive to his situation, was afraid lest he might be assassinated on his next journey from the Temple to the Convention, and, anyhow, knew that the term of his life was at hand, and would be short. On Christmas Day 1792, he occupied himself in writing his will, a touching and pathetic document, in which he pardoned all who had ill-treated him, commended his wife, children, sister, and relations to the care of God, and especially enjoined on his son—'should he be unfortunate enough to become king'—to govern according to the laws of the kingdom, and to take care of all who had remained faithful to him, naming Hue and Cléry and others. To the latter he bequeathed his watch, books, purse, and any little things belonging to him. He declared that he was innocent of any of the crimes that had been imputed to him. It was simply signed 'Louis,' and was a most Christian document, which he wrote in duplicate. After four months' imprisonment, the king was tried. The rain that day descended in torrents, and the wind blew, but the windows were not closed, as Louis, accompanied by four members of the Convention, drove along to the place of trial. He was perfectly calm, much more so than on the first day that he had been taken before the Assembly. Suspense was over, and the calm that follows entire resignation to the will of God was visibly depicted on his face. He looked about him, and conversed with his companions (the conversation being chiefly on classical literature), although he knew each one of the four members with him desired his death. If he heard the curses uttered against him, and the voices of the mob demanding his death, Louis made no outward sign that such shouts wounded him. The three lawyers selected for his defence—Malesherbes, Tronchet, and De Leze (all three devoted men)—awaited him. The king conversed with them for about twenty minutes. A member of the Convention, named Treillhard, overheard the words 'sire' and 'your majesty' used in the course of the conversation.

'How dare you use words that have been forbidden by the Convention?' he angrily asked Malesherbes.

'From disdain for you, and contempt of life,' was Malesherbes' reply.

Seated between his two advocates, both of them old men, Louis listened to De Leze's eloquent speech in his defence, winding up with a splendid peroration, in which he said 'that he looked around him for the king's judges, and found only his accusers.'

De Leze's eloquent speech lasted three hours, and made an impression on his hearers; but the king was doomed before he was tried. At its close the king said a few words, declaring 'that he had never feared a public examination into his conduct,' and then retired.

One of his enemies has described the calm serenity of his bearing on their return to the Temple about five o'clock in the afternoon of this memorable day. The king managed to send word to his wife that he had returned, and then dined. His advocates endeavoured to make him take their view, that his death could never be voted by the whole Convention.

'No,' replied Louis. 'It is all over. Nothing is now left me but conscience and honour.'

For a long time the Convention hesitated before finally dooming the king to death. If any feeling was manifested in his favour, it was at the risk of that person's own life; yet there were generous and devoted men watching for any chance that might offer to save a life that had been innocent of any crime to justify its sacrifice. He had been a feeble ruler, but a just and generous prince, and his death was as much a murder as the atrocities daily authorised in those days of despotic Terror. Many members of the Convention were for banishment, and not for the king's death, but finally the more merciless portion of the Assembly prevailed, and the vote was passed. Since his fall, the Convention had always contemplated his trial and death. The reasons alleged were that he had sought foreign aid, after promising to govern according to the Constitution; but he was innocent of the charge, since obedience to the Republic had been demanded at the point of the bayonet and when his position had become untenable. Many thought that if Prussia believed that Louis could be saved by the rupture of its alliance with Austria, the sentence of death would be a means to that end. A more extreme section, the members of the Mountain, had theories that led them ardently to desire to degrade kingship by Louis's death. Danton, in a voice of thunder, wound up a speech in which he declared that the sight of Louis guillotined was needed to prove the equality of all men, by saying, 'Let us cast down before Europe, as our gauntlet of battle, the head of a king.' Nevertheless, at first the Convention hesitated. Louis had been pronounced guilty of treason against the Republic. Amid a crowded Assembly, each deputy voting aloud, three hundred and sixty-one members voted for death, the others for banishment, the majority being sixty; and, to his shame, the Duke of Orleans, who was Louis's cousin, cast his lot in with the party who were for the scaffold. Louis received the news of his doom calmly. The day before his execution he was allowed to take leave of his family, from whom he had been separated for some time. The queen and Madame Elizabeth threw themselves into his arms, and their tears and sobs moved even their gaolers to tears. The king promised to see them again before his execution, but was persuaded by his confessor to spare the queen the trial of a final parting. They left him the evening before, trusting to be allowed to meet again. His little daughter, who lived to tell the tale, was carried unconscious from the room. Louis XVI. enjoined on his little son the absolute duty of never revenging his death, should he live to become king.

'Child,' cried the Christian king, 'you have just heard what I have said, but an oath is binding. Swear, by raising your hand, that you will carry out your father's last wish.'

'My brother,' wrote Madame Royale in after years, 'obeyed, bursting into tears as he did so. His obedience made us weep all the more.'

The king ended the meeting himself by struggling out of their arms.

'Farewell! farewell!' he cried, and went into his own room.

Thus he parted with all so dear to him. He told his confessor that he trembled for the ultimate fate of his wife. What a contrast to the marriage of the royal pair, was their parting! Young, lovely, innocent, and good, Marie Antoinette had entered Paris amid the cheers of her subjects, to give her heart as well as her hand to an amiable and good prince; and she parted that night from him, knowing that, at thirty-nine years of age, he went to meet an ignominious death at the hands of his people!

The sad parting over, Louis took leave of the world. His confessor, M. Edgeworth de Firmont, obtained leave to borrow from a neighbouring parish all that he required to celebrate mass in the king's room before he died.

The Republic had long before done away with all public forms of prayer. The priest was searched for fear he should convey poison in the sacred elements to Louis XVI.; but they need not have feared, for the king was not likely to peril the eternal life he believed awaited him after martyrdom, by an act that would deprive him of the crown of life. Cléry and the confessor remained in his room all night. Louis slept quietly, and rose at five, that the mass might be over by seven o'clock.

Cléry dressed the king, whose calmness astonished him.

'I do not fear death,' said Louis; 'I am ready for it.'

After he had received the blessed sacrament, he spent a long time in prayer. He begged Cléry to serve his little son as faithfully as he had served himself, the king having asked permission for his valet's removal to the Dauphin's service after his own death. 'Remain near my son,' said Louis; 'give him your devotion in this hideous prison. Tell him how much sorrow I feel for the misfortunes he will endure. One day, perhaps, he may be able to reward your devotion to me.'

'I want no reward,' said Cléry, on his knees before Louis, his voice choked by sobs, 'except to receive your Majesty's blessing. Do not refuse to give it to the last of your French subjects left to you.'

The king blessed him, and, seizing his hand, the faithful valet kissed it, and left him alone before his crucifix.

It was the 21st January, and, after a wet, cold night, the streets were muddy and slippery from the half-melted snow of the previous day. The sun rose on a foggy day, in keeping with the deed that had to be done. The sound of the drums and tramp of soldiers and cavalry was heard long before daybreak, for it was well known to the Commune that a band of young and chivalrous Frenchmen were in readiness to attempt, even at the risk of death to themselves, the rescue of their sovereign. An immense military force was ordered out. The shutters of the houses were ordered to remain closed. The Parisian citizens were stupefied by the course that events had taken; but a low mob thronged the streets, crying in triumph, 'Down with Capet! Death to the tyrant!' ignorant victims of the wickedness of their leaders, led away by base passions, deluded by the name of Liberty, anxious to witness the sight of a king killed by his people with the glee with which they might celebrate a *fête* day! Let us hurry over so hideous a spectacle as a mob gloating on a deed of blood. Louis heard the drums beating at an early hour, and calmly remarked, 'It is the National Guard assembling.'

When the municipal authorities came to fetch him, Louis came out of his room, in which he and his confessor had been engaged for some time in prayer. Cléry, though terrified at the idea, had determined to accompany him to the last, in order to undress his royal master; but the harsh treatment he had received from the first was not even in that hour lessened.

'Cléry,' said one of the municipal officers, 'you must not go; the executioner is good enough for him.'

At last Santerre, the Mayor of Paris, arrived.

'You are come to fetch me?' said Louis, as Santerre entered. 'I am ready.'

He turned to Cléry, and asked him to fetch his hat. No one answered as the king spoke of several things he requested might be done for his family and servants, and then, seeing they remained silent, he turned to Santerre, saying firmly, 'Come, let us go.'

He was closely guarded as he went down, and, followed by his confessor, walked across the courtyard amid bayonets and pikes, all ready in case of any attempted rescue.

The king was calm till he turned to gaze twice at the Temple tower, that spot that held all that was dearest to him in the world; but he faltered only for the moment. The bitterness of death was over when he left them behind for ever. Followed by his confessor, he got into a carriage, that was guarded by soldiers, waiting in the last court, and the vehicle drove off. The drums beat as the carriage drove away from the Temple. It was preceded and followed by a large force of artillery, and several thousand foot and mounted troops. It was not without design that the drums beat; it was to drown any shouts that might be raised against the intended bloody deed. It was a gloomy day. The sun shone out at times behind the fog, but never really dispersed the mist. It was all in keeping with the occasion. A few gallant Frenchmen on the road, De Batz and Devaux, raised a cry of 'Help us, Frenchmen! Help us to save our king!' But no one answered. Those who were nearest to them who had raised the cry preserved a sullen silence. The gendarmes seized some of those who had uttered the cry; but the attempt was vain, in spite of the gallantry of those who had planned it. The king was perfectly silent, absorbed in prayer. M. de Firmont up to the last instant hoped against hope that some rescue might be attempted; but the dreary drive ended at twenty minutes past ten. The king, feeling the carriage had stopped, quietly said, ‘We are there, I believe?’

The priest silently assented, and they got out of the carriage. The scaffold was erected in the Place de la Concorde. The king looked towards the Tuileries, and, raising his voice, ordered the drums to be still. The drums beat more loudly than ever. Three executioners offered to undress him. He repulsed them, and said he would undress himself. When they offered to bind him he resisted, and would have continued to do so had his confessor not reminded him that Christ had been bound on Calvary.

Turning to the executioner, he then said, ‘Do as you will. I will drink the cup to the last drop.’

His hands were bound with his handkerchief; his hair was cut off. He wanted to address his subjects, but Santerre said, ‘You are here to die, and not to harangue the people.’

The priest kneeling, and agonised, took leave of him. The crowd shouted; and, amid the execrations of the masses whose voices had once cheered as they now cursed him, he was beheaded, the head of Louis, King of France, rolling down over the scaffold.

The spectators ceased to shout. Some seemed struck dumb with horror. Then arose the hoarse sound of many voices, clamouring to get near the ‘tyrant’s head.’

The deputies, sitting pale and mute, heard the roar of the people, and, even whilst the blood of their victim flowed in a red stream along the ground, dictated a proclamation to the Parisians justifying the fell deed.

Enough of such horrors! It was over, and other victims were to follow. Marie Antoinette and Madame Elizabeth, in their turn, were to ascend the steps of the guillotine, and to prove, as Louis had done, that if they had been thoughtless or prejudiced by their lives, they could meet death as Louis XVI. did, with the resignation of saints and the dignity of a royal race.

They were the sacrifice demanded by an enraged people, whose bad passions had been roused by demagogues, who were fated to perish themselves in the ruins of the monarchical system that they had sought to overturn by violence and crime.

The crowds after a time dispersed. The fog still hung over Paris; and in the Temple sobbed a fatherless lad, and a royal widow, sister, and daughter wept, for they knew all was over, and Louis dead.

LOUIS XVII. OF FRANCE

Continued

CHAPTER VI.

LOUIS XVII.—*continued.*

A CHILD'S MISERY.

A THRILL of horror ran through Europe when the news came that Louis XVI., guiltless of any crime save incapacity, had perished on the scaffold. The particulars of his end only added to the detestation in which all countries united in holding the fell deed done. The dignity and resignation of his bearing, the blamelessness of his private life, the piety of his last hours, all invoked and gained sympathy. England, ever generous, was the first to take action after hearing of the event. London was stupefied. The theatres were closed, mourning ordered. Yet more, the French ambassador had his passports sent him, and he thought it prudent to use them without delay, and to fix his departure for the next day. England had never taken kindly to the wild Revolutionary doctrines of the French, and the king's death was regarded as a crime.

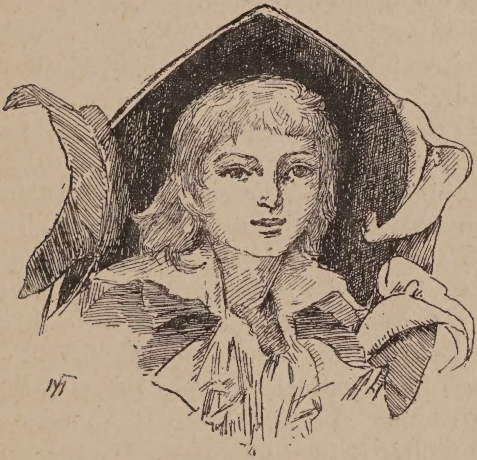
In France, although the actual Government of the kingdom had declared monarchy to be a thing done away with for ever, loyal hearts still beat true to the hapless descendants of St. Louis. They believed and maintained that, in spite of errors and neglect of reforms, Louis XVI. had committed no crime to merit so sad a fate, and they bravely declared their determination to adhere to the cause of the ancient royal and Catholic house, and their repudiation of the principles of the Revolutionists, who, not content with abolishing monarchy, had declared religion to be an act of treason against the State, confiscated the revenues of the Church, and desecrated its temples by hideous rites.

The king's brother, the Count de Provence, who had emigrated very early in the Revolution, proclaimed the Dauphin, then eight years of age, King, under the title of Louis XVII., as soon as the news reached him at Ham, in Westphalia, whence he also issued a proclamation to France, calling on all its people to recognise his nephew as King, and he himself—'Louis Stanislaus Xavier of France,' as he was styled—Regent during the little prince's minority. The same proclamation made Charles, Count of Artois, another uncle, Lieutenant-General of the kingdom.

The Vendeans in the Bocage had never ceased to be loyal to the Bourbons. Horror and indignation ran through the whole province of the Vendée, and three gallant gentlemen—La Roche Jaquelein, D'Elhée, and Cathelineau—sent out an appeal to their fellow-subjects that contained these sentences:—

'We, commanders in the royal Catholic army, take up arms in defence of our ancient faith, and to restore our legitimate sovereign, Louis XVII., to his throne and rights, our only object being the general good.'

War flared up on every side, and if the Republicans should become victorious, the Vendeans knew that it would mean their extermination. Sardinia, Spain, Austria, and Prussia all expressed their detestation of the crime that had been committed in the name of justice; and Russia and the newly-formed Republic of the United States joined in the grief with which Europe mourned the act. The Empress of Russia, Catharine II., expressed the greatest anxiety about Louis XVII. She sent an ambassador to represent her at the Regent's court, who despatched, in his place, Count Esterhazy to St. Petersburg. This universal sympathy was grateful to all loyal hearts in France, but the cause of no small anxiety to the Republican Convention in Paris. They endeavoured to follow out a policy of conciliation; but Lyons broke out into open revolt, crying '*Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi Louis XVII.!*' and an act



LOUIS XVII. OF FRANCE.

of the Empress of Russia, who forbade any kind of communication with France, till ‘order and legitimate authority should be re-established’ (so ran her ukase), filled the leaders in Paris with fresh anxiety.

The limits of this volume do not permit of our relating how the brave mountaineers in the Bocage fought and fell for Louis XVII., as our story has to tell more of his personal sufferings and end, than of the horrors of the ‘Reign of Terror’ and the political state of his unhappy realm.

While Europe was mourning the execution of Louis XVI., how were his family faring in the Temple?

After taking leave of the king, his wife and children hoped to see him once more. We have heard that he himself had thought it was better for them that no final farewell should be taken. The queen passed a night of agony, followed by a horrible morrow. The noise of the drums and the clatter of cavalry, the hoarse shouts of the mob, all distinctly heard, reached the ears of the survivors when the king left the Temple. In vain they entreated to be permitted one last sight of the husband and father so fondly loved; their guards were firm, and perhaps mercifully so, for nothing could have alleviated the agony of that hour. About ten o'clock they heard cries of joy from hoarse and angry throats; and the roar of cannon and the loud beating of many drums all told them that it was over, and the king no more.

‘Monsters!’ cried Madame Elizabeth, raising her eyes to heaven; ‘they are happy now!’

The royal children burst into tears, and their sobs were loud and heart-rending; but Marie Antoinette remained all day cold as death, stunned by grief, her head bowed down, her eyes wild, stupefied by the course that events had taken, widowed, and left behind to tremble for those remaining to her, knowing that her own destiny was probably sealed, her own martyrdom soon to follow. In the afternoon Cléry was allowed to see the queen, and he related to her all that had happened till the king went to his execution. Cléry had remained till the last moment in the tower. The queen asked for mourning, but the Commune would not decide, without deliberation, about granting that natural request.

Tison and his wife watched with hatred the natural grief of the unhappy widow, sister, and orphans of the murdered king. The young king and his sister at last fell asleep, while the two princesses sat by the bedside, still weeping, but consoling and encouraging each other to resignation and endurance. Just as the queen, looking at the sleeping prince, had exclaimed,—'He is just the same age as his brother was when he died at Meudon. Ah! happy were those who were taken early. They have not lived to see the ruin of our house!'—the door was thrown open, and Tison and his wife, followed by several municipal guards, came in.

Madame Elizabeth, who was always gentle, said quietly, 'For pity's sake, leave us to weep in peace!'

Madame Tison, hearing the voices, had awoke and aroused her husband. Even the guards were touched with the grief depicted on Madame Elizabeth's angelic face. They retired, ashamed of their own involuntary sympathy, but leaving the mourners to weep without other interruption.

It began to be evident to all that the queen's nerves had been terribly shattered by the shock. No tears flowed from the worn eyes, and the overtaxed brain, ever dwelling on her husband's fate, kept her awake the night through, to realise that even with his death danger was not over. She knew how the people hated her, and she knew that she would have, as the king had done, to mount the scaffold and meet death in a hideous form. Her hair turned white; she never slept, and became emaciated to a degree,—a heart-broken queen! The princesses ardently desired to know all the particulars of the king's death, but as their gaolers gave them no replies to their inquiries, they were left in ignorance for a considerable period.

Time went on, and Marie Antoinette exerted herself to resume the education of her children. She taught the young king, assisted by Madame Elizabeth. Several devoted friends contrived, under one pretext or another, to convey news and newspapers to her; and many of their guards, touched by the pathetic position of the hapless family, did a great deal to alleviate their trials. Even those among their gaolers who were unfavourable to them could not help feeling astonishment at hearing the two princesses daily reminding the young lad of his father's dying wishes that he should 'forgive his enemies.' When teaching the children history, the queen and Madame Elizabeth never praised any but noble actions, and would extol those who had resisted tyranny and injustice, depreciating unworthy deeds.

The queen resolutely refused to go into the Temple garden after the king's death. She would have been obliged to pass his door, and she felt that it would be too painful to see it closed, and to know that the room in which her husband had been confined, prison though it was, was empty. They walked on the top of the Temple roof, which was flat, and guarded by railings. In the meantime, those who had emigrated at the earlier part of the Revolution, choosing a self-imposed exile from their country rather than risk a cruel death in their own land, were not idle in forming plans for the escape of the royal family. Two of the municipal officers had been won over to the royal cause, and managed to be often substituted for others of the National Guard, by practising a successful subterfuge. One of them, named Toulan, determined to save them. He communicated his scheme to the queen, who approved of it, but sent him to one of her friends, the Chevalier de Jarjages (a man on whose advice she much relied), before giving him a decided reply. The chevalier approving, another of the National Guard, named Lepitre, secretly devoted to the royal family, was admitted to the secret. The ladies were to escape in men's clothes, which the chevalier undertook to have made for them. The escape of the children seemed a more difficult task, as Louis was closely watched; but a means was found, and all seemed to favour the adventure, the Chevalier de Jarjages taking on himself all arrangements for escaping from France, and Lepitre and Toulan the flight from the Temple. The flight was fixed for the 7th March; but a fatality seemed to hang over this unfortunate family, for, the day before, an insurrection broke out in Paris. This prevented the plan from being carried out, as the prisoners in the Temple were after that more closely watched than usual, and it would have been the act of a madman to have carried out the plan at that time. Toulan and Jarjages did not give up their hopes of saving the captives, but every day some event happened that made it impossible to carry it out.

At length they determined to try and save the queen. The difficulty lay in persuading her to leave her children and Madame Elizabeth. At length, after the entreaties of the latter had worked upon her to consent to go, she gave a reluctant answer, promising to attempt it, as the two conspirators felt sure that they could carry out their plan if the queen were to escape unaccompanied by her children and sister. All was settled. The evening before, when watching her children, she felt that she *could* not leave them. She forgot her promise, and the urgent necessity of thinking first of her own safety, and determined to remain. When Toulan arrived the next day, Marie Antoinette told him that she was resolved to remain. ‘It is dangerous to stay,’ she told him, ‘but it is far better to meet death than suffer remorse,’ which the tender mother felt certain she must live to experience should Madame Elizabeth or her children suffer from her flight.

‘I shall be very miserable,’ said the queen to Toulan, ‘if I am never able to prove my gratitude to you.’

‘And I, madame, should be equally sad never to show you that I am devoted to your service.’

Toulan, like the queen, met his fate on the scaffold.

The queen wrote a letter to Jarjages, thanking him, and confided it to Toulan’s care to deliver to the chevalier. She also sent by Toulan a little packet containing a lock of her hair, and several little remembrances out of the things that the king had bequeathed to her. She sealed them up with letters to her brothers-in-law, the Counts de Provence and d’Artois.

Months rolled by. France was agitated by political events of the most varied nature ; but, shut up in the Temple, the young king was ignorant of the affairs of his so-called kingdom, while Marie Antoinette daily faded away, emaciated and careworn, her heart, always true to her children, alone keeping her from despair and its consequences.

Tison and his wife hated the royal family. Louis took the greatest dislike to them, and showed his aversion very plainly, in spite of the queen's daily remonstrances. One day the Tisons were reprimanded by a higher official. They imagined that the young boy had repeated things against them. They rushed angrily into the queen's room, and called him 'a spy' and a 'tale-bearer.' The little prince's indiscretion led to increased severity. The royal family were blamed for annoying 'the good citizen Tison' by the officers above them, and extra surveillance was the result of Louis's boyish expression of dislike to their two gaolers.

Tison never forgave. He watched furtively for something to serve his purpose. Toulan had not taken him into his confidence, but he guessed that some plot had been conceived, although it seemed to have failed. He reported his suspicions to the Convention. The prisoners, from January to March, had been less severely treated ; and hope had even dawned in Madame Elizabeth's breast that, in spite of all that Toulan had told them of the public anger against the queen, captivity (life-long, it was probable, but not death) might be their lot. The result of Tison's enmity soon followed. Those municipal officers, Toulan, Lepitre, and others, whom Tison had denounced, were arrested, their papers seized and sealed up, and Hébert himself went to the Tempel to see the captives. He went at night, for Tison had told him that the princesses were always on their guard during the day-time. The woman Tison was ordered to search the queen and Madame Elizabeth; and the little Louis was taken out of bed, and even his mattress cut open and inspected. Nothing of any consequence was found. In May the young Louis was taken dangerously ill. The two princesses nursed him tenderly, and all went on as usual inside their prison till the 3rd July, when a severer blow than had ever before fallen on Marie Antoinette, except the execution of her husband, crushed her to the dust. The Convention passed a decree ordering the young prince to be entirely separated from his mother, and taken care of by an official who was to be appointed by the Commune itself. This cruel edict was duly carried out. The young prince was in bed, and the three princesses were sitting in the room where he was asleep, reading and working, when suddenly they heard the sound of doors opening, locks being unfastened, and the steps of many feet. They looked at each other, past experience telling them that something unusual was about to happen. What fresh misfortune was impending they knew not. Alas! it was indeed a terrible one. The guard, headed by a member of the Convention, informed the queen that a decree had been passed ordering the removal of the young boy 'named Louis Capet' from her care, and that the Republic had ordered a tutor and guardian for him of their own selection. At these cruel words the queen started from her chair, pale and trembling.

'Not to take my child away!' she cried. 'Oh, it cannot be possible!'

The officers told her that the Convention had ordered it, and that it was their duty to carry the decree out. Marie Antoinette resisted for a long time. Madame Elizabeth entreated that at least he might remain till the next day. The noise awoke the child, and, seeing that something unusual was about to happen, clung to his mother, till at last the guards threatened to employ force. Nothing remained but to submit. The child was hurriedly dressed, and, with many tears, handed over to the officers. When Marie Antoinette enjoined him to remember to be good wherever he might be, her tender words were cut short by their nocturnal visitors rudely saying, 'You make a great noise at losing your son, but you have been the means of the death of those falling in battle on the frontier.'

'My son is too young,' said Marie Antoinette, 'to serve his country. When he is old enough, I hope he will be able to do so.'

The poor child clung to his mother's dress, and would not leave go, till Marie Antoinette told him, 'It is necessary, my son; you must obey and go.'

He was torn violently from her arms, and carried out of the room. Over the scene that followed it would be too sad to dwell. The young princess whose destiny it was to survive the others, has written a description of all these events, and from her pen we learn that the queen's despair was indeed great. Little Louis had been the one ray of joy in the dreary prison. His childish pranks, his precocity and tenderness, had comforted, and the care of his education occupied, his mother and aunt. All illusions vanished from that hour. As wife, she had been outraged by her husband's death; as queen, humbled and mortified; and by the loss of her child, as mother, crushed to the ground.

In the meantime little Louis was hurried to the rooms formerly occupied by the king in the Temple, and handed over to one Simon, who had had the post of his tutor, or rather gaoler, bestowed on him, through Robespierre's influence, with a salary of 500 francs a month—that is, £20 of our money. It was past ten at night, and the room badly lighted. His guards left the little lad alone with Simon, after saying something in a low voice to the latter. Simon was a coarse-minded man. He spoke several times to the child. When he got no reply, he swore at him. The child, brought up in the atmosphere of love and kindness, crouched in a corner, silently crying. In that room he had wished his father good-bye. He was nearly nine years of age, old enough to recollect all that the king had said; and, the long night through, we can imagine, even if we have not been told, the fright that he felt, and the terror of his first experience left alone in the Temple.

The story of Louis XVII.'s captivity, after he was separated from the royal family, is the most hideous episode of the French Revolution. Simon was a genuine Republican, and hated royalty and princes. He had not joined the Revolution, as many of its leaders had done, to gain power or money. He had property through his wife, and was a shoemaker by profession. When he became gaoler to the young Louis he was fifty-seven years of age, his wife a little younger. He was of middle height, square-shouldered, strong, and active. His black hair was long and smooth, but his face was grim and wrinkled, his voice harsh, and his manners those of his class—abrupt and rough. His wife, Marie Jeanne Aladame, was short and small, fat and ugly. She had been a servant before her marriage. Two of her employers had left her money, which was one of the reasons Simon married her. At the time that he became Louis's gaoler, he had been married about three years. Madame Simon was a peasant woman, and had had no education, as she could neither read nor write. When the Revolution began, Simon became its ardent disciple. He joined a club, of which there were many of his trade, and adopted the red cap of Liberty. His coarse mind led him to use the severest measures with his royal charge. The Convention had laid very rigid rules down for Simon's guidance. He was never to leave his charge for a moment. He was forbidden to leave the Temple, or even to walk in the garden, unless his pupil went out also, and then only at a stated time; and his instructions were to teach 'Louis Capet,' as the prince was called, the rudiments of a Republican education. He carried it out, as we shall see in this story, with cruelty and brutality. Next day Simon's wife arrived to assist her husband in taking care of the prince. For two days the child obstinately refused to eat any food except a tiny piece of bread. He had been brought carefully up, but his mother had always deprecated his excessive pride. How that pride was humbled we shall learn. At first he sat gazing at the door silently crying; but at last his large moist eyes dilated with anger, and he turned on the two gaolers.

'I want to know,' he cried in an imperious tone,—

‘I want to know the law by which I am separated from my mother! Let me see it!’

‘Be quiet, Capet,’ replied Simon to his pupil; ‘you are a little fool!’

Two days passed by; no one came to his aid. The little prince resigned himself to his fate, went to bed, and dressed and undressed himself without being told; but he remained silent. He refused to reply when spoken to. His gaoler tried to conciliate him by the present of a toy; but, as Simon offered it with insulting remarks, the child would not amuse himself with it. Then Simon beat him. The blows were the first that Louis XVII. had ever received. Scene after scene of a similar kind followed. Louis refused to give in. The confinement in the Temple, and the separation from his mother, ended by making the boy seriously ill.

Early in July 1793 rumours arose that the young prince had escaped from the Temple. The people rose, and thronged towards the Temple. The Committee of Public Safety saw it was necessary to calm the people's mind by official means. They sent a deputation to the prison, and desired Simon to bring ‘the tyrant's son’ down into the garden. Drouet, the ex-postmaster at Varennes, was one of the deputation. The moment Simon got him into the garden, the prince began screaming for his mother. Some of the National Guard tried to pacify him; but the piteous appeal he made to them only made Simon more brutal and severe, while the deputies went back and reported that the lad was safely in the Temple, ‘playing with his toys, and quiet and happy.’

Simon and his wife continued to treat the child with great harshness. They resented the high-bred manners of the lad as a rebuke to themselves, and hated him for the advantages nature had given him, with all the jealousy of small and vulgar minds. When Marat died, assassinated in his bath by Charlotte Corday, Simon, who was his great admirer, made the prince keep on mourning for him. Whenever the Republican army met with any check, the brutal Simon would beat the child with fresh energy. The queen had sent him all his books and copy-books, but they were never used. The young prince's education was at a complete standstill. To humiliate him the more, Simon and his wife dressed him in the dress of a Jacobin citizen, with a red cap; his fair hair, in which his mother had delighted, was cut off, and he was made to do the most menial offices of a household; and, what was worse, to hear coarse language and oaths instead of the prayers and psalms that he had heard in his mother's prison. Happily, Marie Antoinette knew nothing of those things, nor that he was made to take bad wine; all that she was allowed to know was, that he was well, and in good hands. In vain the queen demanded greater details. She got no replies to her letters, so at last she tried to get Tison to help her. His wife had long since felt the greatest remorse for her conduct to them. She confessed her conduct to the princesses, who assured her that they had forgotten all the past. One day this woman, speaking of the queen and Madame Elizabeth, said to her friend, 'If you could see them as I do, you would agree with me that there is nothing greater on earth. They were grand at the Tuileries, but at the Temple it is impossible to imagine better people.' Tison also, like his wife, had become a friend. He used to give Marie Antoinette news of the child, but he carefully refrained from telling the poor mother how cruelly Simon was using him. When the queen heard that he was allowed to run in the garden, she and the other two captives managed to watch him from a little tower window, which was happily too far off to enable his mother to see how changed he was both in dress and health. But one day their eyes were opened to the miserable life the child led. They heard Simon swearing at him, and saw his cowed and miserable face. The queen reproached Tison for having kept the sad truth from her. Tison told her that he had only done so out of kindness, and promised to tell her and madame in future all that he heard. To know that he was beaten, sworn at, treated as a menial, and made to sing indecent songs, his body ill, his soul in peril, was the worst calamity that could happen to Marie Antoinette. It filled the cup that the unfortunate queen had been compelled to drink to the brim, and she even ceased to pray. God, she thought, had forsaken her. They looked in vain for the prince again. That was the last time Marie Antoinette ever saw her son.

It is not meant to give you a history of all the events of the French Revolution, except as to those that influenced the fate of the prisoners. The Republican arms had been defeated in the Vendean provinces; in the west, Lyons was in revolt; Toulon and Marseilles were threatened by the English fleet. The people called loudly for decisive action; and the very efforts of those still faithful to the Bourbons sealed Marie Antoinette's fate. The Government were alarmed. They determined to strike a decisive blow; and, after a long debate, the Convention decided on sending Marie Antoinette at once to the Conciergerie, a prison for criminals, and on the banishment of all members of the 'Capet family.' 'Elizabeth Capet' was not to be banished till Marie Antoinette had been tried; and 'the two children Capet,' the decree went on to say, 'should have only enough spent on them to support them on the necessaries of life.'

The first order was immediately carried out. The princesses were awoke in the middle of the night of the 2nd August, and the order was read out to the queen. She heard it calmly, and in total silence. Her sister and daughter were refused permission to accompany her to her new prison.

One does not like to dwell needlessly on tales of wickedness, such as the conduct of Simon and his wife to the hapless Louis XVII. Not only was he cruelly treated, his screams often being heard far and near, but he was taught wicked songs, compelled to act as servant to his gaolers, and, what was a crowning act of iniquity, plied with wine, which, till he was separated from his mother, he had never tasted in his life. Instead of the prayers and psalms that he learned from the lips of his mother and Madame Elizabeth, coupled with lessons of patience and forgiveness of injuries, the child acquired the habit of swearing in imitation of Simon, had to submit to blows, and sank under the treatment, from the joyous boy who even in the Temple had played with the carelessness of childhood, into a taciturn, sullen, and hopeless youth. He grew rapidly. His health, never strong, gave way under the confinement, the coarse food, and, worse, coarser companions of his cruel life. Under the influence of fear, and drugged by wine till he was stupefied, the unhappy lad was made to sign papers against his mother that were used as instruments for her destruction.

Let us hurry over this part of this sad story,—the greatest blot on the history of the French Revolution,—for it is too hateful a tale of tyranny and oppression.

Robespierre and Marat had found in Simon a man worthy of themselves,—a man who took pleasure in a child's tears, and who thought it a duty to endeavour to weaken the innocent mind and corrupt his heart. Such a one was Simon; but in the middle of January 1794 he took his departure from the Temple, discharged from his post of guardian to Louis, and still cursing him, as he quitted the unhappy boy.

In the meantime, happily in ignorance of the whole truth about her little son, Marie Antoinette is in the Conciergerie. While she packed up at the Temple, the night she left it, the few necessaries she required to take with her, the guard never once left her alone. She was even compelled to dress herself before them. They ordered her to turn out her pockets. There was nothing of any consequence in them; but a few insignificant articles were confiscated, and made up into a parcel, one of the guards telling her that they would be produced at her trial. She was of tall stature, and a statue in the Chapelle Expiatoire, in Paris, still gives a fine idea of the clear-cut face, so charming when she was prosperous, so majestic in adversity. The queen had to wait, after leaving her sister and daughter (from both of whom she took an agonised farewell), before she finally left the Temple. Certain formalities had to be carried out before she left one prison for another. Forgetting to bend down, she knocked her head against the top of the door.

One of her guards inquired whether or not she had hurt herself.

'Nothing can hurt me again,' she replied.

When the Committee of Public Safety ordered the little Louis to be separated from his mother, another edict, levelled against departed as well as present royalty, had been passed. The royal tombs and monuments of past times at St. Denis were all destroyed. The graves were desecrated, and the bones in them scattered, or buried in a great hole, dug for the purpose. The tombs thus desecrated were, together with those of many other celebrated people, the last resting-places of Charles V., St. Louis, Louis XII., Henry IV., and Louis XIV. These barbarous acts were imitated throughout France, and several fine statues were broken into pieces, and in some cases used to mend the roads.

Marie Antoinette's fate was determined before her trial. Hébert, the principal actor in the 'Reign of Terror' at the time of the queen's trial and death, was a coarse and low-minded adventurer. He had been considered dishonest in days that preceded the Revolution, and dismissed from a small post that he held, on that account. He advocated atheism, and the lowest scoundrels of the Commune rallied round him when he came into power. As he did not hesitate to bestow lucrative State positions on persons of that low class, as long as he was ruler, all was anarchy and licence.

All who could pressed into the service of the State, some for the sake of gain, others to avoid proscription and the guillotine. The Government ruled by fear, and the Hébertists became more sanguinary as time went on. 'To be safe,' declared Hébert, 'one must kill all.' All 'suspected' people could be imprisoned at the will of any one who denounced them to the State as nobles, emigrants, or harbouring ill-will to the Republic. Among those who perished during this terrible 'Reign of Terror' was a deputy who had once been known as the Duke of Orleans, but who had given himself the name of Philip Egalité. The guillotine stood permanently on the Place de la Revolution, now known as the Place de la Concorde.

The queen was a prisoner in a damp cell at the Conciergerie before she was tried. On the 14th October 1793 her mock trial began. She was perfectly calm. When one of her accusers began to read a horrible libel, said to have been signed by her little innocent child, the imperial queen looked at him with such disdain that he dared not proceed. He contented himself with asking her, 'What is your answer to the accusation?' She made no answer, except for a moment, when, with passionate words, she called all to witness that it was impossible 'for a mother to reply to such a charge!' The Convention went through the form of providing the queen with two lawyers to advise her. Robespierre was so struck with the queen's dignity when she was accused of most hideous crimes, that he is said to have exclaimed, 'That fool Hébert, to invoke such sympathy for her by a false accusation!' Two of the witnesses declared the accusation to be absolutely false; and when one of them, a former minister of war, the Count de la Tour du Pin, was asked, 'Do you know the accused?' the old man, well knowing that sympathy for the queen meant the guillotine for himself, turned towards the unhappy queen with as courteous a bow as if it had been a courtly reception, and said, 'I *have* the honour of that lady's acquaintance!'

A few days later, De la Tour du Pin was guillotined on the Place de la Concorde. Another witnessed that, to the best of his belief, all the facts alleged in the document, 'alleged to have been signed by the young Louis Charles, were absolutely false!' Bailly, who uttered these words, knowing they were his own death warrant, was executed the following November (1793), on the Champ de Mars, on a wet and bitterly cold day. He shivered involuntarily.

'You tremble, Bailly,' said one of the witnesses of his execution.

'Yes,' cried the old man, 'but not from fear—from the cold.'

It was truly wonderful how the old, the tenderly-cherished, and most refined ladies and gentlemen of what was called 'the old *régime*,' met death on the scaffold during this hideous time. The prisons were crowded, and each day fresh victims were brought out to satisfy the bloodthirsty tyrants of the Revolution. The queen's trial went on. Had she been defended by the greatest of orators, the result had not been changed. She maintained throughout it a calm, haughty, and dignified demeanour. When she was asked whether she had anything to say, she broke out, with a spirit worthy of her illustrious descent, and with indomitable courage,—

'For my defence I have nothing to say,' she exclaimed; 'about your remorse, a good deal. I was a queen, and you deposed me! I was a wife, and you murdered my husband! I was a mother, and you robbed me of my children! Nothing remains to me but my life. Make haste and take it; shed my blood to satisfy you!'

Her advocates were silent, and the trial lasted long. The queen was denied any refreshment while it lasted, but nothing daunted her firmness or lowered the proud glance of her eyes. When taken back to her cell, she threw herself on to her bed, and, covering herself up, for the cold had been intense during her trial, she slept for some hours, calmly slept, mercifully forgetting in slumber the agony, the terrible humiliation, of the day.

Her last earthly act was a letter written to Madame Elizabeth.

'I am writing to you, my dear sister, for the last time. I have just been condemned, not to a shameful death, but to join your brother; and am, like him, innocent. I hope to show as much courage as he did in his last hours.'

The letter went on to express her grief at leaving her children, 'for whom alone she existed,' and at leaving Madame Elizabeth, 'who had sacrificed so much in remaining with them.' She ended, after a tender mention of her children, by imploring Madame Elizabeth to forgive the Dauphin for all that he had been made to say, and herself, if she had unknowingly ever given her pain. She declared her belief in God, and her forgiveness to all her enemies.

It was a sad and piteous letter, and after that the queen occupied herself solely in preparing for death. On the 16th October, at five in the morning, the whole garrison of Paris were called out by the sound of the drums. Great precautions were taken. Cannons were placed near the bridges and approaches to the Palais de Justice and Place de la Revolution, for a rescue was feared. France had welcomed its beautiful queen with shouts of joy, both as bride and mother;

then, as on the day of her death, every window, roof, every corner and nook, was crowded by curious faces, eager to see how the proud Austrian princess, queen, widow, and a truly sad mother, would bear her fate. The Commune had ordered a priest, who had taken an oath of allegiance to the new order of things, to be with her. Tradition says she had previously received the last rites of the Church from a clergyman who had, at the risk of his life, gone for that purpose to the prison. She would not listen to the one sent by the Commune. When he began to speak, saying, You are about to expiate'—

'Mistakes, and not crimes!' she exclaimed.

Then, feeling perhaps that he meant kindly, she softened. When he exhorted her to courage, she replied, 'I have been learning for years, sir, to have it. Now, when all my troubles are about to end, it shall not fail me.'

A few gentlemen, devoted to her cause, resolved to follow her from the Conciergerie to the scaffold, in case any chance offered to rescue her, even at that eleventh hour, from her fate. They wrote down the details from which my account is taken. From the hour of eight in the morning, the cart destined to be Marie Antoinette's bier had been in readiness outside the gates. The military were assembled in large masses, and the crowds looked out, silent, curious, yet awe-struck. The Viscount Charles Desfassez, the narrator from whose unpublished recital the tale is told, managed to get close to the cart. Louis XVI. had been driven in a coach to his execution, but the vehicle in which his once proud queen was to be taken to the scaffold was a rough cart, with a plank for a seat, neither straw nor hay in the bottom of the conveyance, which was drawn by one strong white horse, at whose head stood a stern and disagreeable-looking driver, while a runner stood behind.

At last the doors are thrown open; out came the queen. It was sad to see the once brilliant creature, followed by the executioner Sanson, mount into the wretched cart. Though pale she was calm, and got into it at once, followed by the priest who had been sent to her by the Commune. The executioner and an assistant showed her where to sit, and she was placed with her back to the horse. She refused all support by a grave sign, but without uttering a word. The cart drove out of the courtyard, but, owing to an enormous crowd, could not go fast. The people were perfectly still, uttered no shouts, nor offered any insult, till the cart reached the Rue St. Honoré, where tremendous groans were heard. The priest was far paler than the queen. She was in black, over a white petticoat, a fichu of white muslin over her shoulders, tied by a knot of black ribbon, and a cap trimmed with black covered her snow-white hair, which was cut close to the head. Her face was pale, except for a patch of rouge on each cheek; her eyes bloodshot, their lids swollen and red, as if worn out by much weeping. Her wrists were bound, and as the priest from time to time touched her hand as if from sympathy, she moved a little, as if the cord with which they were tied was hurting her. As they passed a passage on the road, a large inscription, saying it was a manufactory for arms 'to demolish tyrants' seemed to strike her. She looked at the priest, who held up a little ivory crucifix for reply.

'Infamous Antoinette!' cried one of her escort, with a terrible oath, and the mob raised a loud shout, in which the curses uttered, no doubt, met her ear and cut her to the soul.

The queen, however, remained calm, only showing any emotion when, passing through the Rue St. Honoré, her eyes fell on a little child in its mother's arms. The little one nodded to the queen, and kissed its tiny hand to her. Her eyes filled with tears, and her face flushed. The little one was the last of her subjects who bowed to her.

An immense crowd had collected near the church of St. Roche on purpose to execrate her, and the lowest of the low cursed the queen as the cart came to the Place de la Revolution. Nevertheless, she looked round to the last on the mob, calm and serene. A queen to the last, she was as royal and proud in her demeanour, as they drove along, as in any former State pageant. Her thoughts were detached from earth, her eyes fixed on eternity.

'Alas!' was all she said, 'my troubles are ending, yours about to begin,' as her bloodshot, tear-stained eyes rested on the tipsy, shrieking wretches around, clamouring for her blood.

She mounted the scaffold firmly. Once she looked with emotion towards the Tuileries, but it was only for an instant.

'Make haste!' she said, and bowed her head, which at once rolled on the floor.

Marie Antoinette, once beloved, lovely, surrounded by friends, was dead—killed by her people.

Napoleon I. called her execution 'a great crime,' far worse than the death of Louis XVI.; 'for,' said Napoleon, 'princesses share the honours but not the power of kings. As foreigners they are sacred hostages, and it is horrible to drag women from a throne to a scaffold, and a crime far worse than that of regicides.’

Happily, neither her daughter nor sister knew what had happened. Simon knew that she was doomed, but not the date on which she must die; but, on hearing loud shouts and sullen cries on the 16th October, he guessed that it was over. He dragged his pupil up to the top of the tower, his wife following them up to the platform. He did not say much to the little boy; but when he was gone to bed, Simon told his wife that ‘Madame Veto’ was doomed.

Madame Simon found an old billiard-table, that had been put away among lumber before the arrival of the royal prisoners; Madame Simon got leave to have it for her husband’s use. Permission being granted, the gendarmes in charge of the Temple used often to join Simon and Louis in a game. For a short time this became a source of great enjoyment to the young lad, and among those men he found a friend in a simple, uneducated man named Barette. He was tender-hearted, and, as far as he dared show it, showed Louis great sympathy. The child’s heart responded to such unwonted kindness. He counted the days till it might be his friend’s turn to mount guard. Barette one week did not come quite as soon as Louis expected. The little prince fancied that he had offended him, and asked Simon to let him give him a cold chicken that he saved for him. When Barette came, he refused the present. Louis’s face fell. His gift had been the outcome of an originally generous nature. Simon begged Barette to take it; and when the latter put it into his pocket, he said, ‘I wish that I could carry you off as easily, my little fellow.’

The poor lad submitted at length to Simon. He obeyed his brutal orders much as a dog, cowed by fear of a blow, gives in, knowing that the stick will follow for disobedience. Little by little, Louis had changed; even in appearance he had altered. His mien was sullen; the joyous and once carefully educated lad had become morose and deceitful. The fair young mind became contaminated by contact with coarse-minded Simon and his wife. Happily his royal relatives did not know all that he suffered. Marie Antoinette was beyond the knowledge, and the descendant of St. Louis languished in the Temple, 'a broken and bruised lily.' But his companions at billiards were very often not so gentle. It became a frequent incident that Louis was knocked about and abused during these games. Those in charge of the Temple began to fear that the child would get hurt, and orders were issued to send the billiard-table away, so that Louis's amusement was over, and his life became more monotonous than ever.

The two princesses, in the meantime, were subjected to fresh inquisitorial visits; but they were resigned to their solitude as long as their enemies permitted them to remain together. Two men employed in the Temple commiserated the hapless young boy, and they got leave to take a cage, that had long been rusting in another lumber-room, to Simon's apartment, and one of these men, named Meunier, got some canaries to put into the cage. The child's delight was great, but even this innocent pleasure was taken from him, and the cage was removed, just as the billiard-table had been. Simon became day by day more savage to the little prince. He hated the close confinement of his life in the Temple. He hated royalty, and saw in Louis an object on which he might vent that dislike. His cruelty increased as time went on, though it is so hideous a sight to dwell on the torture of a young lad that we will not dwell on it. His health at length began to fail, and, feeling the want of air and exercise, he applied for leave to give up his office, and he and his wife quitted the Temple in January 1794, no one being nominated his successor.

From Simon's departure, other torments began for Louis. Simon had been brutal, but he had been a human companion. After he went, the little fellow was left to encounter other foes. He was left in utter solitude. His rooms were barred up, his meals given him through an aperture in the door, and history cannot tell us how hideous was the solitude and the monotony of his life while alone. We can only judge of the effects of such a solitude by the knowledge that we have of its trying effects on criminals in our own day. The poor little prince had scarcely warmth and light; and there are but few children who could have so long endured as did the hapless little king so irksome a life. It began on the 21st January 1794, and only came to an end in July 1794. If he wished to keep his prison clean he was obliged to sweep it out himself, for during those six months no attendant ever entered his rooms. The coarse food that the Convention thought sufficient for his support was passed into the room by an unseen hand, and no sound, except that of moving bars or bolt, ever lightened those weary hours of loneliness of night and day to which inhuman beings doomed this little martyr, for no other crime but that by birth he was a prince.

In the meantime, during those sad six months, political events did not stand still. Robespierre and Danton became alarmed at the growing influence of Hébert and his followers. They united to make common cause against his factions. Robespierre and his allies accused Hébert of accepting bribes to connive at the escape of the royal prisoners. Many among the Revolutionists must, in their hearts, have longed to raise their voices against the solitude and deserted state of 'the little Capet,' but to do so was to die. A word in favour of the little prisoner would have doomed themselves to death. Hébert's execution, which took place in March 1794, gave the leaders of popular Government a taste for blood. It was a 'Reign of Terror,' and the chiefs of the Mountain, as Robespierre and his followers were called, held the doctrine that death was the only way to treat those who opposed them in politics. Danton followed Hébert to the scaffold, and as he went to the guillotine he exclaimed, 'Robespierre will follow me!' His words were realised before four months had passed away.

The poor princesses, languishing in the Temple, were more severely treated than before. They could get no tidings about the little prince, and neither his sister nor aunt dared to inquire into his fate. Horrible scenes followed. The slightest suspicion against any one of infidelity to the Government, the merest hint breathed against persons, even of the purest lives, sufficed to send them to prisons filled to overflowing, and periodically emptied by the guillotines, erected not only in the blood-stained Place in Paris, but in every central town in the provinces. The crowds daily led to death were gathered from all classes. Magistrates, generals, priests, nobles, and people; dwellers in the city, and the denizens of the countryside; young fair girls, in the loveliest springtime of life, as well as old men and women all ending it,—followed together in hideous martyrdom along the same road to death that their king and queen had trod. Most of the victims met death with spirit and nobility.

The French Revolution was the outcome of long years of oppression and misery, by the upper classes, over the peasantry of France. The excesses that made it a hideous catastrophe are terrible to recall, but the calamities that marked the 'Reign of Terror' were met in most cases with the utmost heroism. If the upper classes of France had been the means of ruining their country, at least they met death with the courage that no one can deny is the characteristic of the French people. At last Robespierre, Danton, and Hébert were dead; but the Temple was still as rigorously guarded, and the reigning Government was planning another murder. Princess Elizabeth had remained behind in France at the outbreak of the Revolution, from love for her brother, Louis XVI. She had shared his fate, and survived him. Pious from youth, no one has dared to say that the good and gentle princess, who showed such entire resignation to her fate, ever merited it; but, after learning that the queen had died, she well knew that no change would come to her except by and through the same road. She waited, sad, resigned, but calm, till the summons should come. Long before it came, the Committee of Public Safety contemplated the complete extermination of the royal family, but it was not till the 9th May 1794, in the eveningtime (just as the princess was intending to go to bed, that the sound of locks and bars being undone warned her to hasten to put on her dress again, which she had taken off. She had barely time to do so when her prison door was thrown open, and four members of the Committee came into the room.

'Citoyenne!' cried one, 'you are wanted. Come down-stairs.'

The princess rose to obey. 'Does my niece remain here?' was all that she said.

'That is no affair of yours, citoyenne,' replied one of the party.

Madame Royale stood pale and trembling at her aunt's departure. 'Do not be afraid,' said her aunt, kissing her. 'I shall come up again.'

'You will not return,' said another of the visitors. 'Come, take your hat, and come down with us.'

Madame Elizabeth obeyed them. Raising her niece, who was clasping her knees as if to detain by force the last companion she had left to her, Madame Elizabeth, holding her in an agonised farewell, enjoined her to be brave and firm.

'Never,' said the saintly princess, 'forget to trust in God. Rely on Him, and be true to the noble principles instilled into your mind by your parents.' Then the poor orphan saw, with agonised eyes, her aunt hurried off.

The doors were locked again, and the daughter of the last King and Queen of France realised that she was indeed alone in the Temple. Her brother was near her, but enduring even a worse fate. He was in solitude, wasting away, and without even light in his dreary cell, while this poor little princess at least was happier in the fact that she did not know how miserable his fate was. She began to expect that her own turn would come next; and we can well imagine the terrors that she endured—a young girl, abandoned alone to the terrible memories of the past, and alarms for the future. The princess, however, was reserved for a happier fate, being eventually released, as I shall tell you later on.

Nothing could be sadder than the little Dauphin’s lot. His father and mother had had a happier fate. They had suffered, but their misfortunes were over, and their deaths mourned by the outside world in other countries; but this poor little prince languished in a lonely prison six long months, and the radiant, bright child who tended his little garden at Versailles, shut up in a dark prison, fell into a state of extreme weakness. No one came near him except to bring him the coarse food that the Committee of Public Safety thought necessary for ‘little Capet,’ and towards the end of the first six months he was so ill and weak he could not always fetch it as quickly as he used to do. If he did not run directly to the hole in the door through which the food was pushed, he would hear a gruff and terrible voice crying out, ‘Capet! Capet! where are you? Are you asleep? Get up, you little viper!’

‘Here I am,’ he would reply in a trembling voice, and then carry off as fast as he could to the inner room his rough fare, which he ate as quickly as possible, for fear that the rats and mice that infested the Temple might seize it before he had had time to eat it. His solitude ended by weakening his mind, and he quietly wasted away, while still the ghastly guillotine daily did its work.

In the meantime, on leaving the Temple, Madame Elizabeth was conducted to the Conciergerie, and next day was subjected to a mock trial, and accused of having conspired against the State, with the other Capets, Louis XVI. and his queen. Her character was so blameless, that it was only the abject terror engendered by the public state of despotism that could have kept the French people from rising against the murder of this princess. The advocate ordered to defend her ended up by inquiring how 'one who had been an example of every virtue at the court of France could be the enemy of her country?' but the president of the tribunal, one Dumas, who was afterwards guillotined himself, got up and declared that her advocate 'corrupted public morality by such sentiments.'

The trial was quickly over, and she was sentenced, with twenty-four others, to be guillotined. Madame Elizabeth showed them, by her own resignation, a beautiful example of pious heroism. On the way to the scaffold, a white handkerchief that she had tied over her head flew off. The spectators recognised her among other prisoners, and many who survived the Revolution have borne witness to the calmness and dignity of her face and end. She prayed with the other prisoners, as the cart bore them along from the Conciergerie to the scaffold. She was the last to die. As each prisoner was called, they turned to Madame Elizabeth and begged leave to kiss her, and all bowed to her as they passed to their doom. She got up quickly when called by her name. But when the executioner wanted to remove her handkerchief from her bosom,—a piece of muslin that she wore crossed, after the fashion of the day,—she exclaimed, 'Don't uncover me, for Heaven's sake!' her modesty, even in that dreadful hour, alarming her that she should be exposed to the view of the spectators, who, crowding round the guillotine, witnessed the last scene in the life of a saintly princess—a sullen and silent mob!

Madame Royale, left alone in her prison, determined to maintain the most rigid silence; but when she asked where Madame Elizabeth was, her guards answered, with horrible pleasantry, 'She has only gone to take the air,' alluding to the drive that she was to take from the Conciergerie to the place of execution.

It was about six o'clock one fine July morning (1794), when Barras, followed by several deputies and members of the Convention, visited the Temple. The Dauphin's solitude had by that time lasted six months. Barras had been made head of the forces in Paris, and had been one of the chief actors in the movement that overthrew Robespierre. Followed by many deputies, Barras had gone from post to post, to see that the troops were all willing to serve him faithfully; and among the deputies who rode after him was a young fellow from Martinique, about twenty-four years of age, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the doctrines of Liberty and Equality. He was not married, and had come to France, from democratic views, anxious to share in a Revolution that seemed to him to point to the future emancipation of the human race. He was, like Barras, a clever man, and he was so blinded by his admiration of Revolutionary ideas that he did not read the signs of the times rightly. He lived with his mother and two sisters, and when not occupied by politics, he devoted all his time to the cultivation of flowers in a garden at the back of the modest little house in which he lived in Paris. After visiting the Temple, Barras turned to this man, who was named Laurent, and told him that he wanted to see him in the evening. When Laurent kept the engagement, Barras informed him that the Government had appointed him permanent guardian of the children of 'the late Capet,' and that the following day he would receive his official papers confirming the appointment.

Happily for our poor little hero, Laurent was a humane man. About two o'clock in the morning, after taking possession of his new office, he was led to the Dauphin's rooms. He started back in astonishment when he found the foul chamber in which lay the hapless child, who had for some time past been too ill to clean it; and he felt alarmed when no little figure answered to the call of 'Capet! Capet!' He lay on a dirty bed, a thoroughly neglected, hapless child, too weak to rise when called, and almost idiotic from the long solitude that he had endured since Simon's departure.

Democratic as were his political principles, Laurent was horrified to find his little charge so neglected. Next day he went and demanded an inquiry into the state of the lad 'Capet,' and the following morning (31st July 1794) a deputation from the Committee of Public Safety were sent to the Temple to inquire into the truth of the report that Laurent had sent them regarding his state.

It is no use to describe the terrible and sickening sight that met their eyes, when, undoing the bolts and bars, they entered the room where the silent and half-idiotic child lay in the midst of dirt and squalor. When his visitors entered the room, the first thing that they saw was his food, untouched. The hearts of all were touched; and one of the deputies asking Louis why he did not eat his food, he only stared at the deputy with his large eyes, which had always been prominent, but that, by contrast with his emaciated face, seemed starting from his head; but, on hearing the question repeated in a kind voice, he replied, in a dull, sullen voice,—

'No, I do not want it; for I wish to die!'

Laurent then demanded fresh air and more comforts for the hapless little prince. The deputies gave a reluctant consent, for in those days every one feared to show the least pity for any one coming under the name of prince or aristocrat. Laurent, however, was firm. He ordered the room to be cleaned and the shutters to be opened, and the little prince to be washed. The room was not barred up again. At first the little prince did not seem to realise the kind treatment that he now met with. He was moved on to a fresh bed, washed, bathed, and dressed in other clothes, those in which Laurent had found him hanging in mere rags about him; but he trembled at every word that Laurent spoke to him. He shrank back in terror whenever any one came near him. No one has ever suffered more than did the once happy child. The mind of the little descendant of eight generations of kings, when Laurent opened his prison, was darkened by his long solitude, while physically he was a perfect wreck. He was indeed a victim. He had committed no crime, and would have been far happier to have died, while life still held the simple pleasures that he loved, in the old days of Versailles and St. Cloud, when his flowers and his little garden had been the sum of happiness for the then happy child. Laurent began to realise all that he must have endured. He determined to ameliorate the child's fate; but he was not entirely a free agent. The little sufferer was still an object of fear to the Revolutionary party. He was the son of the king they had dethroned and put to death, and they dreaded lest he should ever live to occupy the throne that had been trampled in the dust. The history of his solitude in the Temple has been chiefly compiled from the narratives of those who were living at the time that his biographer, M. de Beauchesne, wrote his history. From these eye-witnesses, De Beauchesne heard several piteous anecdotes of the state in which Laurent found the little prince. Though Laurent, as an ardent Republican, hated the name of royalty, he was a kind-hearted man. He was allowed to ameliorate the Dauphin's condition by cleanliness and more light, but he was unable to induce the Committee of Public Safety to allow his removal to other rooms. It was dreadful to Laurent's kind heart to leave the lad alone at night. He saw how weak and ill the little prince was, and how nervous his state, and he pined to give him fresher air and better food. The food provided was coarse and common, and ill suited to an invalid, for such the once happy lad had become. Solitude and prison had affected him both morally and physically. When any one spoke to or drew near him his eyes would dilate with terror, and it was not till he learnt from experience that his new gaoler was really kind that he even spoke. He was indeed a sad little prince!

Laurent, little by little, began to realise how much the lad had suffered. As much as he dared, he ameliorated his lot. Simon had always called Louis

'Capet,' and the municipal officers on guard had followed his example. Laurent called him 'Monsieur Charles,' and the other officials soon imitated him in that. Laurent was forbidden to see the little prince except at stated times. The remainder of the day Louis still passed in utter solitude, getting weaker and weaker. Laurent was as kind to the little prince as he could be in his position. He got leave to take the poor child to the top of the tower, to get fresh air and a glimpse of the blue sky, when weather permitted. One day Laurent carried him up, his extreme weakness preventing his walking. They were seated, both silent, for the prince seldom spoke, when the sounds of drums and fifes struck upon their ears. Louis seized Laurent's arm, and made a movement to signify that they should listen. The drums were not beating as the regiment marched past, but the band's strains were heard. Large tears rolled down Louis's cheeks. The music aroused, perhaps, some remembrance of days of prosperity at Versailles, for he had heard no music since his imprisonment. Another day, when he and Laurent were on the tower, he saw some little yellow flowers that were growing in a crevice of the stone-work; when the hour came for the prince to go back to his prison, he carried a little nosegay that he had gathered very carefully down-stairs in his hand, treasuring it up. In the meantime the public jealousy of the ancient monarchy did not abate, and Laurent was watched to see if he gave way to the humane feelings that he felt for the little prisoner. Like Simon, he began to sigh for release from his irksome duties of gaoler. He thought of his flowers and his former freedom of action, and petitioned the Government to send him a fellow-gaoler, to relieve him of the burden that he began to feel was becoming too heavy to be endured alone. He reminded the Government that Barras, who had given him the post, had promised him a colleague in his heavy duties, and that up to that time (September 1794) none had been appointed. It was not, however, till the November following that Laurent's request was granted. The man they selected for the post was named Gomin. He was unmarried, and almost all his relations lived far from Paris. His father had been in business in Paris, and, as he had no friends among the politicians of the day, he was much astonished at finding himself chosen for one of the prince's gaolers.

He was known to be thoroughly honest and trustworthy, but moderate in his political views. His first impulse was to refuse the post; but the official sent to tell him of the appointment told him that he must accept it.

'The carriage to take you is waiting,' said the man in a firm tone of voice.

Gomin knew that remonstrance was not only useless but dangerous, so he submitted, though with much trepidation, to the orders that he had received.

It was on a Sunday, the 9th November 1794, that Gomin began his duties. He was a Republican, yet he related to those who saw him in 1840, that it was with sad and awe-struck feelings he ascended the staircase down which Louis XVI. had descended to meet death so calmly and bravely. The Princess-Royal, as well as the little Dauphin, were both in Laurent's charge

'Have you ever seen him?' inquired Laurent, after Gomin had settled himself in a room on the ground floor, appropriated to his and Laurent's use.

Gomin said that he had never seen him.

'Then,' said Laurent, 'do not be surprised should he not answer you.'

The first time Gomin saw the prince, he was lying on a little iron bedstead in a corner of the room that served for his bedroom, which had been thoroughly cleaned out. Gomin, who was a very humane man, was shocked at his emaciated face and terrible appearance. The large blue eyes he fixed on Gomin were almost starting from his head. Naturally prominent, habitual terror had given them a startled, frightened look, and, as he raised his head, Gomin was shocked at the evidently hopeless nature of his illness. Ill as the child was, his existence was still a terror to the Government. The Temple was closely guarded by a hundred and eighty-five soldiers of the National Guard, and no one was permitted to leave the building without a pass. Laurent was delighted to have Gomin to share his duties, especially as not only had he some one to lighten his seclusion, but because it afforded him from time to time the opportunity of visiting his garden.

There was little to mark the days that rolled by. His two guardians dressed the Dauphin at nine o'clock, and swept out his room while he ate his breakfast. At two he dined, at eight o'clock he supped. Between whiles he saw no one, unless it was fine enough to go out on to the top of the tower. Therefore, although it was alleviated by the kindness of Gomin and Laurent, the poor little prince's position was as solitary as ever. His fate was the saddest episode of the French Revolution. A child in years and torn from his relations, he was suffering a longer martyrdom than those who died by the guillotine. Happily, his end was near at hand. Gomin one day procured four pots of flowers for the child; they were in full bloom. The child's delight was great. He had dearly loved flowers in the gorgeous gardens of St. Cloud and Versailles, but the few pots smuggled in by Gomin gave him far greater pleasure. He smelt them, and then picked a tiny blossom, laying it on his pillow. Kind as Gomin was, the little prince never spoke to him. Still, he appreciated his constant kindness to him. Getting daily weaker and weaker, he clung to the hope that one day he might be allowed to see his mother; he was still ignorant that both Marie Antoinette and his aunt were dead. One day, many months after Gomin had become his guardian (in March 1795), finding himself alone with Gomin, he entreated to be allowed to see them.

'I want to see them once more before I die!' cried the poor child.

Gomin's heart was wrung by his inability to grant the request.

'It is not my fault,' said Gomin, 'if I am obliged to refuse you,—you know it is impossible.'

Obliged to leave the poor little sufferer, to whom he had become tenderly attached, Gomin suffered terrible anxiety, fearing each evening that he might die before morning.

In March 1795, Laurent resigned his post, and was succeeded by Lasne, who was one of the National Guard. When he succeeded Gomin,—the latter, after Laurent's departure, devoting himself more to the Princess-Royal, leaving Lasne to take charge of Louis XVII.,—he was shocked to see how ill the child was. He endeavoured, as Gomin had done, to alleviate his lot. Gomin played the violin, and Lasne the 'cello. They used to play to the child, and try to cheer him up by a little music. A soft smile would play round his lips, unless the air was a Revolutionary one, when he would pretend not to listen, and frown at the strains.

It was not till June 1795 that this little victim ot the crimes of others was allowed to see a physician. Gomin and Lasne determined to inform the Government that 'little Capet' was seriously ill. A few days later they wrote again, 'Little Capet is dangerously ill.' On the 6th May 1795 a reply came, followed by a physician, named Dessault, who had been sent by the Convention to give him medical aid. M. Dessault stood by the child's bedside, silently gazing on the patient. Louis had raised his eyes, but he made no answer when the doctor spoke to him. M. Dessault would not give any opinion upon his case to Gomin and Lasne (who were standing in the prince's room), but he was not so silent when he left the Temple. He openly declared that he ought to have been sent for long before. He saw that Louis was dying of the same disease under which his eldest brother had sunk at Meudon—a scrofulous disease, that in Louis's case had been aggravated by bad food and want of air. The doctor had courage enough to advise the Government to send the prince into the country, but the Government paid no attention to the advice. The poor child allowed Lasne to rub him with the ointment prescribed by the physician, but he obstinately refused to take the soup and medicines ordered for him. At first nothing would induce him, and Gomin fancied that Louis feared it might be poison. To dispel the fear, he drank some of it before Louis himself, but still the sufferer pushed the glass away. Next day he still refused, but when Lasne told him how much it grieved him, Louis drank the medicine off, and did not again refuse it.

The political state of parties in France still remained agitated, although the Republic no longer feared foreign foes. With Robespierre's death the 'Reign of Terror' was at an end, but Revolutionary agitation went on. The Royalists in the Vendée had declared Louis XVII. king, and had circulated money in their provinces bearing the effigy of the suffering child, and they endeavoured to persuade the Convention, by means of a secret treaty, to give into their charge the two children in the Temple. The Royalist papers, about the time that Dessault first saw the prince, were full of reports on the subject of the young captive, alleging that, if the negotiations succeeded, he would be made King of Poland. No earthly crown awaited the little martyr, who, all unconscious and suffering, lay miserably ill in the Temple. His limbs were so much swelled that it gave him intense pain to move. He was carried up to the top of the tower, but the benefit of change of air was scarcely worth the fatigue that he endured in the removal from his room to the platform. The dying child used to lie there watching the birds as they flew about, and he called them his 'own sparrows.' It was a great source of amusement to him to watch them, and in time some of the birds got tame enough to take the crumbs he threw them from his hand, and would fly near him. His sister, who was so near him, knew instinctively that he was ill, but to all her demands that she might be permitted to nurse him the Convention turned a deaf ear. M. Hue made a similar request; but the reply he and the princess received was in both cases the same, ‘that a physician saw him daily, and that his two guardians, Gomin and Lasne, never left him.’

At the end of a fortnight, M. Dessault’s remedies did not seem to have greatly relieved the little martyr’s sufferings, yet the kindness with which he was treated had had one effect. He was grateful, and gratitude unloosed his tongue. M. Dessault used to stay till the last moment, but the child seldom let him go without trying to detain him by laying hold of his coat-sleeve. The good physician often left the Temple in tears, the sight of the royal and dying child deeply impressing him. At last M. Dessault’s visits suddenly ceased. He had died suddenly, and another physician took his place. That doctor found ‘little Capet’ alarmingly ill, and in a report that he made on his state, he demanded that an immediate consultation with some other physician might be ordered.

The physicians insisted on his being instantly removed into a lighter and better room. Gomin carried him into his new abode, and when the little child found himself installed in a room with a large window, without bars outside, bright and cheerful, and so very different from the one that he had for two years lived in, he turned a grateful look upon M. Pelletan, one of the doctors, and seemed to revive for a time in fresh air. His solitude at night, however, continued. From eight at night to the same hour next day he was compelled to be alone. The Convention refused to alter that regulation. The end was fast approaching. Fainting fits, consequent on extreme debility, followed. The doctors urged on the Committee of Public Safety the urgent necessity of a nurse for 'little Capet.' Permission was obtained, but it came too late. When M. Pelletan and the second doctor left him one day, they felt sure the case was entirely hopeless. When Gomin took his supper up at eight o'clock, he thought he was better. He attributed the improvement to the removal to a larger room. Gomin asked him if he was better. The prince said he was less suffering, and he talked for some time to Gomin. On the 8th June, Lasne was the first to go into his room in the morning. Gomin, tender-hearted, and devoted to the little prince, dreaded entering when morning came round. Lasne thought that he was a little better; but the doctors, when they came, pronounced him 'much worse.' Gomin succeeded Lasne, and sat for some time quite silent, watching the prince, as he lay calm and quietly on his bed.

'I am so sorry to see you suffer,' said Gomin.

'I shall not always suffer,' said Louis; and when Gomin knelt down to be nearer to him, the sick child raised his hand to his lips and kissed it. It was an action that showed that his heart was still as kind as when he had carried Marie Antoinette's present to the poor woman at Versailles.

Gomin prayed aloud for the child, while Louis still kept hold of his hand.

'I am not suffering much now,' he said at last; 'the music is so beautiful!'

Silently watching his charge, Gomin addressed him from time to time. Lasne replaced Gomin, who went away full of sorrow, feeling the end to be near at hand, and dreading the sight.

Lasne took Gomin’s place. The little prince moving a little, Lasne asked him if he wanted anything.

‘Do you think,’ said Louis, ‘my sister can have heard the music?’

There had been no music to hear, and Lasne fancied that the child was dreaming, and made no reply.

A little time afterwards he put his head on Lasne’s shoulder. Suddenly he moved a little.

‘I have got something to tell you’—he began; but before he ended his sentence his face changed, and Lasne, hurriedly placing his hand on the child’s heart, found that it had ceased to beat.

Gomin, alarmed by Lasne, hastened up. They stood silently gazing on the wasted face of Louis XVII., who suffered for the past sins of his race, alike a martyr, as well as a king who never reigned.

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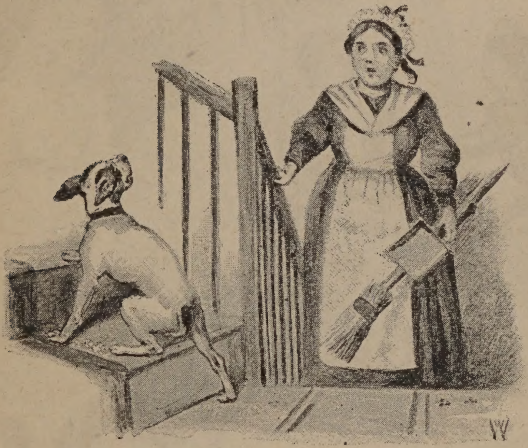

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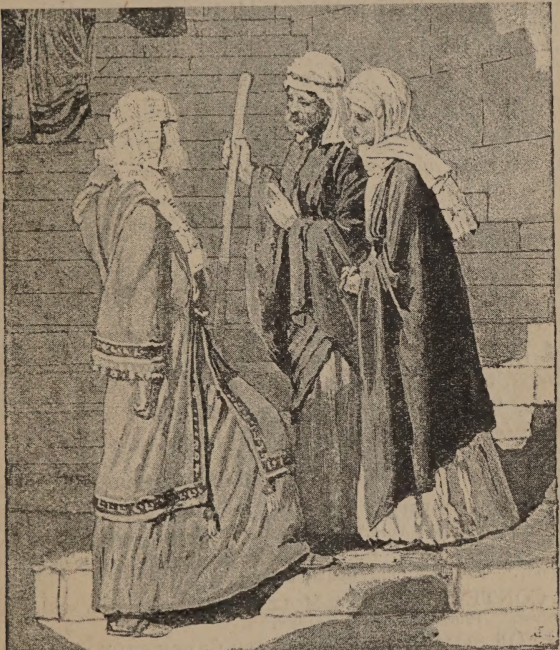

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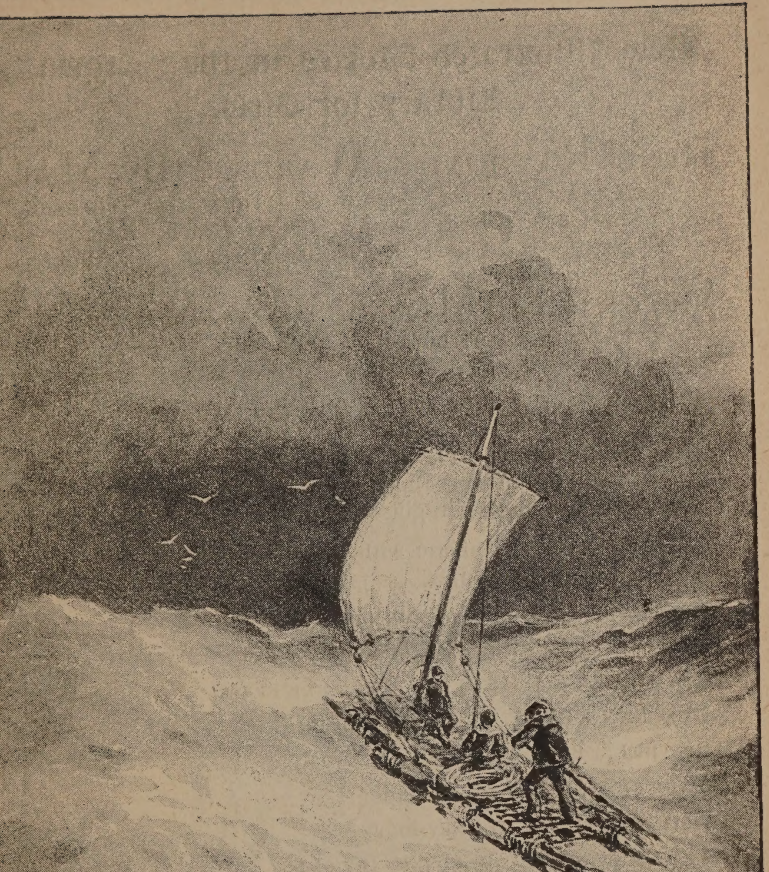

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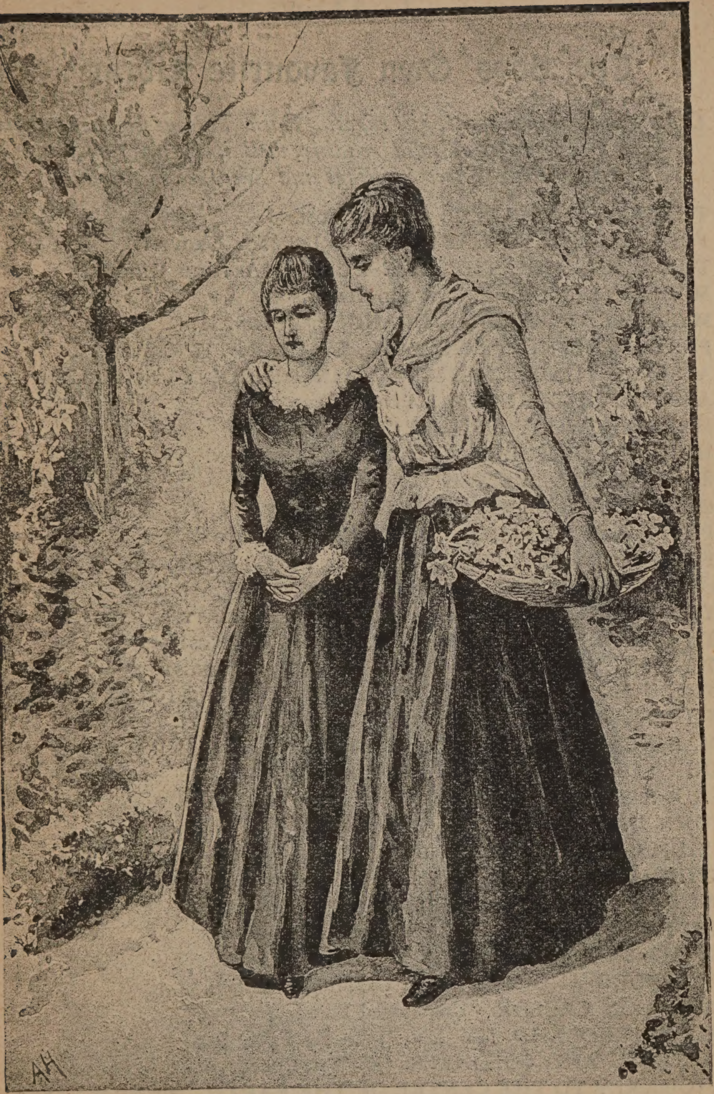

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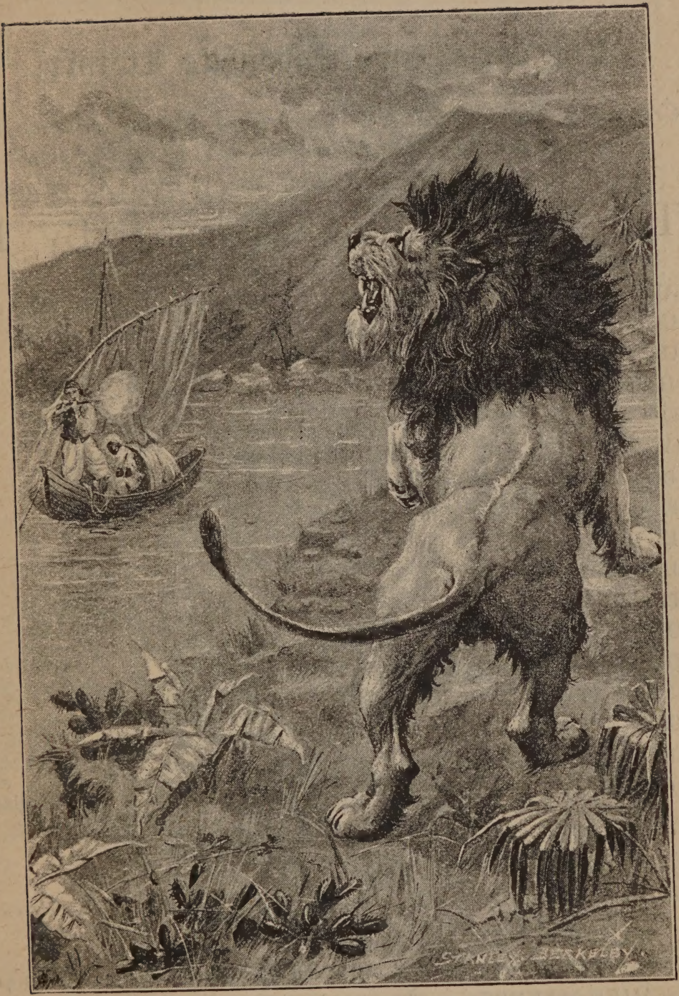
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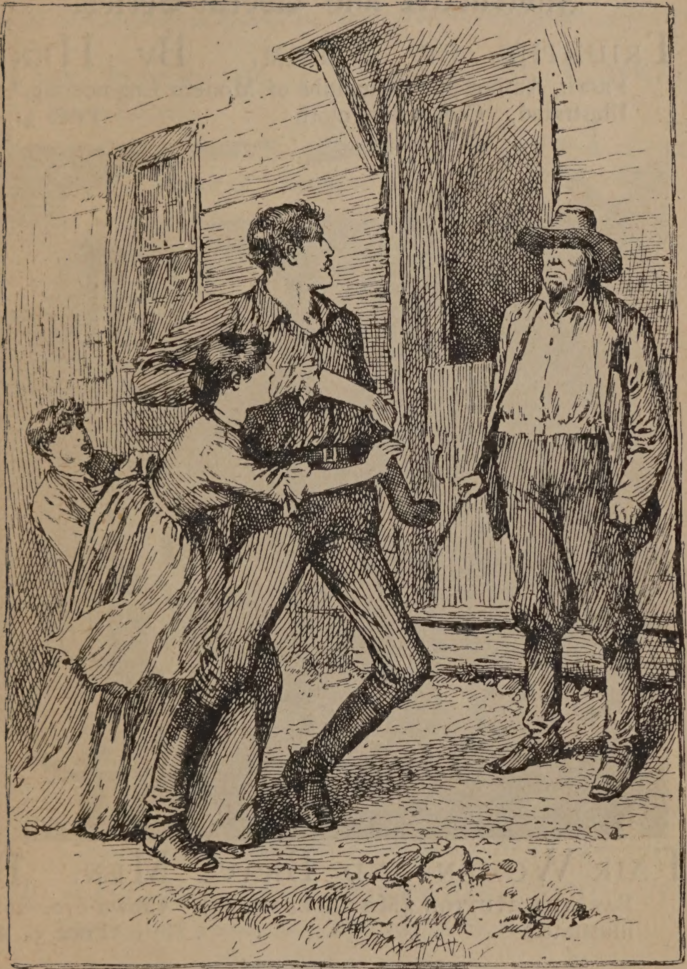

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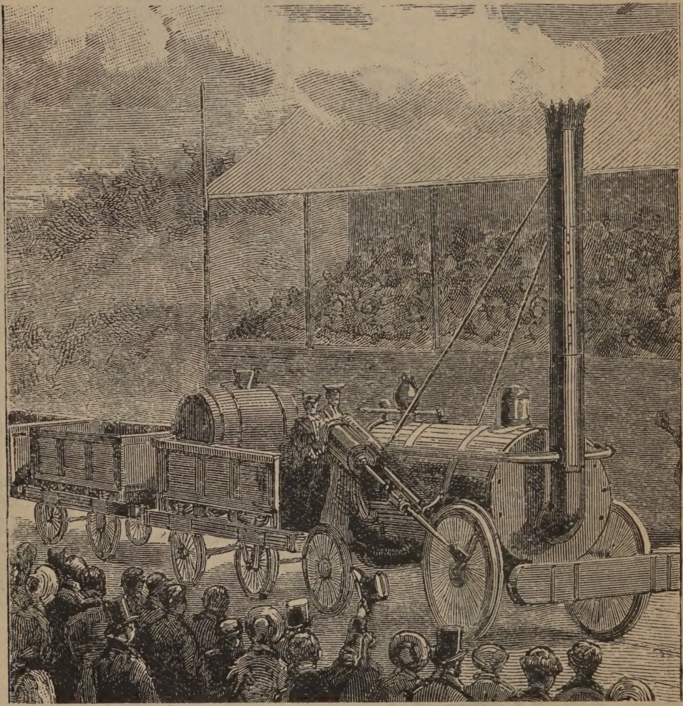

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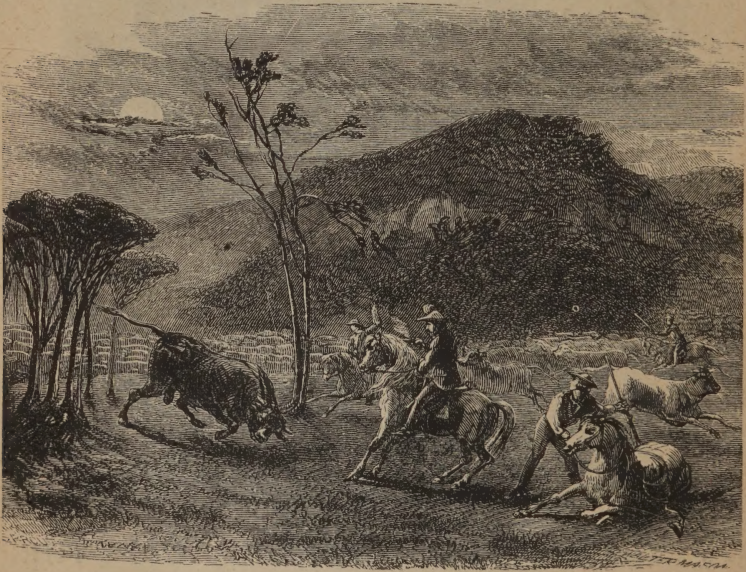

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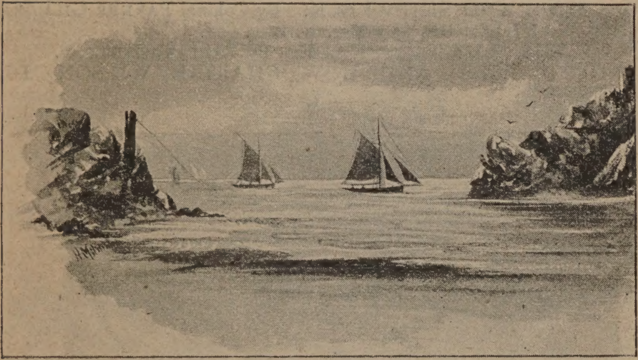

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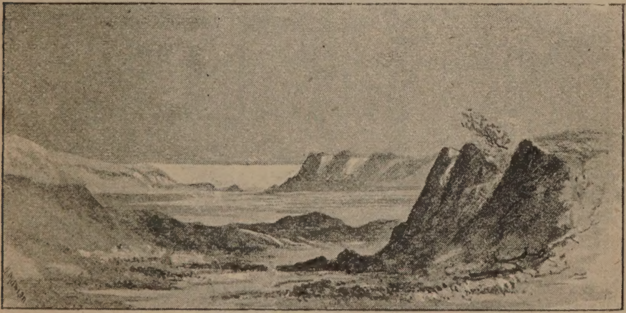

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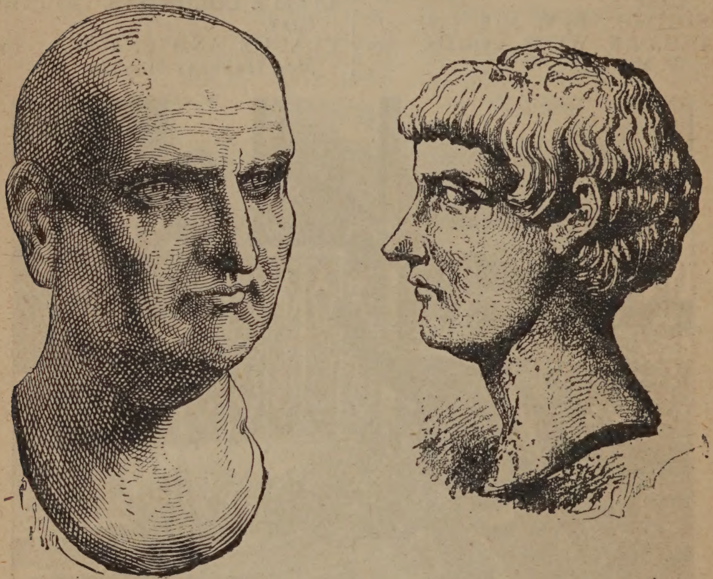

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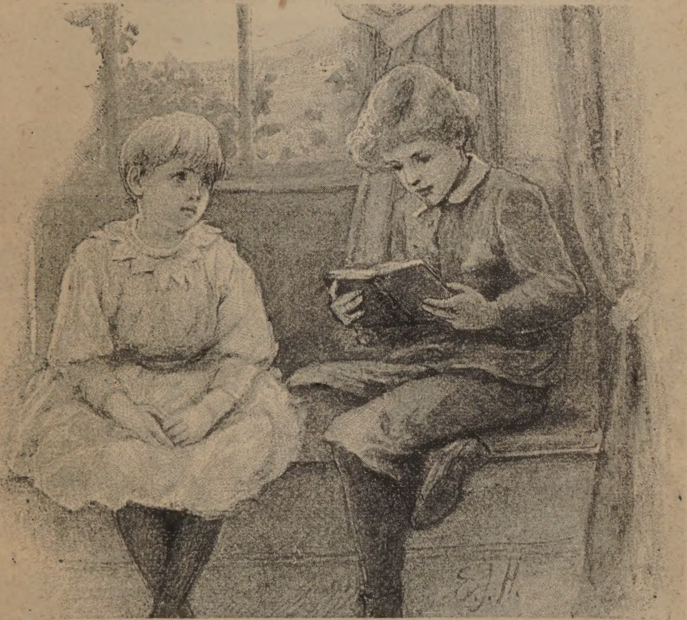

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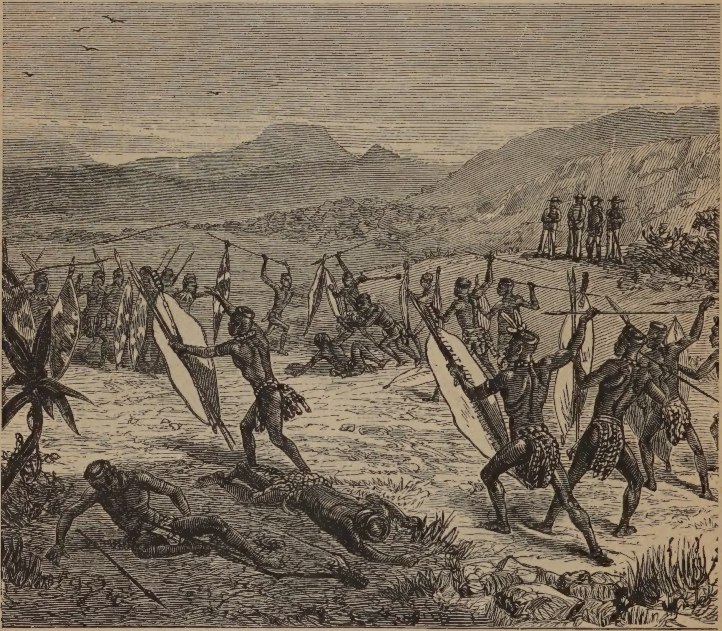

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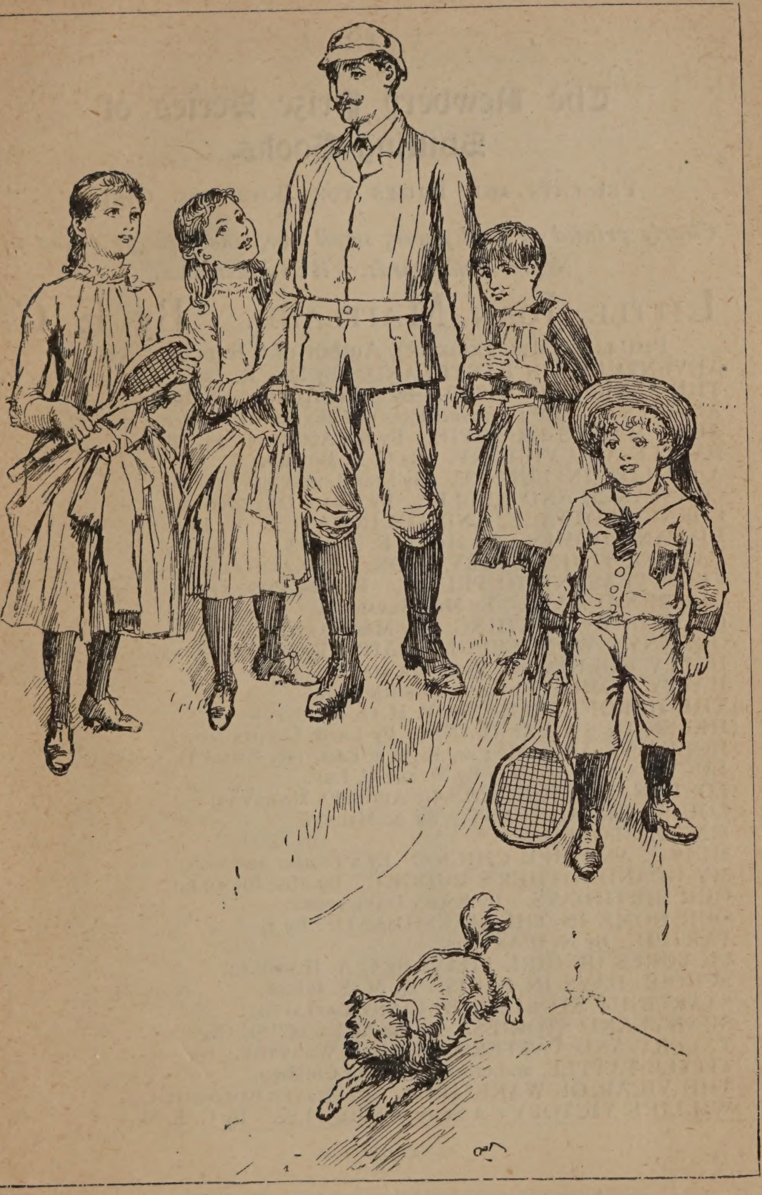

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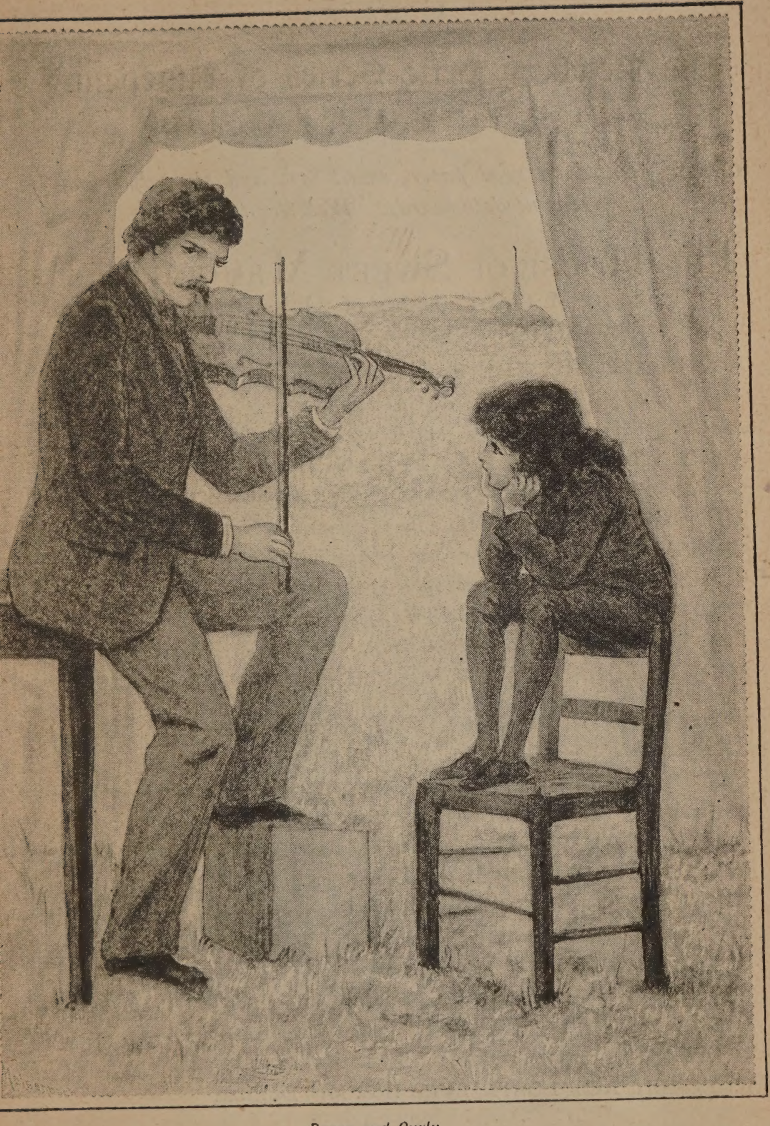

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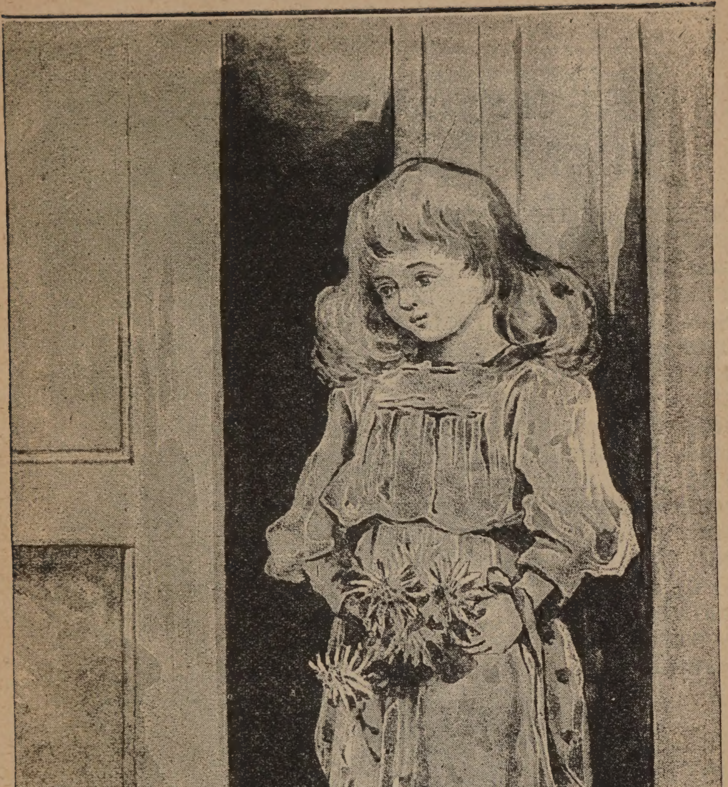

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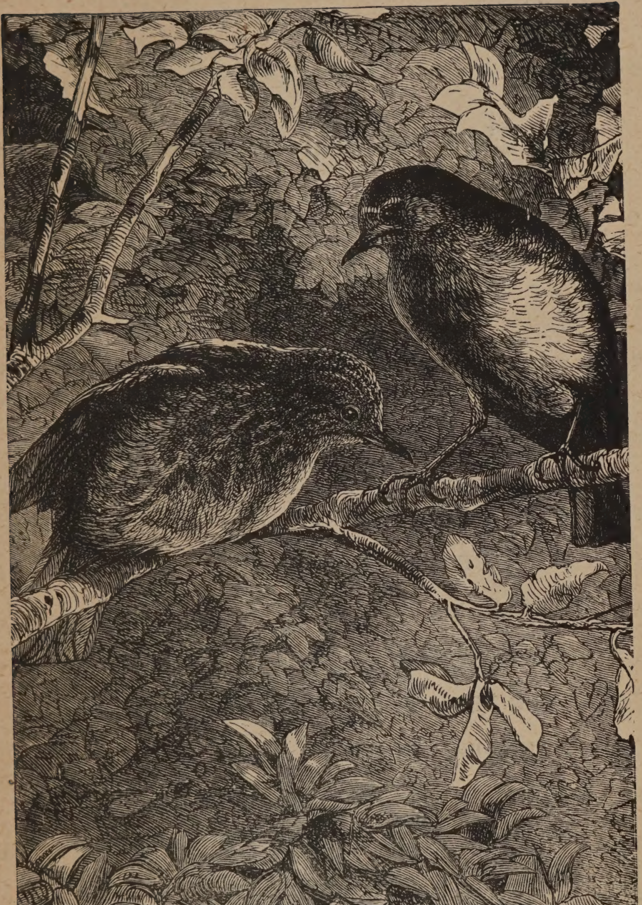

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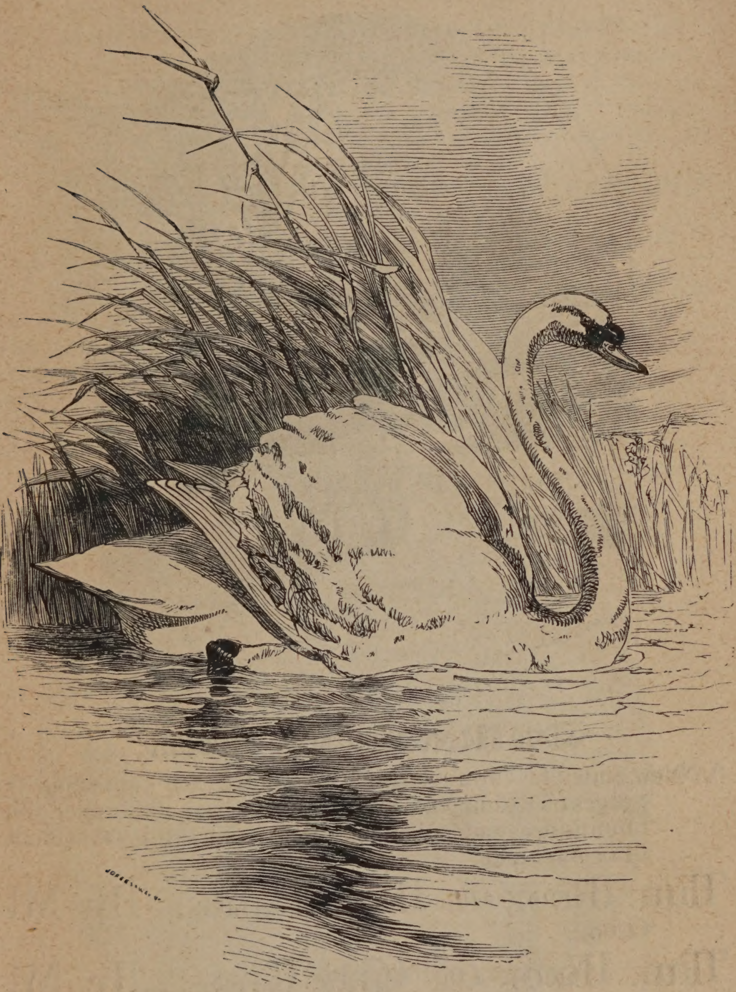

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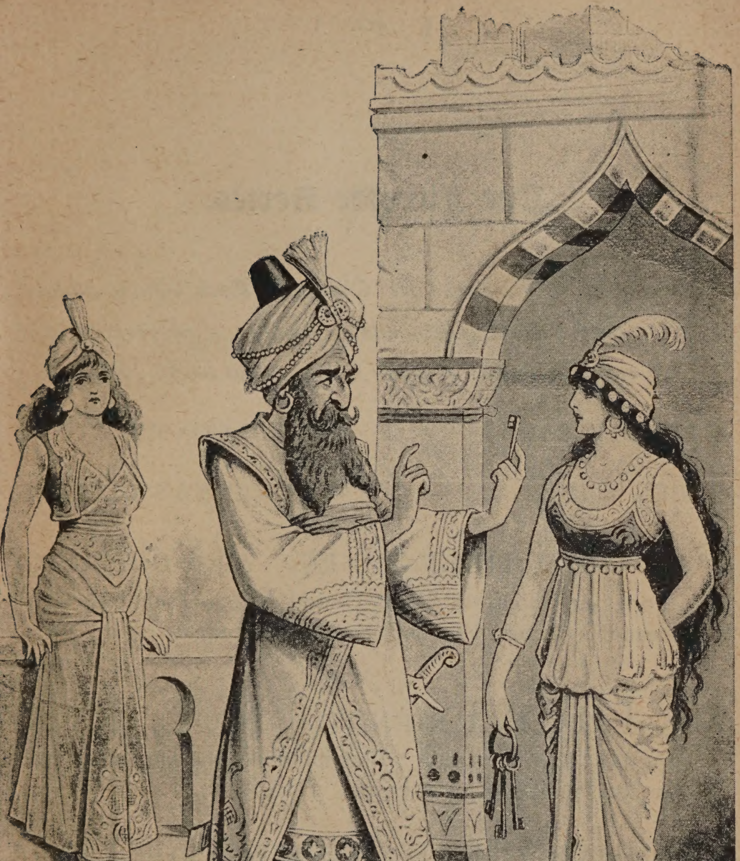

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